


Church  
Hymns and Tunes

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# Church Hymns and Tunes



# Church Hymns and Tunes



EDITED BY

REV. HERBERT B. TURNER, D.D.

AND

WILLIAM F. BIDDLE

NEW YORK

A. S. BARNES & CO.

1906

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Stanhope Press  
F. H. GILSON COMPANY  
BOSTON, U.S.A.



## Preface

The editors of Church Hymns and Tunes desire briefly to state the guiding intentions in the compiling of this work.

They have been:

1. That it shall be a book of reasonable size, — not a thesaurus of religious poems, but a moderate number of hymns for singing, carefully selected for their worth and beauty as expressions of Christian praise, and truth, and experience.
2. That the hymns selected shall have such lyric quality as to justify to modern judgment their being set to music and sung in the services of public worship.
3. That the tunes shall have dignity, worth, and appropriateness as music, and that their rhythmical accents shall always, as far as possible, coincide with the natural reading accents of the hymn.
4. That the best of the old and well-known hymns and tunes shall be retained.
5. That some of the best of the later and less known productions shall be included, to the end that our available possessions of worthy hymns and music may be enlarged and enriched.

These are high aims, and earnest efforts have been made towards reaching them. Careful thought and study have been given to a wide examination of ancient and modern hymnody in order to bring out of this treasure the best things, new and old. The selection includes hymns by authors belonging to almost every branch of the Christian Church.

The same care and thought have been given to seeking from all available sources of ancient melody and modern tune the best musical settings, being guided by our aims already stated and by the thought that the book is intended for the use of the congregation. There are many new tunes, mainly from the latest and best work of acknowledged leaders in English ecclesiastical music.

Much of the labor bestowed upon this work has been in directions where its success can only be recognized by thorough inspection and trial; but it is hoped and believed that appreciation will come with examination and will grow with use.

The editors desire to gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the friends, whose names cannot be separately mentioned, but who have rendered cordial and valuable help, and also to the many authors and composers whose hymns and tunes will be found in this collection.

Special thanks are due to those who have kindly given free permission for the use of copyright hymns — to the Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, D. D. for hymn 85; Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D. for hymn 362; Mrs. John Hay for the late Hon. John Hay's hymn, 423; Miss Alice M. Longfellow for nine hymns of the late Rev. Samuel W. Longfellow; Ros-siter W. Raymond, Ph. D. for hymns 535 and 616; E. P. Dutton & Co., for the late Bishop Brooks' hymn, 132; Houghton, Mifflin and Company for the hymns of Mr. John G. Whittier, 291 and 420, and of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 107 and 626; Oliver Ditson & Co. for hymn 367.

The editors would also express their deep sense of obligation to the composers and owners of copyrights who have generously permitted the free use of their copyright tunes — the Bigelow and Main Co. for "He Leadeth Me;" Mr. Walter Caldicott for "Civitas Dei;" Mrs. Arthur Cottman for "Caterham," "Dalehurst," "Eversley," "Mirfield," "St. Jude;" the Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, D. D. for "Ancient of Days;" Mrs. A. E.

Dyer for "Weston;" Mr. J. W. Elliott for "Kemsing;" Harvard University for "Bethlehem" (Barnby); Mr. H. M. Higgs for "Cara Patria;" Mr. G. Everett Hill for "Rex Triumphans;" the Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D. for "Watts" and "Eucharistic Hymn;" the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, D.D. for "Materna," "Penitence," "Pro Patria;" Mrs. F. G. Hsley for "Hsley;" Mr. C. S. Jekyll for "Stoneleigh;" Mr. J. C. Knox for "Knox;" the Rev. Lindsay B. Longacre for "New America;" Mr. L. H. Redner for "St. Louis;" Mr. F. L. Sealy for "Cantus Gloriosus;" the Rev. T. Herbert Spinney for "St. Denys;" Mr. C. G. Verrinder for "Verrinder;" Mr. Samuel Weeks for "Burleigh," "Lustleigh;" Oliver Ditson & Co. for "Diligence;" Thomas Nelson and Sons for "Marion;" Presbyterian Board of Publication for "Glad Day," "Pilgrim Host;" Psalms and Hymns Trust (London) for "Ravenglas," "Evening Shadows;" Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for "Lundy;" Weeks & Co. for "Camden Road," "Perivale."

Acknowledgment and thanks are also due to those who have allowed the purchase of permission to use the following copyright tunes — to Mrs. Mary Blow for "Agnus Dei;" Mr. J. H. Gower, Mus. Doc. for "Meditation;" Mr. W. Crofton Hemmons for "Aurora;" the Rev. W. Garrett Horder for "Fides Patrum;" Mr. Robert Jackson for "Bekesbourne," "Niagara," "Trentham;" Mrs. Robert Lowry for "Need;" Mr. A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc. for "Cantone," "Lampadarius;" Mr. Horatio W. Parker, Mus. Doc. for "Foundation," "Garden City," "Jubilate," "King of Glory," "Stella;" Mr. H. J. Storer for "Brothers' Voices;" Mr. Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc. for "Consecration," "Hatfield Hall," "St. Ishmael," "Solatium Caritatis;" Hymns Ancient and Modern for "Misericordia," "Rangoon;" Novello, Ewer & Co. for "Day's Ending," "Lætitia," "Minster," "Ransomed Church;" Trustees of the Church Hymnary (Edinburg) for "Gratias Agimus," "Highgate;" Universalist Publishing House for "Eaton;" Wesleyan Methodist Conference (London) for "College Chapel," "Downfield," "Gersau," "Harrogate," "Lynton," "Noricum."

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The book is now sent forth with the earnest hope that, through the divine blessing, its use may help to promote a richer and more devout worship of God in the sanctuary and in the home.

HERBERT B. TURNER.  
WILLIAM F. BIDDLE.

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# The Ten Commandments

EXODUS XX : 1-17.

God spake all these words, saying:

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.

For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

MATT. XXII : 37-40.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

## Opening Sentences

The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.

I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy; and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High: to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: bring an offering and come before Him. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him all the earth.

## The Lord's Prayer

Our Father Who art in heaven:

Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

## The Apostles' Creed

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting. Amen.

# Church Hymns and Tunes

MORNING

1

NICÆA 11.12.12.10.

Rev. J. B. DUKES, 1861

1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

KELSO Six 7s.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1872

Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;

Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day:

For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure. A - men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love  
Daily doth our sins remove;  
Daily, far as east from west,  
Lifts the burden from the breast;  
Gives unbought to those who pray  
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
That these gifts may never fail;  
And, as we confess the sin  
And the tempter's power within,  
Ev'ry morning, for the strife,  
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,  
As the sun with splendor burns,  
Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
Ever-blessèd Trinity,  
With our hands our hearts to raise,  
In unfailling prayer and praise.

Rev. GREVILLE PHILLIMORE, 1863

CHARTERHOUSE Six 7s.

A. S. COOPER

Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,

Sun of right-eous-ness a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night:

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear. A-men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see:  
Till Thou inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief:  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

## 4

INNOCENTS 7.7.7.7.

Old French Melody

As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright-'ning all the morn-ing skies,

So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord! A-men.

2 Day by day provide us food,  
For from Thee come all things good:  
Strength unto our souls afford  
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace  
All Thy holy will to trace,  
While we daily search Thy word,  
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;  
Be the Leader of our life;  
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,  
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

5 When the sun withdraws his light,  
When we seek our beds at night,  
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,  
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

Anon. (Latin.) Tr. "O. B. C." Recast by EARL NELSON, 1864

HAYDN 8.4.7.8.4.7

Arr. from JOSEPH HAYDN

Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing

O'er the earth an - oth - er day: Come to Him who made this splen - dor;

See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble powers can pay. A - men.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:  
Ready burning  
Be the incense of thy powers:  
For the night is safely ended;  
God hath tended  
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth.  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within;

He the hidden shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His Spirit's voice obey;  
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
Light enfolding  
All things in unclouded day.

BARON VON CANITZ, 1700. Tr. Rev. J. H. BUCKOLL, 1841

PATER OMNIUM Six 8s.

H. J. E. HOLMES, 1875

When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morning light sa - lutes mine eyes,

O Sun of right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine :

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day. A-men.

- 2 As ev'ry day Thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my counselor and friend!  
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,  
And be Thy great example mine.
- 3 And when to heaven's all-glorious King  
My morning sacrifice I bring,  
And, grieving o'er my guilt and shame,

Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,  
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,  
And be my Advocate with God.

- 4 When each day's scenes and labors close  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies.

WILLIAM SHRUESOLE, 1813

## 7

MELCOMBE L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK

New ev - 'ry morn-ing is the love Our wak'ning and up - ris - ing prove;

Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and pow'r and thought. Amen.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If, on our daily course, our mind  
Is set to hallow all we find,

New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

- 4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above,  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1827. Ab.

## ANGELUS L. M.

JOHANN G. W. SCHEFFLER, 1657

My God, how end - less is thy love: Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;

And morning mer - cies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A - men.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;  
To Thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

## MORNING HYMN L. M.

F. H. BARTHOLEMON, 1780

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake  
I may of endless light partake.

Bishop THOMAS KEN, 1695



## DALEHURST C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872

Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high;

To Thee will I di-rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye: A-men.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all His saints,  
Presenting at His Father's throne,  
Our songs and our complaints.

4 But to Thy house will I resort  
To taste Thy mercies there;  
I will frequent Thy holy court,  
And worship in Thy fear.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,  
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

5 O, may Thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

## EVERSLEY C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN

O Fa-ther, hear my morn-ing prayer, Thy aid im-part to me,

That I may make my life to-day Ac-cept-a-ble to Thee. A-men.

2 May this desire my spirit rule,  
And as the moments fly  
Something of good be born in me,  
Something of evil die.

Some sin that strives for mastery  
Find overthrow complete.

3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win,  
With shining vict'ry meet,

4 That so throughout the coming day  
The hours shall carry me  
A little farther from the world,  
A little nearer Thee.

MRS. F. A. PERCY

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

HENRY HILES, 1867

The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve-ning lie:

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
O, do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before Thy mercy rise.  
The brightness of the coming night  
Upon the darkness rolls;  
With hopes of future glory, chase  
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;  
So fade within the heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy  
That one by one depart.  
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine;  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,  
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,  
Upon our souls descend,  
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend:  
Give us a respite from our toil,  
Calm and subdue our woes;  
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,  
O give us now repose!

## TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Alt. from THOMAS TALLIS, 1560

All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own al-might-y wings. A-men.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;

Sleep that may me more vig'rous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns with the supernal choir  
Incassant sing, and never tire.

Bishop THOMAS KEN, 1693 (text of 1709)

## CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1839

A-gain, as eve-ning's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hallowed walls;  
And eve-ning hymn and evening prayer Rise mingling on the ho-ly air. A-men.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,  
Here find the rest of God's own peace;  
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;  
Within all shadows standest Thou:

Give deeper calm than night can bring,  
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,  
We cannot at the shrine remain;  
But in the spirit's secret cell,  
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1859

HURSLEY L. M.

PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861

Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep<br/>My wearied eyelids gently steep,<br/>Be my last thought, how sweet to rest<br/>For ever on my Saviour's breast.</p> <p>3 Abide with me from morn till eve,<br/>For without Thee I cannot live;<br/>Abide with me when night is nigh,<br/>For without Thee I dare not die.</p> <p>4 If some poor wandering child of Thine<br/>Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,</p> | <p>Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;<br/>Let him no more lie down in sin.</p> <p>5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor<br/>With blessings from Thy boundless store:<br/>Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night,<br/>Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.</p> <p>6 Come near and bless us when we wake,<br/>Ere through the world our way we take,<br/>Till in the ocean of Thy love<br/>We lose ourselves in heaven above.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1820

VESPERI LUX 7.7.7.5.

REV. J. B. DYKES

Ho-ly Fa-ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per-pet-ual ray:

Grant us ev-'ry clos-ing day Light at eve-ning time. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears<br/>When earth's brightness disappears:<br/>Grant us in our later years<br/>Light at evening-time.</p> <p>3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh<br/>When in mortal pains we lie;</p> | <p>Grant us, as we come to die,<br/>Light at evening-time.</p> <p>4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,<br/>Darkness is not dark to Thee;<br/>Those Thou keepest always see<br/>Light at evening-time.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON, 1869

MINDEN 7.6.7.6.D.

H. H. PIERSON

This night, O Lord, we bless Thee For Thy pro - tect - ing care,

And, ere we rest, ad - dress Thee In low - ly, fer - vent prayer:

From e - vil and temp - ta - tion De - fend us through the night,

And round our hab - i - ta - tion Be Thou a wall of light. A - men.

2 On Thee our whole reliance  
 From day to day we cast,  
 To Thee, with firm affiance,  
 Would cleave from first to last;  
 To Thee, through Jesus' merit,  
 For needful grace we come,  
 And trust that Thy good Spirit  
 Will guide us safely home.

3 What may be on the morrow  
 Our foresight cannot see;  
 But be it joy or sorrow,  
 We know it comes from Thee.  
 And nothing can take from us,  
 Where'er our steps may move,  
 The staff of Thy sure promise,  
 The shield of Thy true love.

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

A. H. BROWN, 1862

The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I

pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep me

in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.

2 The joys of day are over.	3 The toils of day are over.
I lift my heart to Thee,	I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask Thee, that offenceless	And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.	The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,	O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!	And guard me through the coming night!

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
O God, for Thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go.  
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all!

ANATOLIUS, 800. Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1853

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 3. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;

I pray Thee now that sin-less The hours of dark may be. O

Je-sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night. A-men.

## 19

## NIGHTFALL 11.11.11.5.

J. BARNBY, 1872

Now God be with us, for the night is clos-ing: The light and

dark-ness are of His dis-pos-ing; And 'neath His shad-ow

here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A-men.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;  
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;  
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;  
Thine angels send us.

3 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us;  
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;  
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,  
Who seek Thee only.

## SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from CARL M. VON WEBER, 1826

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way:

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - men.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall forever pass away:

- Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1824

## GARDEN CITY S. M.

H. W. PARKER, 1890

Our day of praise is done, . . . The eve - ning shad - ows fall, . . .

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all. A - men.

- 2 Around the throne on high  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But O the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir.
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,  
If thou attune the heart,

- We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our daily life a psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1867



TEMPLE 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1867

God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night:

May Thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,

Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A-men.

2 And when morn again shall call us  
To run life's way,  
May we still, whate'er befall us,  
Thy will obey.  
From the power of evil hide us,  
In the narrow pathway guide us,  
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,  
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And, when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie:  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
To not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.

ALL FOR JESUS (Wycliffe) 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1872

Hear our pray'r, O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;

Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vig-ils keep. A-men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy<br/>Far outweighs them every one;<br/>Down before the cross we cast them,<br/>Trusting in Thy help alone.</p> <p>3 Keep us through this night of peril<br/>Safe beneath its sheltering shade;<br/>Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,<br/>When our pilgrimage is made.</p> | <p>4 None can measure out Thy patience<br/>By the span of human thought;<br/>None can bound the tender mercies<br/>Which Thy holy Son has bought.</p> <p>5 Pardon all our past transgressions,<br/>Give us strength for days to come;<br/>Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,<br/>Till Thine angels bear us home.</p> |
|---|---|

HARRIET PARR, 1856

SARDIS 8.7.8.7.

BEETHOVEN

Now, on land and sea de-scend-ing, Brings the night its peace pro-found;

Let our ves-per hymn be blend-ing With the ho-ly calm a-round. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Soon as dies the sunset glory,<br/>Stars of heaven shine out above,<br/>Telling still the ancient story,—<br/>Their Creator's changeless love.</p> <p>3 Now, our wants and burdens leaving<br/>To His care Who cares for all,</p> | <p>Cease we fearing, cease we grieving:<br/>At His touch our burdens fall.</p> <p>4 As the darkness deepens o'er us,<br/>Lo! eternal stars arise;<br/>Hope and faith and love rise glorious,<br/>Shining in the spirit's skies.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1859

## ST. SYLVESTER 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, For the day is pass-ing by;

See! the shades of eve-ning gath-er, And the night is draw-ing nigh. A-men.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;  
Tarry with me through the darkness;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.

3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms;  
Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon Thy breast,  
Till the morning; then awake me,  
Morning of eternal rest!

CAROLINE L. SMITH, 1852

## LUCERNE 8.7.8.7.

T. A. WILLIS, 1876

Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re- pose our spir-its seal;

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A-men.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

Angel-guards from Thee surround us,  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820

HOPKINS (Twilight) 6.4.6.6. (First Tune)

J. H. HOPKINS, 1872

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2 As Christ upon the Cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide —  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,  
One Lord divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine.

Latin Hymn, 18th Century. Tr. E. CASWALL, 1838

(Second Tune)

THE SUN IS SINKING FAST 6.4.6.6.

HENRY SMART, 1872

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let

love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

DAY'S ENDING 9.8.9.8.

J. BARNEY, 1896

Be-fore the day draws near its end - ing, And eve-ning steals o'er earth and sky,

Once more to Thee our hymns ascending Shall speak Thy praises, Lord most High. Amen.

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- 2 Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers  
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,  
Whose duteous service never slumbers,  
In perfect love, and faultless tone.
- 3 Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest  
Who here in spirit bend the knee;  
Thy Christ hath said, Thou, Father, seekest  
For such as these to worship Thee.
- 4 When we no more on earth adore Thee,  
And others worship here in turn,  
O may we sing that song before Thee  
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1880

MERRIAL 6.5.6.5.

J. BARNEY, 1868

Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A-men.

BETHEL 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

J. H. CORNELL, 1872

Fa - ther of love and power, Guard Thou our eve - ning hour, Shield with Thy

might; For all Thy care this day Our grate - ful thanks we pay,

And to our Fa - ther pray, Bless us to - night! A-men.

2 Jesus Immanuel!  
Come in Thy love to dwell  
In hearts contrite;  
For many sins we grieve,  
But we Thy grace receive,  
And in Thy word believe;  
Bless us to-night!

3 Spirit of holiness,  
Gently transforming grace,  
Indwelling Light;  
Soothe Thou each weary breast,  
Now let Thy peace possess,  
Calm us to perfect rest,  
Bless us to-night!

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853

(MERRIAL) 6.5.6.5.

2 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;

Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

S. BARING-GOULD, 1865

O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,

Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - men.

2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord, victorious,  
The Spirit sent from heaven,  
And thus on thee, most glorious,  
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.



4 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;

To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1858

## 32

ST. ANSELM 7.6.7.6.D.

(Second Tune)

J. BARNBY, 1869

O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,

Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A-men.

CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune*)

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1865

Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest: I

hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest; From

the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys. A - men.

2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill His throne of grace:  
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,  
While saints address Thy face;  
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours;  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

HAYWARD, in John Dobbell's Collection, 1866

MANSFIELD 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune*)

J. BARNBY, 1893

Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest: I

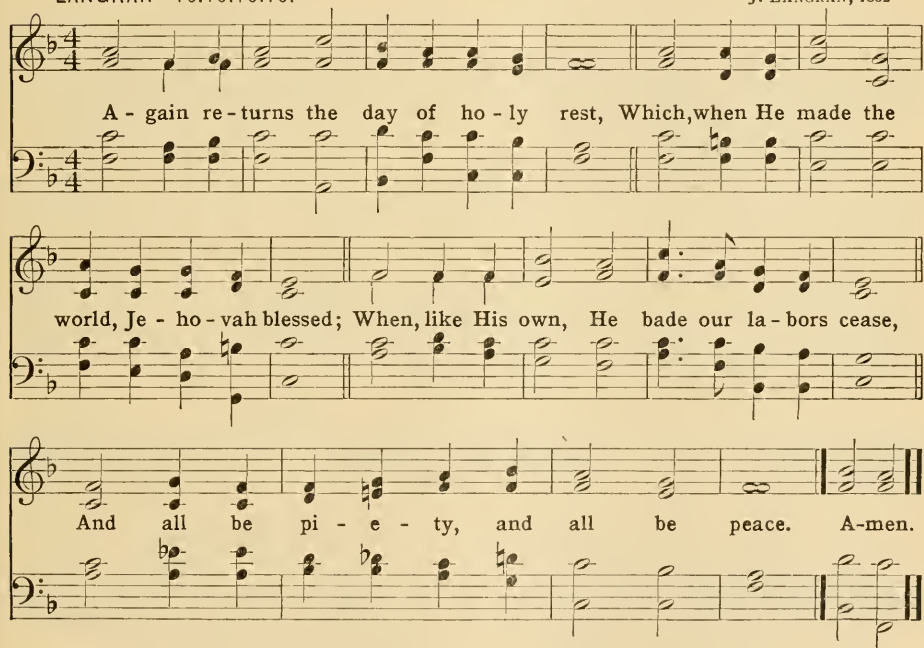


hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest; From  
the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-mor - tal joys. A-men.

## 34

LANGRAN 10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN, 1862



A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when He made the  
world, Je - ho - vah blessed; When, like His own, He bade our la - bors cease,  
And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace. A-men.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;  
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise  
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,  
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,  
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

SABBATH Six 7's.

L. MASON, 1824

Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show Thy reconcilèd face,  
Take away our sin and shame:  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;  
May we feel Thy presence near:  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in Thy house appear:  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief from all complaints:  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above.

## OLMUTZ S. M.

Hail to the Sab - bath day: The day di - vine - ly given:

When men to God their hom-age pay, And earth draws near to heaven. A-men.

- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour  
 Within Thy courts we bend,  
 And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,  
 Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone  
 In courts by mortals trod;

- Nor only is the day Thine own  
 When man draws near to God.
- 4 Lord, may that holier day  
 Dawn on Thy servants' sight;  
 And purer worship may we pay  
 In heaven's unclouded light.

REV. STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULLFINCH, 1832

## AMHERST S. M.

REV. H. B. TURNER

This is the day of light; Let there be light to - day:

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way. A-men.

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- 2 This is the day of rest:  
 Our failing strength renew!  
 On weary brain and troubled breast  
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace;  
 Thy peace our spirits fill:  
 Bid Thou the blast of discord cease,  
 The waves of strife be still.

- 4 This is the day of prayer;  
 Let earth to heaven draw near:  
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;  
 Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days!  
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
 O Vanquisher of death!

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1868

## GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo-rious acts to sing,  
To praise Thy name and hear Thy word, And grate-ful of-ferings bring. A-men.

- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,  
Thy boundless love to tell;  
And, when approach the shades of night,  
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice
- With those who love and serve Thee best,  
And in Thy name rejoice.  
4 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our best employ  
Eternally in heaven.

HARRIET AUWER, 1829

## DOMENICA S. M.

H. S. OAKELEY, 1874

Sing to the Lord, our Might, With ho-ly fer-vor sing;  
Let hearts and in-stru-ments u-nite To praise our heav'n-ly King. A-men.

- 2 This is His holy house,  
And this His festal day,  
When He accepts the humblest vows  
That we sincerely pay.
- 3 The Sabbath to our sires  
In mercy first was given;  
The Church her Sabbaths still requires  
To speed her on to heaven.
- 4 We still, like them of old,  
Are in the wilderness;  
And God is still as near His fold,  
To pity and to bless.
- 5 Then let us open wide  
Our hearts for Him to fill;  
And He that Israel then supplied,  
Will help His Israel still.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834

## DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. A-men.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,  
How deep Thy counsels, how divine.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

## HEBRON L. M.

L. MASON, 1830

An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun;  
Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the hours thy God hath blest. A - men.

- 2 This day may our devotion rise  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And heaven that sweet repose bestow  
Which none but they who feel it know! 4 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away:  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.
- 3 That peaceful calm within the breast  
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,

REV. J. STENNETT. 1712

BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1872

Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first and best of days;

The la-bor-er's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of prayer and praise. A-men.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;  
His rising thee did raise,  
And made thee heavenly and divine  
Beyond all other days.

And they the day of Christ who love,  
A happy week shall find.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind;

4 This day I must with God appear,  
For, Lord, the day is Thine;  
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

J. MASON, 1683

DOWNS C. M.

L. MASON, 1832

This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;

Let heaven re-joyce, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A-men.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!  
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring  
Salvation from the throne.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719



FERNSHAW C. M.

J. BOOTH, 1887

With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called His own;

With joy the sum-mons we o - bey To wor-ship at His throne. A-men.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,  
Where willing votaries throng,  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.

Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell  
Within Thy Church below;

4 Let peace within her walls be found;  
Let all her sons unite,  
To spread with grateful zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829

DONA 8.6.8.4.

J. GOSS, 1872

Hail! sa - cred day of earth-ly rest, From toil and trou-ble free;

Hail! day of light, that bring-est light And joy to me. A-men.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm  
On all the world around,  
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,  
Where rest is found.

Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,  
For it is Thine.

3 On all I think, or say, or do  
A ray of light divine

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,  
That Thou this day hast given;  
Sweet foretaste of that endless day  
Of rest in heaven.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1858

BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne And our con - fes - sions pour,  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A-men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,<br/>                 And penitence impart;<br/>                 Then let a kindling glance from Thee<br/>                 Beam hope upon the heart.</p> <p>3 When our responsive tongues essay<br/>                 Their grateful hymns to raise,<br/>                 Grant that our souls may join the lay,<br/>                 And mount to Thee in praise.</p> | <p>4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,<br/>                 May we our wills resign;<br/>                 And not a thought our bosom share<br/>                 Which is not wholly Thine.</p> <p>5 Let faith each weak petition fill,<br/>                 And waft it to the skies,<br/>                 And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still<br/>                 That grants it, or denies.</p> |
|---|---|

J. D. CARLYLE, 1804

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

W. JONES, 1789

A - gain our earth - ly cares we leave, And in Thy courts ap - pear;  
 A - gain, with joy - ful feet, we come To meet our Sav - iour here. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Within these walls let holy peace,<br/>                 And love and concord dwell;<br/>                 Here give the troubled conscience ease,<br/>                 The wounded spirit heal.</p> <p>3 May we in faith receive Thy word,<br/>                 In faith present our prayers;</p> | <p>And, in the presence of our Lord,<br/>                 Unbosom all our cares.</p> <p>4 Show us some token of Thy love,<br/>                 Our fainting hope to raise,<br/>                 And pour Thy blessing from above,<br/>                 That we may render praise.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. Ver. 1, THOMAS COTTERILL, 1819

## ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826

What shall I ren - der to my God For all His kind-ness shown?

My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs address Thy throne. A-men.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,  
My offering shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessèd God!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!  
How great Thy grace to me!  
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,  
Lord, I devote to Thee.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

## 49

## MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. DYER, 1824

Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;

Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallowed ground. Amen.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.

Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1769

HOSANNA L. M. *With Chorus*

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1865

Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' In - car - nate Word:

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Ho - san - na sing!

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est! A - men.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;  
 Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound.  
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
 Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,  
 And make our secret soul to be  
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee!  
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,  
 Return to this Thy house of prayer:  
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,  
 Here we Thy parting promise claim!  
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

## 51

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1867

Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:  
 Je - ho - vah is the sov'-reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King. A-men.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,  
 He gave the seas their bound;  
 The watery worlds are all His own,  
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,  
 Come, bow before the Lord,

We are His work, and not our own;  
 He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,  
 Nor dare provoke His rod:  
 Come, like the people of His choice,  
 And own your gracious God.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

## 52

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS, 1762

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;  
 Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne. A-men.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
 That never knew our God;  
 But children of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
 To fairer worlds on high.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

SAMUEL 6.6.6.8.8.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Fa - ther of all, to Thee With lov - ing hearts we pray,

Through Him, in mer - cy given, The Life, the Truth, the Way;

From heav'n, Thy throne, in mercy shed Thy blessings on each bend - ed head. A-men.

2 Father of all, to Thee  
Our contrite hearts we raise,  
Unstrung by sin and pain,  
Long voiceless in Thy praise;  
Breathe Thou the silent chords along,  
Until they tremble into song.

3 Father of all, to Thee  
We breathe unuttered fears,  
Deep-hidden in our souls,

That have no voice but tears;  
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild  
Lead gently on each trembling child.

4 Father of all, may we  
In praise our tongues employ,  
When gladness fills the soul  
With deep and hallowed joy;  
In storm and calm give us to see  
The path of peace, which leads to Thee.

REV. JOHN JULIAN, 1874

HORTON 7.7.7.7.

X. VON WARTENSEE. Arr.

Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;

O do not our suit dis-dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A-men.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;  
In compassion, now descend;  
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;

Let Thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find  
Thee a God sincere and kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745

55

NUREMBERG 7.7.7.7.

J. R. AHLE, 1664

To Thy tem - ple I re - pair, Lord, I love to wor - ship there,

When with - in the veil I meet Christ be - fore the mer - cy - seat. A-men.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to Thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,

Till Thy gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.

5 While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at evening let me say,  
I have walked with God to-day.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1812

O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,

Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer:

O how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A - men.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,  
Come Thou also down to me;  
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,  
There a heaven on earth must be.  
To my heart O enter Thou,  
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,  
Here Thy seed is duly sown;  
Let my soul, where it is planted,  
Bring forth precious sheaves alone;  
So that all I hear may be  
Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,  
Let Thy will be done indeed;  
May I undisturbed draw near Thee  
While Thou dost Thy people feed.  
Here of life the fountain flows,  
Here is balm for all our woes.

REV. BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, 1732. TR. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1863

O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,



Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer:

O how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A-men.

57

HEBER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1868

In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near:

Teach us to re - joice with trem - bling; Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear,

Hear with meek - ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. A-men.

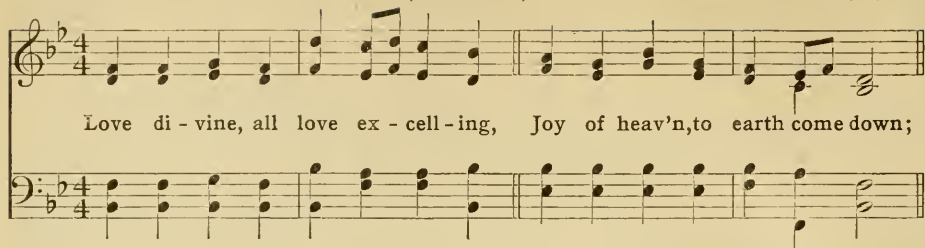
2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;  
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
 May we run, nor weary be,  
 Till Thy glory  
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,  
 Thee, Thy people shall adore;  
 Tasting of enjoyment greater  
 Far than thought conceived before;  
 Full enjoyment,  
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

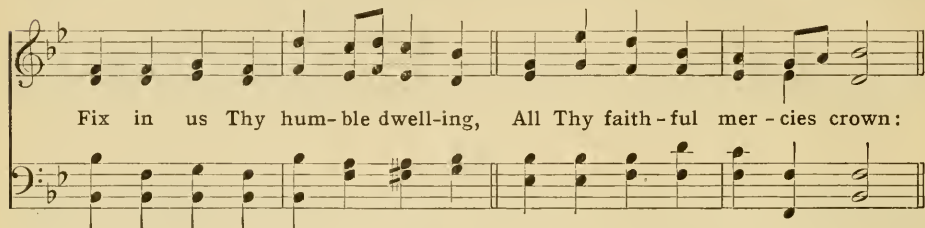
BEECHER 8.7.8.7.D.

(First Tune)


J. ZUNDEL, 1870



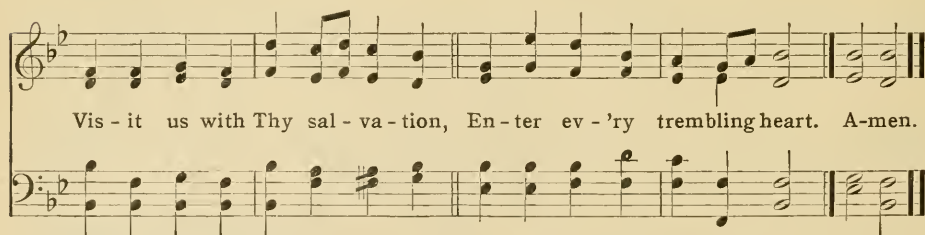
Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art:



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart. A - men.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast:  
 Let us all in Thee inherit,  
 Let us find Thy promised rest:  
 Take away our love of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be,  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy life receive;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more Thy temples leave.  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in Thee:

Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1747

## 58

PROMISED LAND 8.7.8.7.D. (Second Tune)

HOMER N. BARTLETT, 1903

Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. There are 'x' marks above the first and eighth notes of the treble staff, indicating specific performance instructions.

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art:

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line.

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart. A-men.

The fourth and final system of musical notation for this hymn, concluding with a double bar line.

ST. FRIDESWIDE 8.7.8.7.D.

(First Tune)

C. H. LLOYD, 1889

Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn.

"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored:

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" A - men.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
 "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high."  
 With His seraph train before Him,  
 With His holy Church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow.

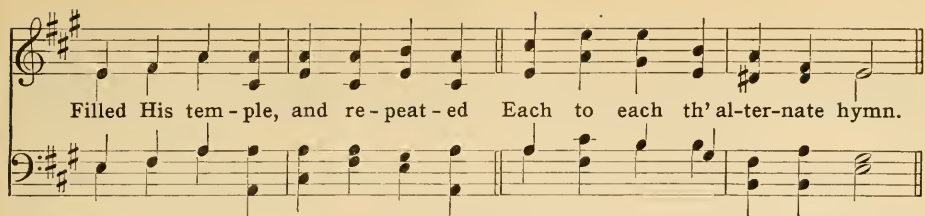
3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
 Earth is with its fulness stored:  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!"  
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,  
 We adopt the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy," blessing  
 Thee the Lord of Hosts most high.

RICHARD MANT, 1837

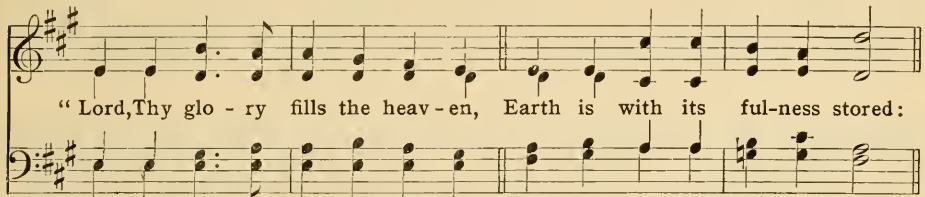
RANSOMED CHURCH 8.7.8.7.D. (Second Tune)

J. BARNEY, 1896

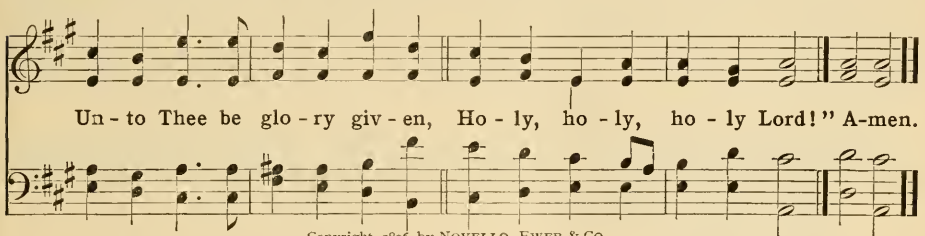
Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim



Filled His tem-ple, and re-peat-ed Each to each th'al-ter-nate hymn.



“ Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its ful-ness stored:



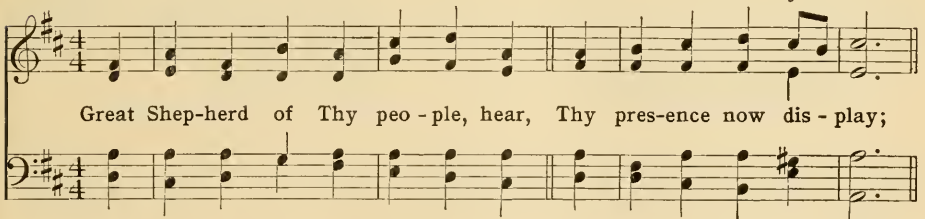
Un-to Thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!’ A-men.

Copyright, 1896, by NOVELLO, EWER & Co.

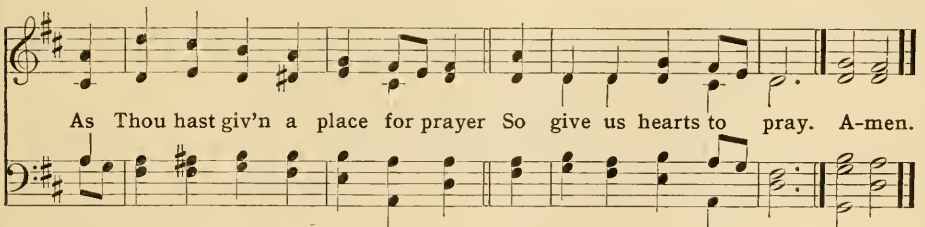
60

RAVENGLAS C. M.

J. LANGRAN



Great Shep-herd of Thy peo-ple, hear, Thy pres-ence now dis-play;



As Thou hast giv'n a place for prayer So give us hearts to pray. A-men.

- 2 Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our feeble hopes to raise;  
And pour Thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our prayers,

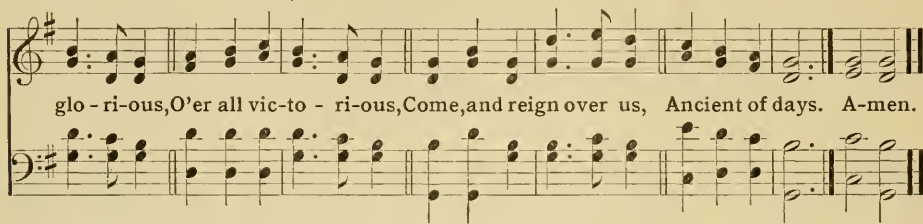
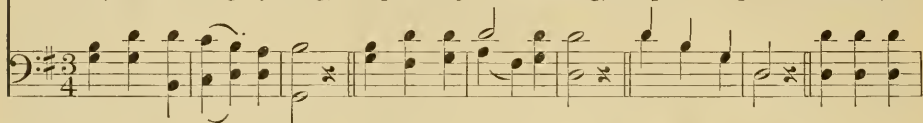
- And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.
- 4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,  
The contrite heart bestow:  
And shine upon us from on high,  
That we in grace may grow.

ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune*)

FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769



Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father, all-



glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days. A-men.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend:  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour:

Thou who Almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three  
Eternal praises be  
Hence evermore.  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

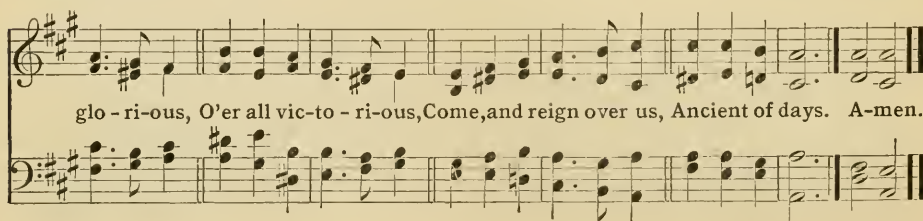
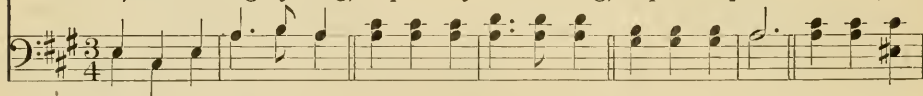
Anon.

DORCHESTER 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune*)

WAITE'S Psalmody



Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-



glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days. A-men.

LONGWOOD 10.10.10.10.

J. BARNEY, 1883

Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - ces

raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,  
And all Thy work from day to day declare!  
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?  
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,  
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;  
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,  
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,  
O by that love which every love excels,  
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,  
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in!

HANOVER 10.10.11.11.

W. CROFT, 1703

Oh, wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove; Oh, grate-ful-ly

sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A-men.

- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,  
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.



LYONS 10.10.11.11.

Arr. from MICHAEL HAYDN, 1770



Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His



won-der-ful name; The name, all- vic- to- rious, of Je- sus ex- tol;



His king- dom is glo- rious, and rules o- ver all. A- men.



- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
 And still He is nigh — His presence we have:  
 The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne!  
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:  
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,  
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might,  
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

BARTLETT C. M.

H. N. BARTLETT, 1903

The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to re - ceive; His  
gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. BARNES &amp; CO.

- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road;  
In silent thought, or friendly talk,  
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night  
Shall close the day of rest;

- Be He of every heart the Light,  
Of every home the Guest.
- 4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,  
His nightly watch to keep;  
Crown with His peace His own blest day,  
And guard His people's sleep.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1872

ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. ARNE, 1762

Al - mighty God, Thy word is cast Like seed up - on the ground;  
O may it grow in hum - ble hearts, And righteous fruits a - bound. A - men.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove,  
But give it root in praying souls  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy,

- But may it, in converted minds,  
Produce the fruits of joy.
- 4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent  
To raise us to Thy throne,  
Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
That we reject Thy Son.

REV. JOHN CAWOOD, 1816

ST. MATTHIAS Six 8s.

W. H. MONK, 1861

Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - men.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy  
That only long to be like Thee.  
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:  
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.  
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

GERMANY L. M.

WM. GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815

Al-mighty Fa - ther, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard;

O may the pre-cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a - bun-dant fruit. A-men.

2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face.  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
May all, at last, in heaven appear.

Anon.

SICILIAN MARINERS 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune*)

Sicilian Melody

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace:

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-derness. A-men.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound:  
Ever faithful  
To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,  
Saviour, from the world away,  
Let no fear of death appal us,  
Glad Thy summons to obey:  
May we ever  
Reign with Thee in endless day.

ANON. 1773 (ascribed to REV. JOHN FAWCETT)

## 69

ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7.4.7.

*(Second Tune)*

E. J. HOPKINS, 1862

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The treble staff features a melody with dotted and eighth notes, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;

The musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous system, maintaining the same tempo and key signature.

Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness. A-men.

The final system of the score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs in both staves.

GOUNOD (Muriel) 8.7.8.7.7.7.

C. GOUNOD

Sav-iour, now the day is end-ing And the shades of eve-ning fall,

Let Thy Ho-ly Dove de-scend-ing, Bring Thy mer-cy to us all;

Set Thy seal on ev-'ry heart, Je-sus, bless us ere we part. A-men.

2 Bless the gospel-message, spoken  
 In Thine own appointed way;  
 Give each longing soul a token  
 Of Thy tender love to-day;  
 Set Thy seal on every heart,  
 Jesus, bless us ere we part.

3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,  
 Watch each sleeping child of Thine;  
 Let us all arise to-morrow  
 Strengthened by Thy grace divine;  
 Set Thy seal on every heart,  
 Jesus, bless us ere we part.

4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,  
 Lord, forgive each sinful thought;  
 Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,  
 By Thy great example taught;  
 Set Thy seal on every heart,  
 Jesus, bless us ere we part.

## SOLITUDE 7.7.7.7.

L. T. DOWNES, 1851

Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;

Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun When the Chris - tian's course is run. A - men.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;  
'Tis the holy peace of God,  
Symbol of the peace within  
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,  
When the evening worshiper

Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of joy and peace in Thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose  
Where the Sabbaths ne'er shall close.

REV. S. F. SMITH, 1832

## CANTONE 7.7.7.7.

A. H. MANN, 1894

Now may He, Who from the dead Brought the Shep - herd of the sheep,

Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe - ty keep. A - men.

2 May He teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in His sight;  
Perfect us in all His will,  
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

## 73

PAX DEI 10.10.10.10.

(First Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac-

cord, our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee

ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. A-men.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

## 73

ELLERS 10.10.10.10.

(Second Tune)

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1866

E. J. HOPKINS, 1871

Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac-cord, our part-ing hymn of praise;



We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. A-men.

## 73

ELLERS 10.10.10.10.

*(Second Tune, Unison Setting)*

E. J. HOPKINS, 1871

Sav-our, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our

part-ing hymn of praise, We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease,

Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace. 2 Grant us Thy peace up -

on our homeward way; With Thee be-gan, with Thee shall end the day;

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have

CLOSE OF SERVICE

call'd up - on Thy name. 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night,

Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger

keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row,

and our stay in strife; . . . Then, when Thy voice shall bid the conflict cease, . . .

Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by E. MILLER, 1790

God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known;

Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A - men.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame  
May taste His grace, and learn His name;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;  
The weary rest from all his pains;  
The captive feel his bondage cease;  
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,  
To read and mark Thy holy word;  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

Verses 1, 2, Rev. BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1787  
Verses 3, 4, 5, Rev. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1819

LUNDY L. M.

C. H. LLOYD

The heav'ns de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry star Thy wisdom shines;

But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines. A - men.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when Thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world Thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

SAWLEY C. M.

J. WALCH, 1860

Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;

Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav'-ller's way; A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,<br/>True manna from on high;<br/>Our guide and chart, wherein we read<br/>Of realms beyond the sky;</p> <p>3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,<br/>Or radiant cloud by day,<br/>When waves would whelm our tossing bark,<br/>Our anchor and our stay.</p> | <p>4 Word of the everlasting God,<br/>Will of His glorious Son;<br/>Without Thee how could earth be trod,<br/>Or heaven itself be won?</p> <p>5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn<br/>The wisdom it imparts;<br/>And to its heavenly teaching turn,<br/>With simple, child-like hearts.</p> |
|---|--|

BERNARD BARTON, 1827

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1875

Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy word What end - less glo - ry shines!

For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines. A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice<br/>Spreads heavenly peace around;<br/>And life and everlasting joys<br/>Attend the blissful sound.</p> <p>3 O may these heavenly pages be<br/>My ever dear delight;</p> | <p>And still new beauties may I see,<br/>And still increasing light.</p> <p>4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,<br/>Be Thou forever near;<br/>Teach me to love Thy sacred word,<br/>And view my Saviour there.</p> |
|---|--|

ANNE STEELE, 1760

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. BAKER, 1872

Lord, I have made Thy Word my choice, My last - ing her - it - age:

There shall my no - blest pow'rs re - jice, My warm - est tho'ts en - gage. A - men.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,  
And keep Thy laws in sight;  
While through the promises I rove  
With ever fresh delight.

Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,

4 The best relief that mourners have:  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1866

How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given:

Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A - men.

2 Its light, descending from above,  
Our gloomy world to cheer,  
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,  
And brings His glories near.

4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,  
And where his feet have trod;  
And brings to view the matchless grace  
Of a forgiving God.

5 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782

EMMANUEL C. M.

Att. from BEETHOVEN

The Spir - it breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight;

Pre-cepts and prom-is - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light. A-men.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun:  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat:  
His truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779

MANSFIELD 8.7.8.4.

E. H. TURPIN, 1889

Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and youth,

Won-drous is thy sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth. A-men.

- 2 Book of love! in accents tender  
Speaking unto such as we;  
May it lead us, Lord, to render  
All, all to Thee.
- 3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,  
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,

- As it hears the Saviour crying,  
"Come, come to me!"
- 4 Book of life, when we, reposing,  
Bid farewell to friends we love,  
Give us, for the life then closing,  
Life, life above.

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1843

O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

2 The Church from Thee, her Master,  
 Received the gift divine;  
 And still that light she lifteth  
 O'er all the earth to shine;  
 It is the golden casket  
 Where gems of truth are stored;  
 It is the heaven-drawn picture  
 Of Thee, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
 Before God's host unfurled;  
 It shineth like a beacon  
 Above the darkling world;  
 It is the chart and compass,  
 That o'er life's surging sea,  
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of burnished gold,  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light, as of old.  
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
 By this their path to trace,  
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
 They see Thee face to face.

WATTS 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(First Tune)

Rev. J. S. B. HODGES

We give im - mor-tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For  
all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He sent His own e -  
ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A-men.

2 To God the Son belongs

Immortal glory too,

Who saved us by His blood

From everlasting woe:

And now He lives, and now He reigns,

And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise

And endless worship give,

Whose new-creating power

Makes the dead sinner live:

His work completes the great design,

And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee

Be endless honors done;

The sacred Persons Three,

The Godhead only One;

Where reason fails with all her powers,

There faith prevails and love adores.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

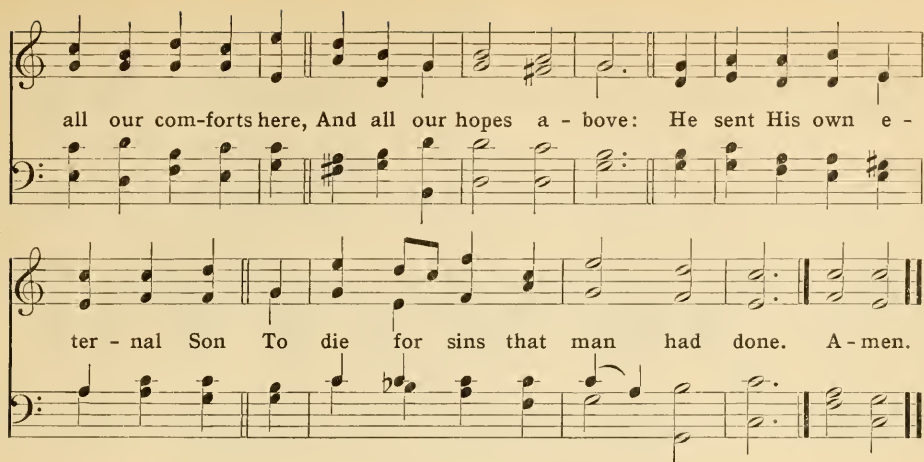
MANSFIELD 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(Second Tune)

J. BARNEY, 1893

We give im - mor-tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For



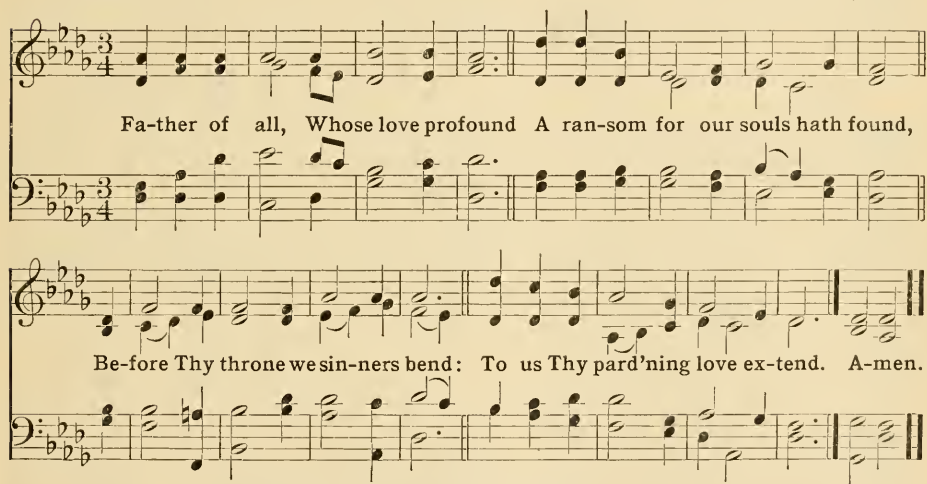


all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He sent His own e -  
 ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A - men.

## 84

RIVAUUX L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868



Fa-ther of all, Whose love profound A ran-som for our souls hath found,  
 Be-fore Thy throne we sin-ners bend: To us Thy pard'ning love ex-tend. A-men.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
 To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath  
 The soul is raised from sin and death,  
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
 To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah, — Father, Spirit, Son, —  
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

ANCIENT OF DAYS 11.10.11.10. (*First Tune*)

T. A. JEFFERY, 1886

An-cient of days, Who sittest, thron'd in glo - ry;

To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has bless'd the

wide world's wondrous sto - ry, With light and life since Eden's dawn - ing day. A - men.

The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line (treble and bass clefs) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The lyrics are placed between the vocal staves. The piece concludes with a final double bar line and repeat sign.

- 2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children  
 In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,  
 Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;  
 To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,  
 To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,  
 Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,  
 And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-Giver,  
 Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.  
 From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,  
 Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,  
 Praise we the goodness that has crowned our day;  
 Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring  
 Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

BISHOP WILLIAM CROSSWELL DOANE, 1886

## 85

*(Second Tune)*

STRENGTH AND STAY 11.10.11.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

An - cient of days, Who sit - test, thron'd in glo - ry; To Thee all  
 knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has bless'd the  
 wide world's wondrous sto - ry, With light and life since Eden's dawning day. A - men.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, the second system covers the next two lines, and the third system covers the final line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving bass lines.

ENNERDALE 8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. CLIPPINGDALE

Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,  
 Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One:  
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run! A - men.

2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,  
 Washed us from each spot and stain;  
 Glory be to Him Who bought us,  
 Made us kings with Him to reign:  
 Glory, glory,  
 To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,  
 Glory to the Church's King,  
 Glory to the King of nations,  
 Heaven and earth, your praises bring:  
 Glory, glory,  
 To the King of glory bring!

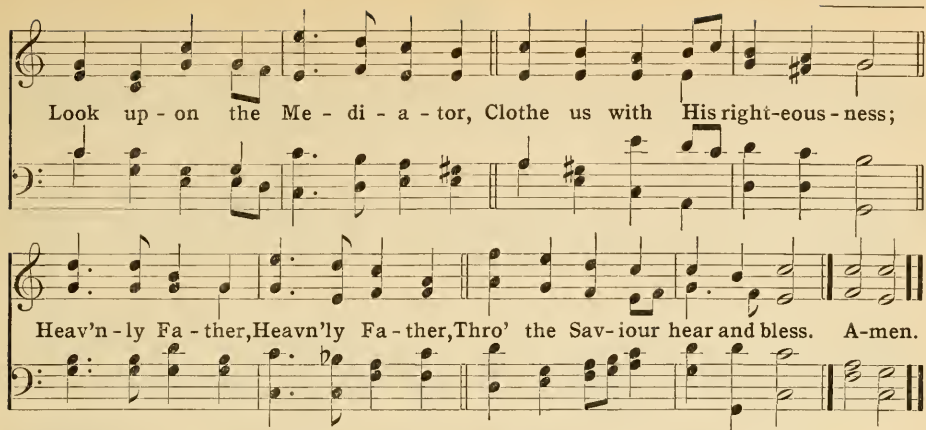
4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
 Thus the choir of angels sings;  
 Honor, riches, power, dominion!  
 Thus its praise creation brings:  
 Glory, glory,  
 Glory to the King of kings.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866

REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.4.7.

H. SMART, 1867

Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love and peace,



Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right-eous - ness;  
Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Heav'nly Fa - ther, Thro' the Sav - iour hear and bless. A - men.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,  
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,  
While we hear Thy wondrous story,  
Meet and worship in Thy name,  
Dear Redeemer,  
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
Come with unction from above,  
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,

Fill them with the Saviour's love!  
Source of comfort,  
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

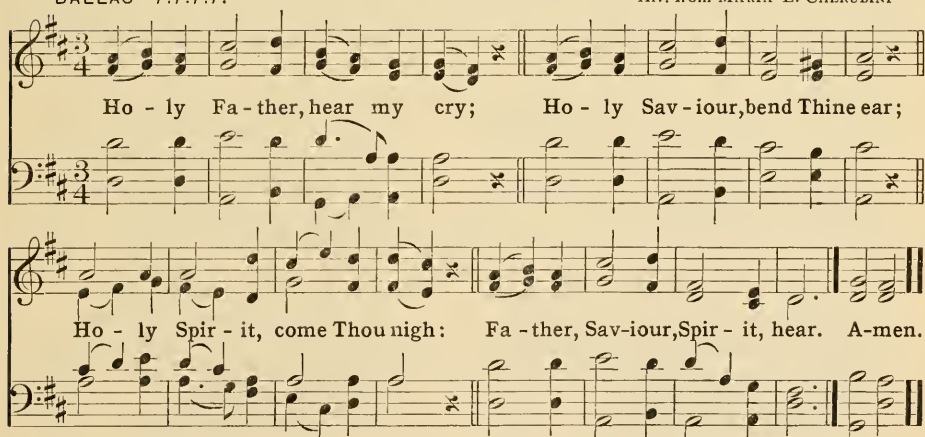
4 God the Lord, through every nation  
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!  
In the song of Thy salvation  
Every tongue and race combine!  
Great Jehovah,  
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

Bishop A. V. GRISWOLD, 1837

## 88

DALLAS 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from MARIA L. CHERUBINI



Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend Thine ear;  
Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh: Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear. A - men.

2 Father, save me from my sin;  
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;  
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:  
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;  
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;

Spirit, come my heart to move:  
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit — Thou  
One Jehovah, shed abroad  
All Thy grace within me now;  
Be my Father and my God.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1843

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, E - ter - nal King,

By the heav'ns and earth a - dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,

Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Since by Thee were all things made,<br/>And in Thee do all things live,<br/>Be to Thee all honor paid;<br/>Praise to Thee let all things give,<br/>Singing everlastingly<br/>To the blessèd Trinity.</p>     | <p>4 Cherubim and seraphim<br/>Veil their faces with their wings;<br/>Eyes of angels are too dim<br/>To behold the King of kings,<br/>While they sing eternally<br/>To the blessèd Trinity.</p> |
| <p>3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,<br/>Spirits blest, before Thy throne,<br/>Speeding thence at Thy command;<br/>And, when Thy behests are done,<br/>Singing everlastingly<br/>To the blessèd Trinity.</p> | <p>5 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,<br/>Thee the noble martyr band,<br/>Praise with solemn jubilee,<br/>Thee the Church in every land;<br/>Singing everlastingly<br/>To the blessèd Trinity.</p> |
| <p>6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,<br/>Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/>Godhead One, and Persons Three;<br/>Join us with the heavenly host,<br/>Singing everlastingly<br/>To the blessèd Trinity.</p>                  |   |

## 90

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:

Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue. A-men.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

## 91

CANNONS L. M.

HANDEL

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A-men.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid, 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men; High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
He brought us to His fold again. Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

3 We are His people, we His care, 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame: Vast as eternity Thy love;  
What lasting honors shall we rear, Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy name? When rolling years shall cease to move.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719. REV. JOHN WESLEY, 1741

WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. R. HARRISON, 1784

Give to our God im-mor-tal praise; Mercy and truth are all His ways: Wonders of

grace to God be-long; Re-peat His mer-cies in your song. A-men.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;  
The King of kings with glory crown:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;  
He bids the moon direct the night:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

5 He sent His Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. ZEUNER, 1839

Kingdoms and thrones to God be-long; Crown Him, ye na-tions, in your song:

His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse; His honors shall enrich your verse. A-men.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;  
How terrible is God in arms!  
In Israel are His mercies known,  
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719



MAINZER L. M.

J. MAINZER, c. 1845

The Lord is King: lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns re-joyce:

From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Om-nip-o-tent is King. A-men.

2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care,  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King: child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just;  
Holy and true are all His ways:  
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 One Lord, one empire, all secures;  
He reigns, and life and death are yours:  
Through earth and heaven one song shall  
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!" [ring,

5 O when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,  
Then may His children cease to sing,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824

LITLINGTON TOWER L. M.

J. BARNEY, 1862

Lo, God is here, let us a-dore, And own how dread-ful is this place;

Let all with-in us feel His pow'r, And si-lent bow be-fore His face. A-men.

2 Lo, God is here: Him day and night  
United choirs of angels sing;  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts, O may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1739

The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -

the - real sky, And span-gl'd heav'ns a shin - ing frame, Their

great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th' unwea-ried sun from day to day,

Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play, And pub - lish-es . . . to

*Ped.*

ev - 'ry land The work of an . . . al-might-y hand. A-men.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

J. ADDISON, 1712

## 97

HEATHLANDS Six 7s.

H. SMART, 1867

Lord of pow - er, Lord of might; God and Fa - ther of us all;

Lord of day, and Lord of night, Lis - ten to our sol - emn call.

Lis - ten, whilst to Thee we raise Songs of prayer, and songs of praise. A - men.

2 Light, and love, and life are Thine,  
Great Creator of all good;  
Fill our souls with light divine;  
Give us with our daily food  
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,  
Blessings rich for evermore.

3 Graft within our heart of hearts  
Love undying for Thy name;  
Bid us ere the day departs  
Spread afar our Maker's fame:  
Young and old together bless,  
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years, and full of peace,  
May our life on earth be blest;  
When our trials here shall cease,  
And at last we sink to rest,  
Fountain of eternal love,  
Call us to our home above.

VIENNA 7.7.7.7.

(First Tune)

J. H. KNECHT, 1797

Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - u - ias rang,

When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done. A-men.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.

No; the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
God will make new heavens, new earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 And can man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

HONITON Eight 7s.

(Second Tune)

E. FLOOD, 1845

Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - u - ias rang,

When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;

Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty. A - men.

## 99

ELLINGHAM 7.7.7.7.

S. N. GODFREY, 1881

God e - ter - nal, Lord of all, Low - ly at Thy feet we fall;

All the earth doth wor - ship Thee; We a - mid the throng would be. A - men.

2 All the holy angels cry,  
Hail, thrice Holy, God most high!  
Lord of all the heavenly Powers,  
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified Apostles raise,  
Night and day, continual praise;  
Hast not Thou a mission too  
For Thy children here to do?

4 With the prophets' goodly line  
We in mystic bond combine;

For Thou hast to us revealed  
Things that to the wise were sealed.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,  
Of the cross are heard to boast;  
O that we our cross may bear,  
And a crown of glory wear!

6 God eternal, mighty King,  
Unto Thee our praise we bring;  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One.

100

ANGEL VOICES 8.5.8.5.8.7.

(First Tune)

A. SULLIVAN, 1872

An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light;

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might. A - men.

2 Thou Who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that Thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us?  
Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee;  
And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
In our choicest  
Melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Blessèd Trinity:  
Of the best that Thou hast given  
Earth and heaven  
Render Thee.

REV. FRANCIS POTT, 1866

100

ANGEL VOICES 8.5.8.5.8.7.

(Second Tune)

E. G. MONK

An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light;

An-gel-harps, for ev-er ring-ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thou-sands on-ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might. A-men.

## 101

DUNDEE C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615

My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy maj-es-ty how bright,

How beau-ti-ful Thy mer-cy-seat In depths of burn-ing light. A-men.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored.

3 O how I fear Thee, Living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almightly as Thou art;

4 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother, half so mild,  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,  
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

EIN FESTE BURG 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529

A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;  
 Our help - er He a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing;  
 For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are  
 great, And arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not His e - qual. A-men.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing, —  
 Were not the right man on our side,  
 The man of God's own choosing:  
 Dost ask who that may be?  
 Christ Jesus, it is He!  
 Lord Sabaoth, His name,  
 From age to age the same;  
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,  
 Should threaten to undo us,  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 His truth to triumph through us:

The prince of darkness grim —  
 We tremble not for him;  
 His rage we can endure;  
 For lo, his doom is sure;  
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers —  
 No thanks to them — abideth;  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours,  
 Through Him Who with us sideth:  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also;  
 The body they may kill,  
 God's truth abideth still;  
 His kingdom is for ever.



HORSLEY C. M.

W. HORSLEY, 1844

Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, in trou-b'le and in joy,

The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ. A-men.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all,  
Who on His succor trust.

4 O make but tria of His love;  
Experience will decide,  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make ye His service your delight,—  
He'll make your wants His care.

TATE and BRADY, 1696

ST. ANNE C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home: A-men.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

ANAGOLA C. M. D.

J. H. CROSSLEY, 1876

O God, we praise Thee, and confess, That Thou the only Lord And

ever-lasting Father art, By all the earth adored. To

Thee all angels cry aloud; To Thee the powers on high, Both

Cherubim and Seraphim, Continually do cry: Amen.

2 O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
 The world is with the glory filled  
 Of Thy majestic sway.  
 The apostles' glorious company,  
 And prophets crowned with light,  
 With all the martyrs' noble host,  
 Thy constant praise recite.

3 The holy church throughout the world,  
 O Lord, confesses Thee,  
 That Thou th' eternal Father art,  
 Of boundless majesty.  
 Thy honored, true, and only Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, the spring  
 Of never ceasing joy; O Christ,  
 Of glory Thou art King.

WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by L. MASON, 1830

High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines;

Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils and dark - ens Thy de - signs. A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,<br/>As mountains their foundations keep;<br/>Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;<br/>Thy judgments are a mighty deep.</p> | <p>The sons of Adam in distress<br/>Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.</p>   |
| <p>3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,<br/>Whence all our hope and comfort spring.</p>  | <p>4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,<br/>Springs from the presence of my Lord,<br/>And in Thy light our souls shall see<br/>The glories promised in Thy word.</p> |

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. DVER, 1824

Lord of all be - ing, thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;

Center and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray<br/>Sheds on our path the glow of day;<br/>Star of our hope, Thy softened light<br/>Cheers the long watches of the night.</p>  | <p>4 Lord of all life, below, above,<br/>Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,<br/>Before Thy ever-blazing throne<br/>We ask no luster of our own.</p>          |
| <p>3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;<br/>Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;<br/>Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;<br/>All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.</p> | <p>5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,<br/>And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,<br/>Till all Thy living altars claim<br/>One holy light, one heavenly flame.</p> |

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1848

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by E. MILLER, 1790

O love of God, how strong and true! E - ter - nal, and yet ev - er new;

Un-com-pre-hended and unbought, Be-yond all knowledge and all thought. A-men.

2 O heavenly love, how precious still,  
In days of weariness and ill,  
In nights of pain and helplessness,  
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

3 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!  
We read Thee in the sky above,  
We read thee in the earth below,  
In seas that swell, and streams that flow.

4 We read thee best in Him Who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame;

Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.

5 We read Thy power to bless and save,  
E'en in the darkness of the grave;  
Still more in resurrection light,  
We read the fulness of Thy might.

6 O love of God, our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way!  
Eternal love, in thee we rest,  
For ever safe, for ever blest.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1861

ALL FOR JESUS 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1872

God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love. A-men.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never:  
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;

From the gloom His brightness streameth:  
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth:  
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. BOWRING, 1824

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D.

G. J. WEBB, 1830

O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene;

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A-men.

2 Our years are like the shadows  
 On sunny hills that lie,  
 Or grasses in the meadows  
 That blossom but to die:  
 A sleep, a dream, a story  
 By strangers quickly told,  
 An unremaining glory  
 Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,  
 Whose light grows never pale,  
 Teach us aright to number  
 Our years before they fail.

On us Thy mercy lighten,  
 On us Thy goodness rest,  
 And let Thy Spirit brighten  
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor  
 With beauty and with grace,  
 Till, clothed in light for ever,  
 We see Thee face to face:  
 A joy no language measures;  
 A fountain brimming o'er;  
 An endless flow of pleasures;  
 An ocean without shore.

FABEN 8.7.8.7.D.

J. H. WILLCOX, 1849

Lord, with glow- ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,

For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:

Help, O God, my weak en-deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A-men.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

JAMES W. ELLIOTT, 1874

Lord God of hosts, by all a - dored! Thy name we praise with one ac - cord;

The earth and heav'ns are full of Thee, Thy light, Thy love, Thy maj - es - ty. A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Loud alleluias to Thy name<br/>Angels and seraphim proclaim;<br/>Eternal praise to Thee is given<br/>By all the powers and thrones in heaven.</p> <p>3 The apostles join the glorious throng;<br/>The prophets aid to swell the song;<br/>The noble and triumphant host<br/>Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.</p> | <p>4 The holy church in every place<br/>Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;<br/>Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,<br/>Thou Father of eternity!</p> <p>5 From day to day, O Lord, do we<br/>Highly exalt and honor Thee;<br/>Thy name we worship and adore,<br/>World without end, for evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

Tr. by JOHN GAMBOLD, 1754. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1810

SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. BOOTH, 1887

Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice: Stand

up and bless the Lord, your God, With heart, and soul, and voice. A - men.

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|---|--|
| <p>2 Though high above all praise,<br/>Above all blessing high,<br/>Who would not fear His holy name,<br/>And laud, and magnify?</p> <p>3 O for the living flame,<br/>From His own altar brought,<br/>To touch our lips, our minds inspire,<br/>And wing to heaven our thought.</p> | <p>4 God is our strength and song,<br/>And His salvation ours;<br/>Then be His love in Christ proclaimed<br/>With all our ransomed powers.</p> <p>5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,<br/>The Lord your God adore;<br/>Stand up, and bless His glorious name,<br/>Henceforth for evermore.</p> |
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JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from HANDEL, 1728

Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'n - ly theme, And speak some bound-less

thing; The might-y works, or might - ier name Of

our e - ter - nal King, Of our e - ter - nal King. Amen.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His power abroad;  
Sing the sweet praises of His grace,  
The love and truth of God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies;

The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

SABBATA (Sharon) C. M.

H. F. HEMY, 1865

When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, . . .



Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise. A-men.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face:  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;

- Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712

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ST. BENET Six 7s.

W. H. WILLIAMSON

God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of Thy face;

Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill Thy church with light di - vine;

And Thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end. A-men.

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Be by all that live adored:  
Let the nations shout and sing,  
Glory to their Saviour King;  
At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy ho'ly will obey.

- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Earth shall then her fruits afford:  
God to man His blessing give,  
Man to God devoted live;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;

Je - ho - vah, Great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;

I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest. A-men.

2 He by Himself hath sworn,  
 I on His oath depend,  
 I shall, on angel-wings upborne,  
 To heaven ascend:  
 I shall behold His face,  
 I shall His power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of His grace  
 For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,  
 The Lord, our Righteousness,  
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
 The Prince of Peace;  
 On Sion's sacred height  
 His kingdom He maintains,  
 And, glorious with His saints in light,  
 Forever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
They ever cry:

Hail, Abraham's God and mine!  
I join the heavenly lays;  
All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.

T. OLIVERS, 1770

## 117

COVENANT 6.6.8.4.D.

(Second Tune)

J. STAINER, 1839

The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;

Je - ho - vah, Great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;

I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest. A-men.

WARE L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838

Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue!

Ho-san-na to th' e-ter-nal name, And all His boundless love pro-claim. A-men.

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|---|--|
| <p>2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, —<br/>The brightest image of His grace!<br/>God, in the person of His Son,<br/>Has all His mightiest works outdone.</p> <p>3 The spacious earth and spreading flood<br/>Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;<br/>And Thy rich glories from afar<br/>Sparkle in every rolling star.</p> | <p>4 Grace, —'tis a sweet, a charming theme;<br/>My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:<br/>Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;<br/>Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.</p> <p>5 Oh! may I live to reach the place,<br/>Where He unveils His lovely face,<br/>Where all His beauties you behold,<br/>And sing His name to harps of gold.</p> |
|---|--|

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

GERMANY L. M.

WM. GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815

Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be - siege Thy tem - ple gates:

All flesh shall to Thy throne re - pair, And find, thro' Christ, salva - tion there. A-men.

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|---|--|
| <p>2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led,<br/>How surely kept, how richly fed!<br/>Saviour of all in earth and sea,<br/>How happy they who rest in Thee!</p> <p>3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,<br/>Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;<br/>Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,<br/>And earth Thy bounty wide displays.</p> | <p>4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;<br/>The clouds drop wealth the world around;<br/>Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,<br/>And nature smiles, and owns her King.</p> <p>5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;<br/>The moral waste within restore:<br/>O let Thy love our spring-tide be,<br/>And make us all bear fruit to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

POSEN 7.7.7.7.

C. G. STRATTNER, 1691

Let us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-men.

2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us then with gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord for He is kind;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON, 1624

ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1857

God my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy name;

Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. A-men.

2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,  
Works by love and mercy wrought;  
Works of love surpassing measure,  
Works of mercy passing thought.

God is good to all creation;  
All His works His goodness prove.

3 Full of kindness and compassion,  
Slow to anger, vast in love,

4 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,  
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;  
King supreme shall they confess Thee,  
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1824

Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;

Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev-er-last-ing King. A-men.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor  
 To our fathers in distress;  
 Praise Him, still the same forever,  
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;  
 Well our feeble frame He knows;  
 In His hands He gently bears us,  
 Rescues us from all our foes;  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;  
 Ye behold Him face to face;  
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
 Dwellers all in time and space,  
 Praise Him, praise Him,  
 Praise with us the God of grace.

ST. ASAPH 8.7.8.7.D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE, 1872

Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;

Sun and moon, re-joyce be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed;

Laws which nev - er shall be bro-ken, For their guidance He hath made. A-men.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;  
 Never shall His promise fail;  
 God hath made His saints victorious;  
 Sin and death shall not prevail.  
 Praise the God of our salvation;  
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim;  
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
 Laud and magnify His name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,  
 Lord, we offer unto Thee;  
 Young and old, Thy praise expressing,  
 In glad homage bend the knee.  
 All the saints in heaven adore Thee;  
 We would bow before Thy throne:  
 As Thine angels serve before Thee,  
 So on earth Thy will be done.

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS, 1762

O bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to Thee pro-claim!

And all that is with-in me join To bless His ho-ly name! A-men.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!  
His mercies bear in mind!  
Forget not all His benefits!  
The Lord to thee is kind.

4 He pardons all thy sins;  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;  
He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He will not always chide;  
He will with patience wait;  
His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
And ready to abate.

5 Then bless His holy name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!  
O bless the Lord, my soul!

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

SCHUMANN S. M.

R. SCHUMANN

My soul, re-peat His praise Whose mer-cies are so great;

Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-bate. A-men.

2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of His grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 His power subdues our sins,  
And His forgiving love,

4 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear His name  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.



5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

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GABRIEL C.M.D.

Traditional. Arr. by A. SULLIVAN

Calm on the list-ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,

Where wild Ju-de-a stretch-es far Her sil-ver-man-tled plains;

Ce-les-tial choirs from courts a-bove Shed sa-cred glo-ries there;

And an-gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air. A-men.

2 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet from all their holy heights  
The dayspring from on high:  
O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm;  
And Sharon waves in solemn praise  
Her silent groves of palm.

3 Glory to God! the lofty strain  
The realm of ether fills;  
How sweeps the song of solemn joy  
O'er Judah's sacred hills!

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring:  
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King."

4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,  
And Christian hearts be cold?  
O catch the anthem that from heaven  
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!  
When nightly burst from seraph-harps  
The high and solemn lay,—  
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;  
Salvation comes to-day!"

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834

NATIVITY C. M.

HENRY LAHEE, 1855

Joy to the world, the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na - ture sing. A-men.

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|---|--|
| <p>2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns:<br/>Let men their songs employ;<br/>While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains<br/>Repeat the sounding joy.</p> <p>3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,<br/>Nor thorns infest the ground:</p> | <p>He comes to make His blessings flow<br/>Far as the curse is found.</p> <p>4 He rules the world with truth and grace,<br/>And makes the nations prove<br/>The glories of His righteousness,<br/>And wonders of His love.</p> |
|---|--|

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

AVISON Irregular  
*1st Chorus*

C. AVISON

Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult-ing - ly sing, . . . Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes -

si - ah is King! | Si - on, the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The

Son of the High-est, how low-ly His birth! The bright-est arch-an-gel in

*Repeat 1st Chorus*

glo-ry ex-cel-ling, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth:

*Chorus after the last verse*

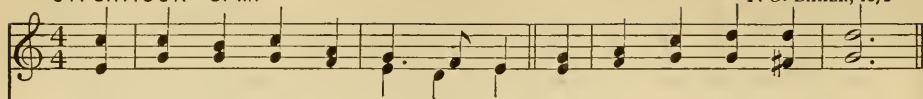
Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing, . . . Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King. A-men.

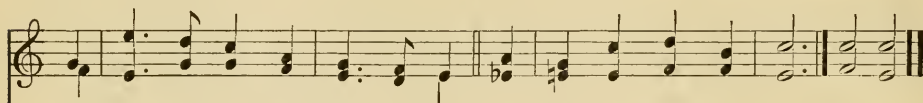
- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;  
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;  
Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. BAKER, 1872



Hark! the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav-iour prom-ised long:



Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev-'ry voice a song. A-men.



2 He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735

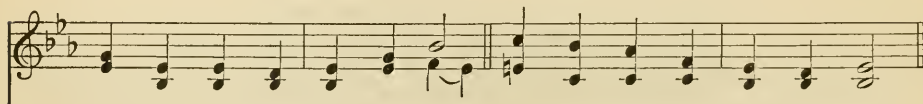
BURLEIGH Eight 7s.

(First Tune)

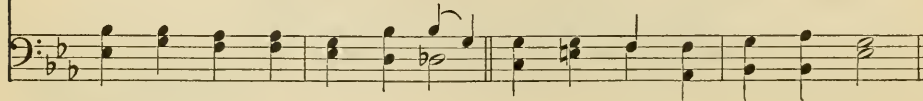
S. WEEKES



He has come, the Christ of God; Left for us His glad a-bode;



Stoop-ing from His throne of bliss, To this dark-some wil-der-ness!



2 He has come, the Prince of Peace; Come to bid our sor-rows cease;

Come to scat-ter, with His light, All the sha-dows of our night. A-men.

3 He, the mighty King, has come,  
 Making this poor earth His home;  
 Come to bear our sin's sad load,  
 Son of David, Son of God.

5 Unto us a Child is born;  
 Ne'er has earth beheld a morn  
 Out of all the morns of time  
 Half so glorious in its prime.

4 He has come, whose name of grace  
 Speaks deliverance to our race;  
 Left for us His glad abode,  
 Son of Mary, Son of God.

6 Unto us a Son is given;  
 He has come from God's own heaven,  
 Bringing with Him from above  
 Holy peace, and holy love.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857

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GLAD DAY 7.7.7.7.

(Second Tune)

WILLIAM W. GILCHRIST, 1895

He has come, the Christ of God: Left for us His glad a - bode;

Stoop - ing from His throne of bliss, To this dark-some wil-der-ness! A-men.

It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old, . .

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;

Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;

The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing. A - men.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lonely plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow!  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophets seen of old,  
 When with the ever-circling years  
 Shall come the time foretold,  
 When the new heaven and earth shall own  
 The Prince of Peace, their King,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1849

# 131

CANTUS GLORIOSUS C. M. D. (*Second Tune*)

F. L. SEALY, 1892

It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra - cious King:"

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The earth in sol-ern still-ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A-men.

The fourth and final system of musical notation for this hymn. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie; . .

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in Thee to - night. A-men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,  
 And gathered all above,  
 While mortals sleep the angels keep  
 Their watch of wondering love.  
 O morning stars together  
 Proclaim the holy birth!  
 And praises sing to God the King,  
 And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,  
 The wondrous gift is given;  
 So God imparts to human hearts  
 The blessings of His heaven.  
 No ear may hear His coming,  
 But in this world of sin,  
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
 The dear Christ enters in.



4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
 Descend to us, we pray,  
 Cast out our sin and enter in,  
 Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels,  
 The great glad tidings tell,  
 O, come to us, abide with us,  
 Our Lord Immanuel!

Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1866

## 132

ST. LOUIS C. M. D.

(Second Tune)

L. H. REDNER, 1880

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie,

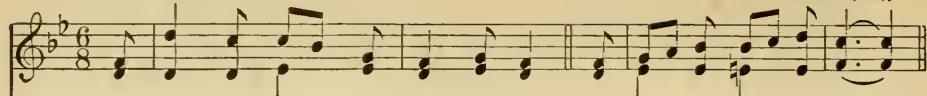
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

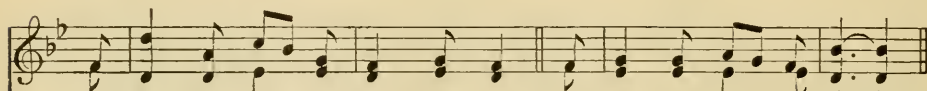
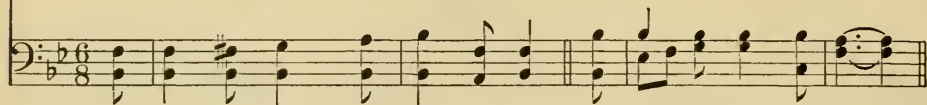
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

CAROL C. M. D.

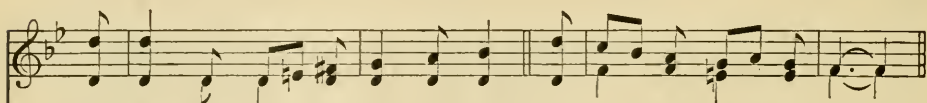
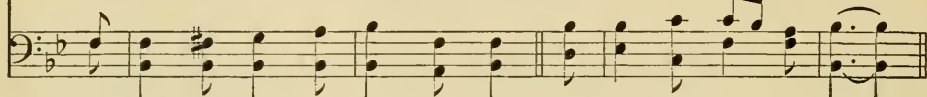
R. S. WILLIS, 1849



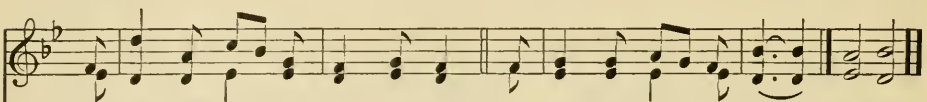
While Shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,



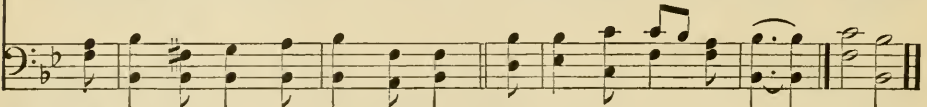
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.



"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their trou - bled mind;



"Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you, and all man - kind. A - men.



2 "To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:  
The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Addressed their joyful song:  
"All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease."

ST. ATHANASIUS Six 7s.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1872

Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn; Un - to us a Child is born,

Un - to us a Son is given, God Him - self comes down from heaven.

Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A - men.

2 God of God, and Light of Light,  
Comes with mercies infinite,  
Joining in a wondrous plan  
Heaven to earth, and God to man.  
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

4 God comes down that man may rise,  
Lifted by Him to the skies;  
He is Son of Man that we  
By Him sons of God may be.  
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,  
Deigns for ever now to dwell;  
And on Adam's fallen race  
Sheds the fulness of His grace.  
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,  
With Thy Spirit day by day,  
That we ever one may be  
With the Father and with Thee.  
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

(First Tune)

MENDELSSOHN Eight 7s. *With Refrain*

MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled! Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim Christ is born in

*Refrain*

Beth-le-hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King. A-men.

*Ped.*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
 Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
 Fix in us Thy humble home.  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell;  
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3 Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.  
 Risen with healing in His wings,  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

## 135

(Second Tune)

HERALD ANGELS Eight 7s. *With Refrain*

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing . . Glo - ry to the new - born King!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-on-ciled! Joy - ful, all ye

na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim

Christ is born in Beth - le - hem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

*Refrain*

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King! A - men.

VENI EMMANUEL Si: 8s.

(First Tune)

Ancient Plain Song  
13th Century

O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-el,

That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here Un-til the Son of God ap-pear.

Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el! A-men.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
 And open wide our heavenly home;  
 Make safe the way that leads on high,  
 And close the path to misery.  
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,  
 Who once, from Sinai's flaming height  
 Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,  
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.) Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851

136

VENI EMMANUEL Six 8s.

(Second Tune)

C. GOUNOD, 1872

O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,

The first system of musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It consists of a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time, and a piano accompaniment line in the same key and time. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano lines from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra - el! A-men.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the hymn. It features a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;

Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
 God with man is now residing;  
 Yonder shines the infant-light;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions beam afar;  
 Seek the great Desire of nations,  
 Ye have seen His natal star;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.



4 Saints before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
 In His temple shall appear;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 All creation, join in praising  
 God the Father, Spirit, Son —  
 Evermore your voices raising  
 To th' Eternal Three in One;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

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MINSTER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(Second Tune)

C. S. JERYLL

An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,

Ye who sang cre - a-tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth;

Come and wor-ship, Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

DIX Six 7s.

Art. from CONRAD KOCHER, 1838

As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on - ward, beam-ing bright;

So, most gracious God, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee. A - men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
Thou its sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

PRINCETHORPE 6.5.6.5.D.

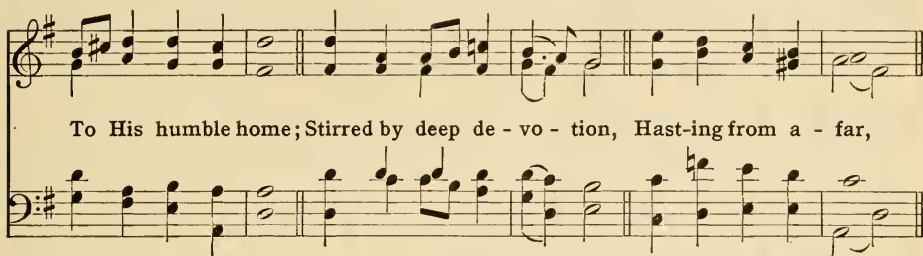
W. PITTS



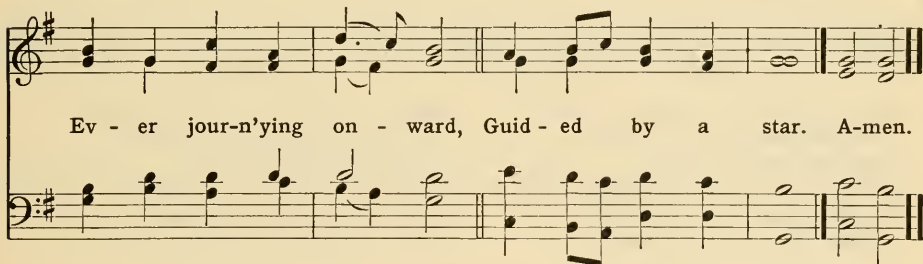
From the eastern mountains Press-ing on they come, Wise men in their wis - dom



To His humble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,



Ev - er jour-n'ying on - ward, Guid - ed by a star. A-men.



2 There their Lord and Saviour  
Meek and lowly lay,  
Wondrous light that led them  
Onward on their way,  
Ever now to lighten  
Nations from afar,  
As they journey homeward  
By that guiding star.

3 Thou who in a manger  
Once hast lowly lain,  
Who dost now in glory  
O'er all kingdoms reign,  
Gather in the heathen,  
Who in lands afar  
Ne'er have seen the brightness  
Of Thy guiding star.

4 Onward through the darkness  
Of the lonely night,  
Shining still before them  
With Thy kindly light,  
Guide them, Jew and Gen-tile,  
Homeward from afar,  
Young and old together,  
By Thy guiding star.

5 Until every nation,  
Whether bond or free,  
'Neath Thy starlit banner,  
Jesus, follows Thee  
O'er the distant mountains  
To that heavenly home,  
Where no sin nor sorrow  
Evermore shall come.

(First Tune)

ALL THIS NIGHT (Nativity New) 8.6.6.D.

F. C. MAKER, 1881

All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near,

Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,

Till the air ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow  
Of His birth, who the earth  
Rescues from her sorrow.  
God to wear our form descendeth;  
Of His grace to our race  
Here His Son He lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger  
Soft and sweet, doth entreat —  
"Flee from woe and danger!  
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you  
You are freed; all you need  
Here your Saviour gives you."

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder:  
Here let all, great and small,  
Kneel in awe and wonder.  
Love Him who with love is yearning:  
Hail the Star, that from far  
Bright with hope is burning.

REV. PAUL GERHARDT, 1653. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858

(Second Tune)

STELLA 8.6.6.D.

HORATIO W. PARKER

All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near,

Sweet-est an-gel voi-ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing-ing,

Till the air ev-'ry-where Now with joy is ring-ing. A-men.

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TRUST 8.7.8.7.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Come, Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free:

From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee. A-men.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
 Dear desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,  
 Born a child, and yet a King,

Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

SANCTUARY 8.7.8.7.D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1871

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing thro' the skies?

Lo! th' an-gel-ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'n-ly al - le - lu - ias rise;

Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:

"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God Most High. A-men.

- 2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
Christ is born, the great Anointed:  
Heaven and earth His praises sing:  
O receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name, and taste His joy:  
Till in Heaven ye sing before Him,  
'Glory be to God Most High!'"  
Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
Spread the brightness of His glory  
Till it cover all the earth.

ANDERSEN 8.7.8.7.8.8. *With Refrain*

N. W. GADE

Child Je-sus comes from Heav'nly height To save us from sin's

keep-ing; On man-ger straw, in darksome night, The Blessed One lies sleep-ing. The

starsmiles down, the an-gels greet, The ox-en kiss the ba-by's feet: Al - le -

lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Child Je - sus, Christ the Lord. A-men.

2 Take courage, soul in grief cast down,

Forget the bitter dealing:

A Child is born in David's town

To touch all souls with healing.

Then let us go and seek the Child,

Children like Him meek, undefiled.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Child Jesus! Christ the Lord!

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN  
Translated from the Danish

ST. NINIAN 11.10.11.10.

(First Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1872

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a -

dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-men.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?



4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1811

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(Second Tune)

BRIGHTEST AND BEST 11.10.11.10.

Rev. J. F. THRUPP, 1848

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our' are written below the treble staff.

dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho -

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho -' are written below the treble staff.

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Redeem - er is laid. A - men.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics 'ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Redeem - er is laid. A - men.' are written below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

IRBY 8.7.8.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1856

Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,

Where a moth - er laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed:

Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

- 2 He came down to earth from heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
He would honor and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
In whose gentle arms He lay;  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern;  
Day by day like us He grew;  
He was little, weak and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that Child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.
- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.

## ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

J. READING, 1692

O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye to

Beth-le-hem with one glad ac-cord. Lo! in a man-ger lies the King of

An-gels; O come let us a-dore Him, O come let us a-

dore Him, O come let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord. A-men.

2 O sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye that hear in heaven God's holy word.  
Give to our Father glory in the highest;  
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 O Hail! Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,  
O Jesus! for ever more be Thy name adored.  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,  
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;

*Orgl*

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Thrust down, and drink, and live.

I came to Jesus and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.

I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till traveling days are done.

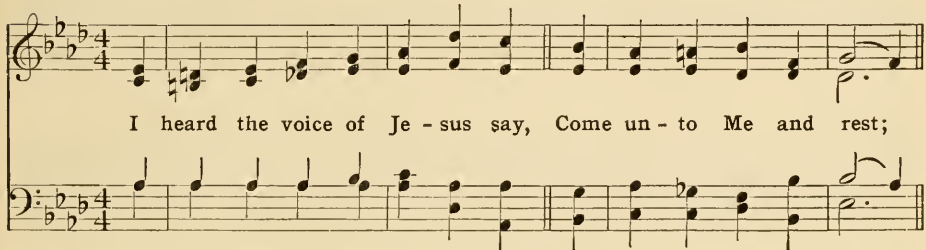
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1846

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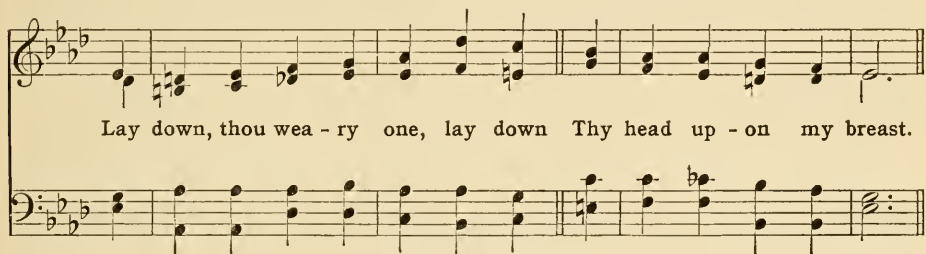
BELLAMY C. M. D.

(Second Tune)

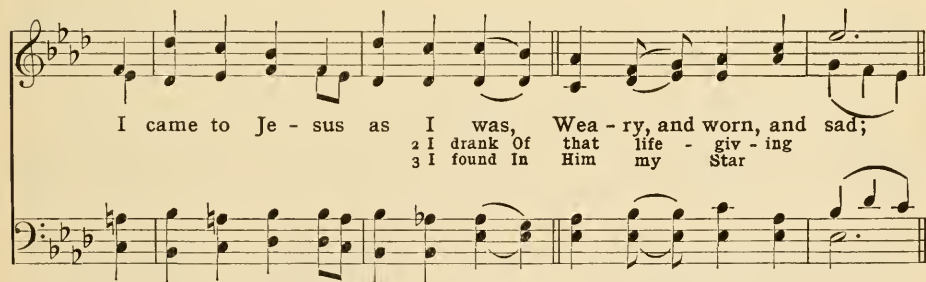
W. F. BIDDLE



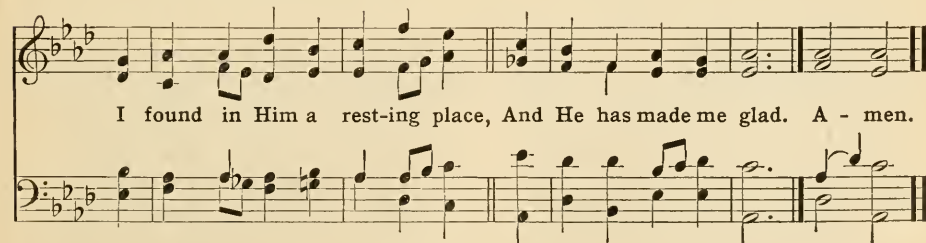
I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
2 I drank Of that life - giv - ing  
3 I found In Him my Star



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

FILIIUS DEI C. M. D.

A. R. GAUL

O, where is He that trod the sea, O, where is He that spake,

And de - mons from their vic - tims flee, The dead their slum - bers break?

The pal - sied rise in free - dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,

And from blind eyes, be - night - ed long, Bright beams of morning spring. A - men.

2 O, where is He that trod the sea,  
 O, where is He that spake,  
 And dark waves, rolling heavily,  
 A glassy smoothness take;  
 And lepers, whose own flesh has been  
 A solitary grave,  
 See with amaze that they are clean,  
 And cry, 'Tis He can save.

3 O, where is He that trod the sea,  
 'Tis only He can save;  
 To thousands hungering wearily,  
 A wondrous meal He gave:

Full soon, with food celestial fed,  
 Their mystic fare they take;  
 'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,  
 And harvest when He brake.

4 O, where is He that trod the sea;  
 My soul, the Lord is here:  
 Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;  
 To leap, to look, to hear,  
 Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:  
 Art thou diseased, or dumb?  
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?  
 "I come," saith Christ, "I come."

## DELIVERANCE C. M. D.

J. BARNEY, 1867

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;

It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal-sied and the lame,

The lep-er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame. A-men.

2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,  
 Gave speech, and strength, and sight;  
 And youth renewed and frenzy calmed  
 Owned Thee, the Lord of light:  
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
 Almighty as of yore,  
 In crowded street, by restless couch,  
 As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
 Thou Lord of life and death;  
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
 With Thine almighty breath.  
 To hands that work and eyes that see  
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore.  
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
 May praise Thee evermore.

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830

My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;  
But in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char-ac-ters. A-men.

- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,      The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,      Thy conflict and Thy victory too.  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine. 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

KEBLE L. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1874

O wondrous type! O vi-sion fair Of glo-ry that the Church shall share,  
Which Christ up-on the mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows! Amen.

- 2 From age to age the tale declare,  
How with the three disciples there,  
Where Moses and Elias meet,  
The Lord holds converse high and sweet. 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high  
By this great vision's mystery;  
For which in joyful strains we raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.
- 3 With shining face and bright array,  
Christ deigns to manifest to-day  
What glory shall be theirs above,  
Who joy in God with perfect love. 5 O Father, with th' eternal Son,  
And Holy Spirit ever One,  
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace  
To see Thy glory face to face.

Latin. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1854



OXFORD L. M.

J. STAINER

Teach me, O Lord, Thy ho - ly way, And give me an o - be-dient mind; That

in Thy ser - vice I may find My soul's de-light from day to day. A-men.

2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,  
And so control my thoughts and deeds,  
That I may tread the path which leads  
Right onward to the blessèd land.

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er  
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:  
Against temptation make me strong,  
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace  
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod;  
And, meekly walking with my God,  
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,  
Begun, continued, done for Thee:  
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;  
And Thine abounding grace afford.

Rev. WILLIAM T. MATSON, 1887

FESTUS L. M.

German Chorale, 1784

Wher-e'er have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,

Where men in bu - sy concourse meet, Or in the lone - ly wil - der - ness. A-men.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,  
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,  
With Thee to bear our cross each day,  
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3 Oh, may we in each holy tide,  
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,  
Content if only by Thy side  
In life or death we still may be.

Anon., 1864

LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR, 1847

How sweet-ly flowed the gos-pel's sound From lips of gen - tle-ness and grace,

When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and rev'rence filled the place. A-men.

- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke, 3 "Come, wanderers, to My Father's home,  
 To heaven He led His followers' way; Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"  
 Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke, Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
 Unveiling an immortal day. Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blessed.

JOHN BOWRING, 1823

LASUS L. M.

A. H. MANN

How beautiful were the marks di-vine, That in Thy meekness used to shine,

That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God. A-men.

- 2 O Who like Thee, so mild, so bright,  
 Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of light,  
 O Who like Thee did ever go  
 So patient, through a world of woe?
- 3 O Who like Thee, so humbly bore  
 The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?  
 So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
 So glorious in humility?
- 4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,  
 Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;  
 Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,  
 And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be  
 Still more and more conformed to Thee,  
 And learn of Thee, the lowly One,  
 And like Thee, all my journey run.

Bishop ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1838

## 156

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;

O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed. A-men.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death, and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Rev. H. H. MILMAN, 1827

## 157

WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

CRASSELLIUS, 1690

On Jor-dan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-noun - ces that the Lord is nigh;

A - wake, and hearken for he brings Glad tid - ings of the King of kings. A-men.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,  
And furnished for so great a Guest;  
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge and our great reward;

Without Thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
Once more upon Thy people shine,  
And fill the world with love divine.

Rev. C. COFFIN, 1736. Tr. J. CHANDLER, 1837

MARGARET Irregular

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home was there

found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A-men.

Use the binds and quarter notes as the words require

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree;  
 But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
 And in great humility.  
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest  
 In the shade of the forest tree;  
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,  
 In the desert of Galilee.  
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,  
 That should set Thy people free;  
 But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
 They bore Thee to Calvary.  
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
 Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing  
 At Thy coming to victory,  
 Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,  
 There is room at My side for Thee."  
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
 When Thou comest and callest me.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT, 1864

159

ST. SOPHRONIA 6.4.6.4.D.

A. H. BROWN

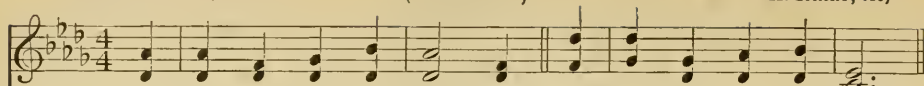
Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night,

Oars la-bored heav - i - ly, Foam glim-mered white; Trem-bled the mar-i - ners,

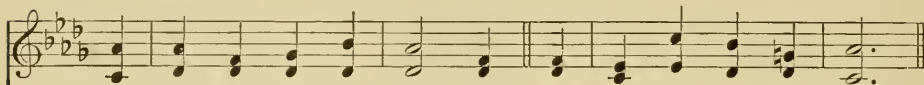
Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It . is . . I!" A-men.

3 Jesus, Deliverer,  
 Come Thou to me:  
 Soothe Thou my voyaging  
 Over life's sea;  
 Thou, when the storm of death  
 Roars, sweeping by,  
 Whisper, Thou Truth of truth,  
 "Peace! It is I!"

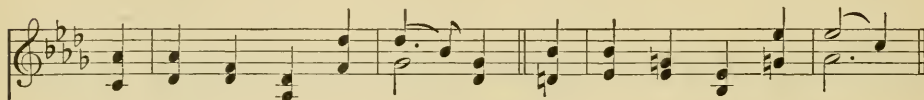
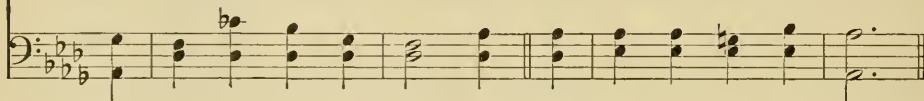
2 Ridge of the mountain-wave  
 Lower thy crest!  
 Wail of Euroclydon,  
 Be thou at rest!  
 Sorrow can never be,  
 Darkness must fly,  
 Where saith the Light of light,  
 "Peace! It is I!"



All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re-deem - er, King!



To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,



Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One. A-men.



2 The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.

The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went:  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee, before Thy passion,  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

ST. THEODULPH, 820. Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851

## 160

COLLEGE CHAPEL 7.6.7.6.

(Second Tune)

REV. A. E. SHARPLEY, 1904

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!  
The com - pa - ny

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. A-men.

Small notes at beginning are for 3d and 4th verses

2 Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's name comest,  
The King and blessèd One.

4 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.

3 The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

STONELEIGH 8.7.8.7.7.7.

C. S. JEVYLL

Thou to whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,

Still with heal - ing words re - ply - ing To the wea - ried cry of pain;

Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy - seat. A - men.

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2 Every care, and every sorrow,  
Be it great, or be it small,  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
When, where'er, it may befall,  
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,  
Willing both in hand and heart,  
All the law of love fulfilling,  
Ever comfort to impart;  
Ever bringing offerings meet,  
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

3 Still the weary, sick and dying  
Need a brother's loving care;  
On Thy higher help relying  
May we now their burden share,  
Bringing all our offerings meet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,  
To Thy healing power yield,  
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,  
One in Thee together meet,  
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, 1866



MARGUERITE C. M.

E. C. WALKER, 1876

What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe! A - men.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung;  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,  
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins, than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye  
In us, Thy brethren, see  
That gentleness and grace which spring  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. DENNY, 1839

EASTNOR S. M.

A. KING, 1863

A voice by Jor - dan's shore, A sum - mons stern and clear: "Re -

form; be just, and sin no more: God's judgment draw - eth near!" A - men.

2 A voice by Galilee,  
A holier voice I hear:  
"Love God; thy neighbor love: for see  
God's mercy draweth near!"

In thee I own the sovereign will,  
Obey the sovereign law.

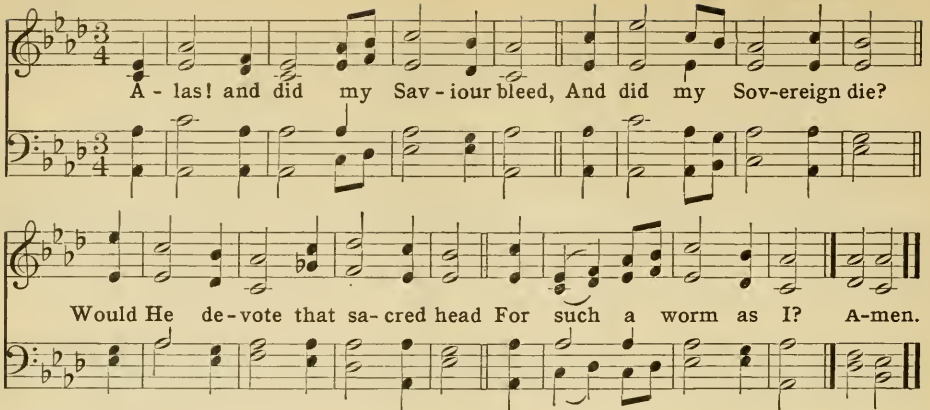
3 O voice of duty, still  
Speak forth: I hear with awe;

4 Thou higher voice of Love,  
Yet speak thy word in me;  
Through duty, let me upward move  
To thy pure liberty.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

## MARTYRDOM C. M.

H. WILSON, 1800



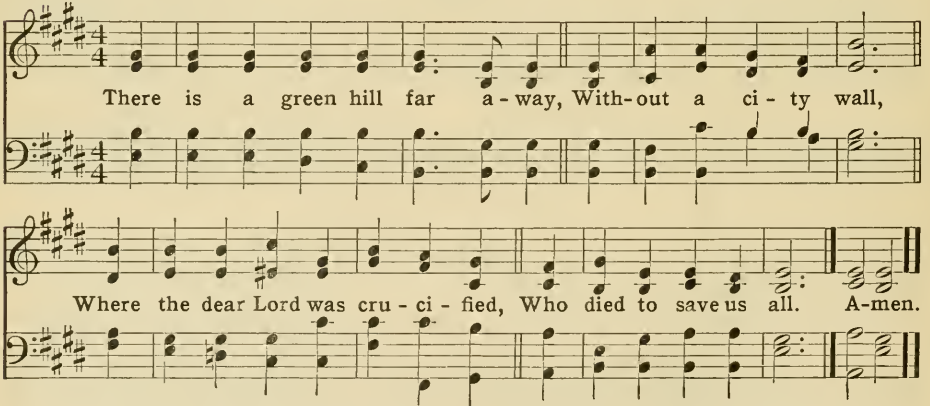
A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov - ereign die?  
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Was it for crimes that I had done<br/>He groaned upon the tree?<br/>Amazing pity! grace unknown!<br/>And love beyond degree!</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,<br/>And shut His glories in,<br/>When God, the mighty Maker, died<br/>For man, the creature's sin.</p> | <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face<br/>While His dear cross appears:<br/>Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness!<br/>And melt, mine eyes, to tears!</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay<br/>The debt of love I owe;<br/>Here, Lord, I give myself away,<br/>'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

## MEDITATION C. M.

JOHN H. GOWER, 1890



There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,  
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 We may not know, we cannot tell<br/>What pains He had to bear;<br/>But we believe it was for us<br/>He hung and suffered there.</p> <p>3 He died that we might be forgiven;<br/>He died to make us good,<br/>That we might go at last to heaven,<br/>Saved by His precious blood.</p> | <p>4 There was no other good enough<br/>To pay the price of sin;<br/>He only could unlock the gate<br/>Of heaven, and let us in.</p> <p>5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,<br/>And we must love Him too,<br/>And trust in His redeeming blood,<br/>And try His works to do.</p> |
|--|--|

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848

## 166

LUNDY L. M.

C. H. LLOYD

O Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo - rious on Thy throne,

Teach Thou our wond'ring souls to scan The mys - t'ry of Thy love unknown. A - men.

- 2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take  
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,  
And gladly for Thine own dear sake  
In paths of pain to follow Thee.
- 3 As on our daily way we go,  
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,  
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below  
In conquered sin and chastened life.
- 4 And day by day, O Lord, we ask  
That holy memories of Thy cross  
May sanctify each common task,  
And turn to gain each earthly loss.
- 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear  
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,  
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,  
And through the cross attain the crown.

Bishop W. W. How, 1871

## 167

ST. CROSS L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1861

O come, and mourn with me a - while; O come ye to the Sav - iour's side;

O come, to - geth - er let us mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied. A - men.

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 A broken heart, a fount of tears  
Ask, and they will not be denied;
- Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,  
Since Thou for us art crucified.
- 4 O love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with love;  
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824

When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. A-men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

HEBER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(First Tune)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1868

Hark, the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;

See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:

"It is finished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry. A - men.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
"It is finished!"  
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
Alleluia!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. JONATHAN EVANS, 1787

169

KENSINGTON NEW 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune*)

J. TILLEARD, 1866

Hark, the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;

See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:

"It is finished! It is finished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry. A - men.

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, tho' de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine. A - men.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinner's gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain:  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken,  
I thus with safety hide:  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside the cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?

O make me Thine forever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656

Tr. by JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER, 1829

170

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7.6.7.6.D. (Second Tune)

F. C. MAKER, 1889

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,

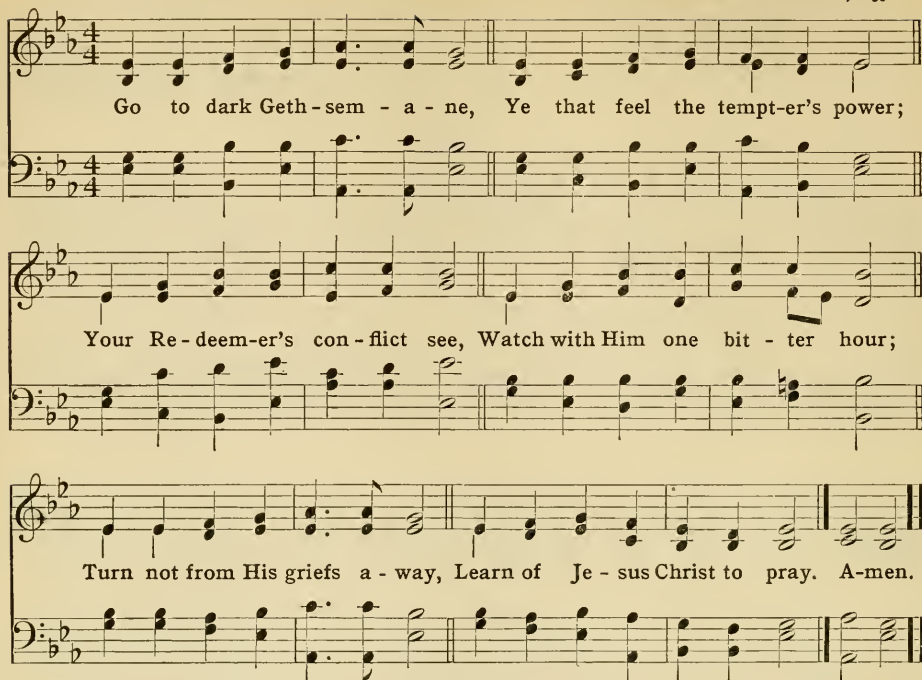
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, tho' de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A - men.

GETHSEMANE Six 7s.

R. REDHEAD, 1853



Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;  
Your Re-deem-er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A-men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

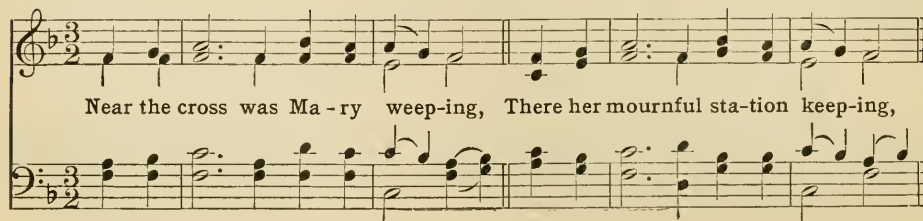
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete:  
"It is finished," hear the cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid His breathless clay:  
All is solitude and gloom;  
Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

STABAT MATER 8.8.7.D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875



Near the cross was Ma - ry weep-ing, There her mournful sta-tion keep-ing,



Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son; There, in speech-less an-guish groan-ing,

Yearning, trem-bling, sighing, moaning, Thro' her soul the sword had gone. A-men.

2 When no eye its pity gave us,  
 When there was no arm to save us,  
 He His love and power displayed:  
 By His stripes He wrought our healing,  
 By His death, our life revealing,  
 He for us the ransom paid.

3 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,  
 That from sin we may refrain us,  
 In Thy griefs may deeply grieve:  
 Thee our best affections giving,  
 To Thy glory ever living,  
 May we in Thy glory live.

Latin. Tr. by Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER, 1842

173

RATHBUN 8.7.8.7.

I. CONKEY, 1851

In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me:  
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming,  
 Adds new luster to the day.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

J. BOWRING, 1825

## CROSS OF JESUS 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1887

Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, Where the blood of Christ was shed,

Per - fect man on thee did suf - fer, Per - fect God on thee has bled! A - men.

2 Here the King of all the ages,  
Throned in light ere worlds could be,  
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,  
Crucified by sin for me.

Very God Himself is bearing  
All the sufferings of time!

3 O mysterious condescending!  
O abandonment sublime!

4 Evermore for human failure  
By His passion we can plead;  
God has borne all mortal anguish,  
Surely He will know our need.

JAMES S. SIMPSON, 1886

## BROCKLESBURY 8.7.8.7.

C. A. BARNARD

Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross we spend;

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, Thro' the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. A - men.

2 Here we sit, in wonder, viewing  
Mercy poured in streams of blood;  
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,  
Make and plead our peace with God.

4 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,  
For the pains that wrought our peace;  
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,  
In our hearts Thy love increase.

3 Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before His cross to lie,  
While we see divine compassion  
Beaming in His gracious eye.

5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze;  
And our thoughts are all of heaven,  
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

JAMES ALLEN, 1759

ST. KEVIN 7.6.7.6.D.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness!

God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness.

Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters,

Led them with un-moisten'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters. A-men.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:  
Christ hath burst His prison,  
From the frost and gloom of death  
Light and life have risen.  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light to whom we give  
Thanks and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who, with true affection,  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
Jesus' resurrection!

4 "Alleluia!" now we cry  
To our King Immortal,  
Who, triumphant burst the bars  
Of the tomb's dark portal;  
"Alleluia" with the Son,  
God the Father praising;  
"Alleluia" yet again  
To the Spirit raising.

## RESURREXIT Irregular

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain!

For our gain He suf-fered loss By Di-vine de-cree;

He hath died up-on the cross, But our God is He.

*Refrain*

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain. A-men.

2 See the chains of death are broken!  
 Earth below and heaven above  
 Joy in each amazing token  
 Of His rising, Lord of love;  
 He for evermore shall reign  
 By the Father's side,  
 Till He comes to earth again,  
 Comes to claim His bride.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging  
 Hail the Lord of all the skies;  
 Heaven, with joy and holy longing  
 For the Word incarnate cries,  
 "Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!  
 Gleam, ye starry train!  
 All creation, find a voice!  
 He o'er all shall reign!"

REV. ARCHER T. GURNEY, 1862

## 178

ST. ALBINUS 7.8.7.8. *With Alleluia*

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872

Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no lon - ger, death, ap - pal us; Je - sus

lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thral us. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
 But the gate of life immortal;  
 This shall calm our trembling breath,  
 When we pass its gloomy portal.  
 Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
 Naught from us His love shall sever;  
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
 Tear us from His keeping ever.  
 Alleluia!

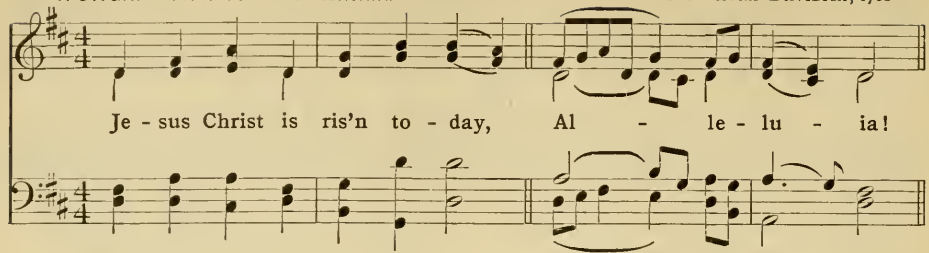
3 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
 Then, alone to Jesus living,  
 Pure in heart may we abide,  
 Glory to our Saviour giving.  
 Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
 Over all the world is given:  
 May we go where He has gone,  
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
 Alleluia!

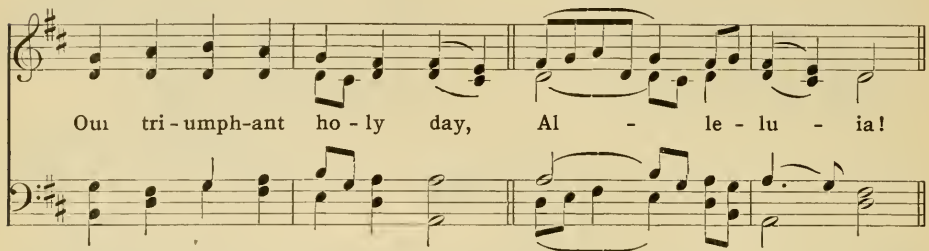
REV. C. F. GELLERT, 1757. Tr. FRANCIS E. COX, 1849

WORGAN 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluia*

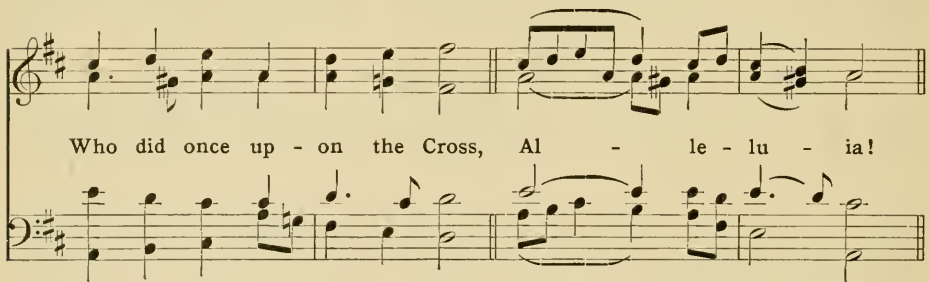
From LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708



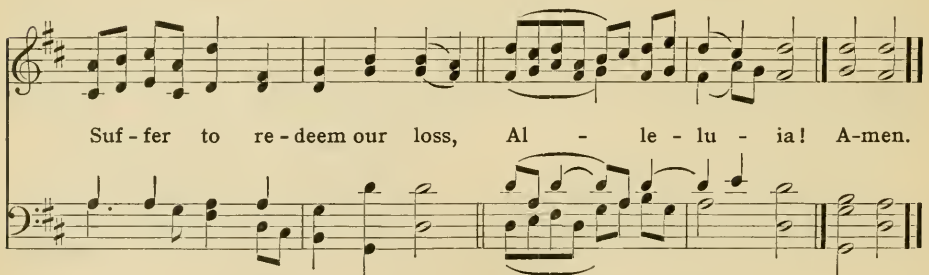
Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umphant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
 Who endured the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,  
 Our salvation have procured;  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing.

Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above  
 Praise eternal as His love;  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia!

Latin. TATE and BRADY

179

(Second Tune)

EASTER HYMN 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluia*

W. H. MONK, 1854

Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

CANTONE 7.7.7.7.

(First Tune)

A. H. MANN, 1894

Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply. A-men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won;  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

VIENNA 7.7.7.7.

(Second Tune)

J. H. KNECHT, 1797

Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply. A-men.



LÆTABUNDUS 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluia*

E. J. HOPKINS

Christ the Lord is risen a - gain; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ hath bro - ken

ev - 'ry chain; Al - le - lu - ia! Hark! an - gel - ic voi - ces cry, Al - le -

lu - ia! Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 He Who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We too sing for joy, and say, Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alleluia!

4 He Who slumbered in the grave,  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia!

6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
That we all may sing for aye, Alleluia!

ROTTERDAM 7.6.7.6.D.

(First Tune)

B. TOURS, 1875

The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad:

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
 That we may see aright  
 The Lord in rays eternal  
 Of resurrection-light;  
 And, listening to His accents,  
 May hear, so calm and plain,  
 His own "All hail!" and hearing,  
 May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;  
 Let earth her song begin;  
 Let the round world keep triumph  
 And all that is therein;  
 Invisible and visible,  
 Their notes let all things blend,  
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
 Our joy that hath no end.

JOHN of Damascus, ab. 700. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1862

## 182

LANCASHIRE 7.6.7.6.D.

(Second Tune)

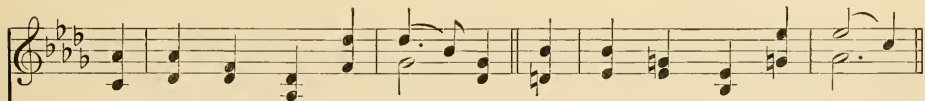
H. SMART, 1867



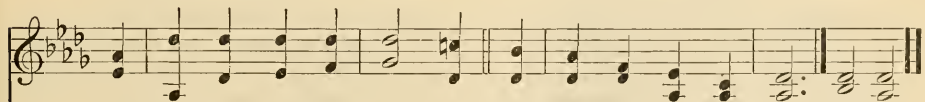
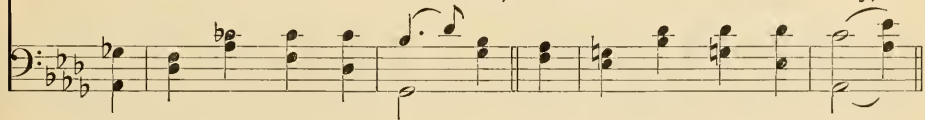
The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad:



The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,



Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-men.



SURSUM VOCES 8.7.8.7.D.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON

Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!

Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the form - er days be - long:

All a - round the clouds are break - ing, Soon the storms of time shall cease,

In God's like - ness man, a - wak - ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace. A - men.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding  
 All that eye has yet perceived!  
 Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,  
 Never that full joy conceived.  
 God has promised, Christ prepares it,  
 There on high our welcome waits;  
 Every humble spirit shares it,  
 Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! O what wonders  
 Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,  
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,  
 Saints shall stand before the throne!  
 O to enter that bright portal,  
 See that glowing firmament,  
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,  
 "Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!"

EASTER 7.7.7.7.8.7

Rev. J. B. DYKES

An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the might - y prey!

See, the Sav-iour quits the tomb, Glow-ing, with im-mor-tal bloom. Al - le -

lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen . . to-day. A-men.

2 'Tis the Saviour: angels, raise  
Fame's eternal trump of praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Heaven displays her portals wide,  
Glorious Hero, through them ride;  
King of glory, mount Thy throne,  
Thy great Father's and Thine own.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

4 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres:  
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,  
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING 11.11.11.11. *With Refrain*

J. B. CALKIN, 1866

Wel-come,hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is

vanquished,heav'n is won to-day; Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,

God for ev-er-more! Him,their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.

*Svas.*

*Refrain in Unison*

Wel-come,happy morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is

vanquished, heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv - ing,

God for-ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore. Amen.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.

Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!

Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;  
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;  
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!

Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

"Wel-come, happy morning!" age to age shall say; Hell today is vanquish'd, heav'n is

won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-

ator, all His works adore! "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say. A-men.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;  
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word:  
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.



LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voi - ces heav'n - ward raise:

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:

He, Who on the Cross a Vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,

Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,  
Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life, and life immortal,  
On this holy Easter morn:  
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer  
By His mighty enterprise,  
We with Him to life eternal  
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest-field,  
Which with all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield:  
Then the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face:  
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,  
We on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glory be to God on high;  
Alleluia to the Saviour  
Who has won the victory;  
Alleluia to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
To the Triune Majesty.

VICTORY 8.8.8.4.

FROM PALESTRINA, 1588

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:  
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,

Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead:  
All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!

Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
That we may live and sing to Thee.

Alleluia!

*Unison*

Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies;

*Harmony*

And round Thy throne un-ceas-ing - ly Glad songs of praise a - rise.

But we are lin-g'ring here With sin and care op-pressed:

Lord, send Thy prom-ised Com-fort - er, And lead us to Thy rest. A-men.

2 Thou art gone up on high:  
 But Thou didst first come down,  
 Through earth's most bitter agony  
 To pass unto Thy crown.  
 And girt with griefs and fears  
 Our onward course must be;  
 But only let that path of tears  
 Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high:  
 But Thou shalt come again,  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in Thy train.  
 O, by Thy saving power,  
 So make us live and die,  
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
 At Thy right hand on high.

ASCENSION 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluias*

W. H. MONK, 1861

Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:  
Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
Wide unfold the radiant scene;  
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still He loves the earth He leaves;

Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;  
See, He shows the prints of love;  
Hark! His gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;  
Prevalent He intercedes;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight  
High above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

## 189

(Second Tune)

LAUS SEMPIPERNA 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluias*

S. REAY

Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

VERRINDER 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

(First Tune)

C. G. VERRINDER

Rise, glo - rious Con - queror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies;

As - sume Thy right; And where in ma - ny a fold The clouds are

backward rolled, Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light. A-men.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,  
Cherubic legions swell  
Thy radiant train.  
Praises all heaven inspire,  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire,  
Thou Lamb once slain.

3 Enter, incarnate God!  
No feet but Thine have trod  
The serpent down:  
Blow the full trumpets, blow,  
Wider yon portals throw,  
Saviour, triumphant, go,  
And take Thy crown.

4 Lion of Judah, hail!  
And let Thy name prevail  
From age to age:  
Lord of the rolling years,  
Claim for Thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848

FIAT LUX 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

(Second Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

Rise, glo - rious Con - queror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies;

As-sume Thy right; And where in ma - ny a fold The clouds are backward rolled,

Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light. A-men.

## 191

HERMANN C. M.

Alt. from NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1560

The gold-en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pened wide,

The King of glo - ry is gone in Un - to His Fa-ther's side. A-men.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,  
To make for us a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies,  
A light still breaks behind the cloud  
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:  
Let Thy dear grace be given,  
That while we wander here below,  
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be:  
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee.

REX GLORIÆ 8.7.8.7.D.

H. SMART, 1868

See, the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph, See the King in roy-al state,

Rid-ing on the clouds His char-iot To His heav'nly pal-ace gate;

Hark, the choirs of an-gel voi-ces Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,

And the por-tals high are lift-ed, To re-ceive their heav'n-ly King. A-men.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,  
 With the trump of jubilee?  
 Lord of battles, God of armies,  
 He has gained the victory;  
 He Who on the cross did suffer,  
 He Who from the grave arose,  
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,  
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature  
 On the clouds to God's right hand,  
 There we sit in heavenly places,  
 There with Thee in glory stand;  
 Jesus reigns adored by angels,  
 Man with God is on the throne,  
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension  
 We by faith behold our own.



ALLELUIA (Wesley) 8.7.8.7.D.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1868

Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne;

Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:

Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on. Thun - der like a might - y flood;

Je - sus, out of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hath redeemed us by His blood. A - men.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans,  
 Are we left in sorrow now;  
 Alleluia! He is near us,  
 Faith believes, nor questions how:  
 Though the cloud from sight received Him,  
 When the forty days were o'er,  
 Shall our hearts forget His promise,  
 "I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of angels,  
 Thou on earth our food, our stay;  
 Alleluia! here the sinful  
 Flee to Thee from day to day;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,  
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,  
 Where the songs of all the sinless  
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!  
 His the scepter, His the throne;  
 Alleluia! His the triumph,  
 His the victory alone:  
 Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion  
 Thunder like a mighty flood;  
 Jesus, out of every nation,  
 Hath redeemed us by His blood.

TILTEY ABBEY C. M.

A. H. BROWN

O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned,

Thou sweetness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found! A - men.

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love Divine.

4 May every heart confess Thy name,  
And ever Thee adore;  
And seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of life and fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire!

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;  
Thee may we love aloue;  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of Thine own.

BERNARD of Clairvaux (1091-1153). Tr. Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849

VAUGHAN C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES

Now let our cheer - ful eyes sur - vey Our great High - Priest a - bove,

And cel - e - brate His con - stant care, His sym - pa - thy and love. A - men.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the heavenly host,  
With matchless honor crowned;

4 Those characters shall fair abide,  
Our everlasting trust,  
When gems and monuments and crowns  
Are mouldered down to dust.

3 The names of all His saints He bears  
Deep graven on His heart;  
Nor shall a name once treasured there  
E'er from His care depart.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,  
May Thy dear name be worn,  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1738

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1708

The Head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The highest place that heaven affords<br/>Is His, by sovereign right,<br/>The King of kings, and Lord of lords,<br/>And heaven's eternal light.</p> <p>3 The joy of all who dwell above,<br/>The joy of all below<br/>To whom He manifests His love,<br/>And grants His name to know:</p> <p>4 To them the cross, with all its shame,<br/>With all its grace, is given;</p> | <p>Their name an everlasting name,<br/>Their joy, the joy of heaven.</p> <p>5 They suffer with their Lord below,<br/>They reign with Him above;<br/>Their profit and their joy to know<br/>The mystery of His love.</p> <p>6 The cross He bore is life and health,<br/>Though shame and death to Him;<br/>His people's hope, His people's wealth,<br/>Their everlasting theme.</p> |
|--|--|

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1820

BRADFORD C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1741

I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 I find Him lifting up my head,<br/>He brings salvation near;<br/>His presence makes me free indeed,<br/>And He will soon appear.</p> <p>3 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;<br/>I steadfastly believe</p> | <p>Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,<br/>And to Thyself receive.</p> <p>4 When God is mine, and I am His,<br/>Of Paradise possessed,<br/>I taste unutterable bliss,<br/>And everlasting rest.</p> |
|---|---|

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742

Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;

Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

2 Crown Him the Son of God  
 Before the worlds began,  
 And ye, who trod where He hath trod,  
 Crown Him the Son of Man;  
 Who every grief hath known  
 That wrings the human breast,  
 And takes and bears them for His own,  
 That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,  
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
 And rose victorious in the strife  
 For those He came to save;  
 His glories now we sing  
 Who died, and rose on high,  
 Who died, eternal life to bring,  
 And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
 Enthroned in worlds above;  
 Crown Him the King, to Whom is given,  
 The wondrous name of Love.

Crown Him with many crowns,  
 As thrones before Him fall,  
 Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
 For He is King of all.

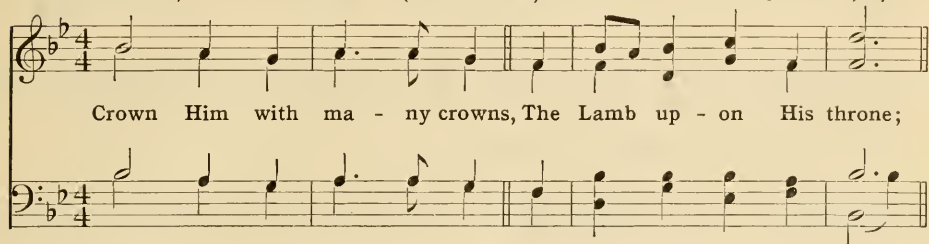
M. BRIDGES, 1848

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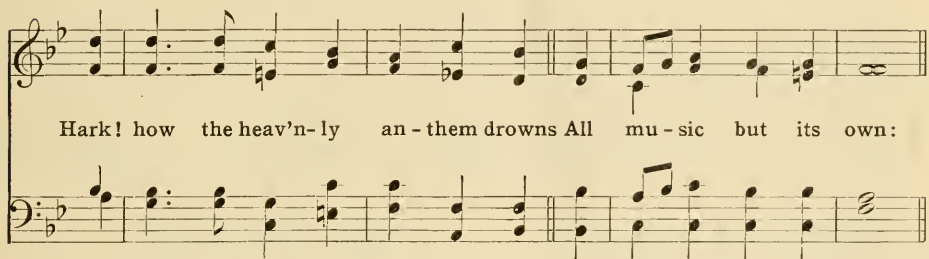
DIADEMATA, No. 2 S. M. D.

(Second Tune)

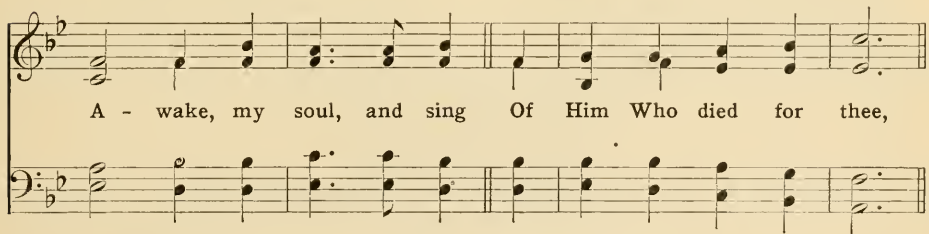
J. BARNEY, 1872



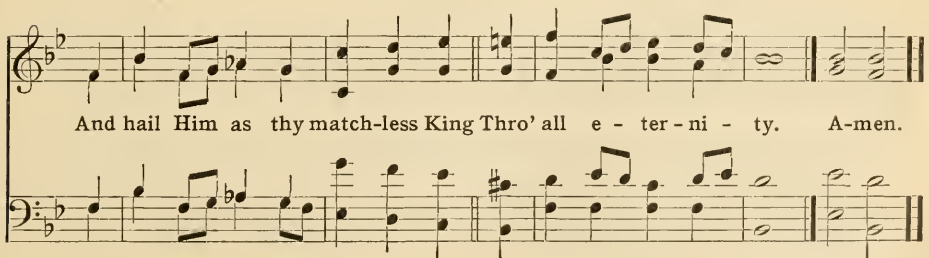
Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

ARTHUR'S SEAT 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(First Tune)

Arr. from J. Goss, 1874

Re-joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a-dore!

Mor-tals, give thanks and sing, . . . And tri-umph ev-er-more.

Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Re-joyce! a-gain I say, re-joyce! A-men.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above.  
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet.  
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope:  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home.  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:  
The trump of God shall sound,— Rejoice!

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1744

JUBILATE 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(Second Tune)

H. W. PARKER

Re-joyce, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a-dore! Mor-tals, give thanks and

sing, And triumph evermore. Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Rejoice! again I

say, rejoice! Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Rejoice! again I say, rejoice! A-men.

200

CATERHAM C. M.

A. COTTMAN

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart, Star of the coming day,

A - rise, and with Thy morning beams Chase all our griefs away. A-men.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore  
And answering island sing  
Praises unto Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.

4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans —  
The air, the earth, the sea —  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy  
In memory of Thy love.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine;  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine.

HARWELL 8.7.8.7.7.7. *With Refrain*

LOWELL MASON, 1840

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;

Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:

See, He sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world alone.

See, He sits Je - sus rules

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 King of glory, reign forever!  
 Thine an everlasting crown;  
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever  
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;  
 Happy objects of Thy grace,  
 Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;  
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
 When the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:  
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King!"



PRESCOTT 8.7.8.7.7.7.

R. P. STEWART, 1868

Who is this that comes from E-dom, All His rai-ment stained with blood,

To the cap - tive speak - ing free - dom, Bring - ing and be - stow - ing good;

Glo - rious in the garb He wears, Glo - rious in the spoil He bears? A - men.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
 Traveling onward in His might;  
 'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious  
 To His people is the sight!  
 Satan conquered, and the grave,  
 Jesus now is strong to save.

3 This the Saviour has effected  
 By His mighty arm alone;  
 See the throne for Him erected;  
 'Tis an everlasting throne:  
 'Tis the great reward He gains,  
 Glorious fruit of all His pains.

4 Mighty Victor! reign for ever,  
 Wear the crown so dearly won;  
 Never shall Thy people, never,  
 Cease to sing what Thou hast done:  
 Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;  
 Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

## 203

REX TRIUMPHANS 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune*)

G. EVERETT HILL, 1885

Look, ye saints; the sight is glo - rious! See the Man of sor - rows now;

From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow;

Crown Him, crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

Copyright, 1885, by G. EVERETT HILL

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him; 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings; Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
 In the seat of power enthrone Him, Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings; Own His title, praise His name;  
 Crown Him, crown Him! Crown Him, crown Him!  
 Crown the Saviour King of kings. Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
 Jesus takes the highest station;  
 O what joy the sight affords!  
 Crown Him, crown Him!  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1804

## 203

CORFE MULLEN 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune*)

REV. T. R. MATTHEWS

Look, ye saints; the sight is glo - rious! See the Man of sor - rows now;

From the fight re-tur-ned vic-to-ri-ous, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow;

Crown Him, crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow. A-men.

204

JUST AS I AM 8.8.8.6.

J. BARNEY, 1893

O Thou, the con-trite sin-ner's friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,

On this a-lone my hopes de-pend—That Thou wilt plead for me. A-men.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far-off appears my resting-place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me.

3 When I have erred, and gone astray,  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say, Thou hast washed them all away:  
O say, Thou plead'st for me.

PRINCETHORPE 6.5.6.5.D.

W. PITTS

At the name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con-

fess Him King of glo - ry now: 'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure

We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the mighty word. A - men.

2 Humbled for a season,  
To receive a name  
From the lips of sinners  
Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed:

3 In your hearts enthrone Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true;

Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.

4 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now.

CAROLINE M. NOEL, 1870

RALEIGH 6.6.6.6.8.8.

E. PROUT, 1887

Come, ev - 'ry pi - ous heart, That loves the Sav - iour's name, Your

no-blest pow'r ex-ert To cel-e-brate His fame: Tell all a-bove, and

all be-low, The debt of love to Him you owe. A-men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 He left His starry crown,<br/>And laid His robes aside;<br/>On wings of love came down,<br/>And wept, and bled, and died:<br/>What He endured, O who can tell,<br/>To save our souls from death and hell.</p> <p>3 From the dark grave He rose,<br/>The mansion of the dead,<br/>And thence His mighty foes</p> | <p>In glorious triumph led;<br/>Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,<br/>And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.</p> <p>4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay<br/>The debt we owe Thy love;<br/>Yet tell us how we may<br/>Our gratitude approve:<br/>Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;<br/>The gift, though small, do Thou receive!</p> |
|--|--|

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787

207

ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1857

Christ, a-bove all glo-ry seat-ed, King tri-umphant, strong to save,

Dy-ing, Thou hast death de-feat-ed, Bur-ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A-men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thou art gone where now is given<br/>What no mortal might could gain;<br/>On the eternal throne of heaven,<br/>In Thy Father's power to reign.</p> <p>3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,<br/>Heaven above and earth below;<br/>While the depths of hell before Thee,<br/>Trembling and defeated, bow.</p> <p>4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,<br/>Follow Thee above the sky:</p> | <p>Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,<br/>Lift our souls to Thee on high!</p> <p>5 So, when Thou again in glory<br/>On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,<br/>We, Thy flock, may stand before Thee,<br/>Owned for evermore as Thine.</p> <p>6 Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,<br/>Jesus, Thee shall all adore;<br/>In Thy Father's might abiding,<br/>With one Spirit evermore!</p> |
|---|---|

Latin, 7th century. Tr. by Bishop J. R. WOODFORD, 1863

BEVERLY 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.

Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour! Thou art com-ing, O my King!

In Thy beau-ty all re-splend-ent, In Thy glo-ry all trans-cend-ent;

Well may we re-joice and sing; Com-ing: in the op-'ning east Her-ald brightness

slowly swells; Coming: O Thou glorious Priest! Hear we not Thy golden bells? A-men.

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;  
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way;  
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
 All our hearts could never say;  
 What an anthem that will be,  
 Music rapturously sweet,  
 Pouring out our love to Thee  
 At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table  
 We are witnesses for this;  
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest  
 In communion clearest, sweetest,  
 Earnest of our coming bliss;  
 Showing not Thy death alone,  
 And Thy love exceeding great,  
 But Thy coming, and Thy throne,  
 All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming, we are waiting  
 With a hope that cannot fail;  
 Asking not the day or hour,  
 Resting on Thy word of power,  
 Anchored safe within the veil.  
 Time appointed may be long,  
 But the vision must be sure;  
 Certainly shall make us strong,  
 Joyful patience can endure.

5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
 Thee, our own belovèd Lord!  
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing  
 Brought to Thee with one accord;  
 Thee, our Master, and our Friend,  
 Vindicated and enthroned;  
 Unto earth's remotest end  
 Glorified, adored, and owned!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

## 209

ST. PANCRAS 8.7.8.7.4.7.

HENRY SMART, 1868

Je - sus came; the heav'ns a - dor - ing: Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A-men.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,  
 When our hearts are bowed with care;  
 Jesus comes again in answer  
 To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;  
 Alleluia!  
 Comes to save us from despair.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;  
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,  
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;  
 Alleluia!  
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
 Bringing news of sins forgiven;  
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,  
 Leading souls redeemed to heaven;  
 Alleluia!  
 Now the gate of death is riven.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
 When the heavens shall pass away;  
 Jesus comes again in glory;  
 Let us then our homage pay,  
 Ever singing,  
 Till the dawn of endless day.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1866

O quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw-ful though Thine ad-vent be,

All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee:

O quick-ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dis-solve when Thou art near. A-men.

2 O quickly come, great King of all;  
 Reign all around us, and within;  
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin:  
 O quickly come; for Thou alone  
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;  
 For death is mighty all around;  
 On every home his shadows fall,  
 On every heart his mark is found:  
 O quickly come; for grief and pain  
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all;  
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way;  
 And weakly souls begin to fall  
 With weary watching for the day:  
 O quickly come; for round Thy throne  
 No eye is blind, no night is known.



## 211

LAMPADARIUS L. M.

A. H. MANN, 1894

When Christ from Heav'n came down of old, He took our na-ture poor and low; He

wore no form of an - gel mould, But shared our weak-ness and our woe. A-men.

- 2 But when He cometh back once more, O Son of Man, so pitying found  
Then shall be set the great white throne; For all the tears Thy people shed:  
And earth and heaven shall flee before The face of Him Who sits thereon.
- 4 Be with us in that awful hour,  
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,  
By all Thy love and all Thy power,  
In that great Day of Judgment save.
- 3 O Son of God, in glory crowned,  
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852

## 212

LUCERNE 8.7.8.7.

T. A. WILLIS, 1876

Hark! a thrill - ing voice is sound-ing: "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;

"Cast a - way the dreams of dark-ness, O ye chil - dren of the day!" A-men.

- 2 Wakened by the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 4 So, when next He comes in glory  
Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
Not for chastening, but salvation,  
Unto us shall He appear.
- 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from heaven;

Latin, 5th Cent. Tr. by Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848

Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;

The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.

The Bride - groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;

Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry. A - men.

2 See that your lamps are burning;  
 Replenish them with oil;  
 Look now for your salvation,  
 The end of sin and toil.  
 The watchers on the mountain  
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
 Go meet Him as He cometh,  
 With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,  
 Now raise your voices higher,  
 Until in songs of triumph  
 Ye meet the angel choir.  
 The marriage-feast is waiting,  
 The gates wide open stand;  
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
 O Jesus, now appear;  
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
 O'er this benighted sphere!  
 With hearts and hands uplifted,  
 We plead, O Lord, to see  
 The day of earth's redemption,  
 And ever be with Thee!

ST. THOMAS 8.7.8.7.4.7.

S. WEBBE (?)

Lo, He comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;

Thou-sand an - gel - hosts at - tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign. A-men.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
 Robed in dreadful majesty;  
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
 Pierced, and nailed Him to a tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear:  
 All His saints, by men rejected,  
 Now shall meet Him in the air:  
 Alleluia!  
 See the day of God appear.
- 4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,  
 High on Thine eternal throne;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory;  
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:  
 Alleluia!  
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

LUTHER'S HYMN 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

J. KLUG'S Gesangbuch, 1535

Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!

The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!

The trum - pet sounds: the graves re - store The dead which they con -

tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him! A-men.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding:  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,  
Thy boundless love declaring;  
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
The Judge my nature wearing.  
Beneath His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

MIDNIGHT 14.14.14.14.

G. A. MACFARREN, 1872

Be - hold, the Bridegroom com - eth in the mid - dle of the night,

And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burn - ing bright;

But woe to that dull ser - vant, whom His Mas - ter shall sur - prise

With lamp untrimm'd, un - burn - ing, and with slum - ber in his eyes. A - men.

2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,  
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;  
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus  
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us."

3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,  
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;  
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,  
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise! He comes to meet the Bride."

4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,  
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;  
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on  
His own bright wedding-robe of light, the glory of the Son.

217

NEWBOLD C. M.

(First Tune)

G. KINGSLEY

O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries

of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace. A-men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,<br/>That bids our sorrows cease;<br/>'Tis music in the sinner's ears,<br/>'Tis life, and health, and peace.</p> | <p>4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,<br/>He sets the prisoners free;<br/>His blood can make the foulest clean,<br/>His blood availed for me.</p> |
| <p>3 He speaks; and listening to His voice,<br/>New life the dead receive,<br/>The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,<br/>The humble poor believe.</p>        | <p>5 My gracious Master and my God,<br/>Assist me to proclaim,<br/>To spread through all the earth abroad,<br/>The honors of Thy name.</p>            |

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

217

SAWLEY C. M.

(Second Tune)

J. WALCH, 1860

O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace. A-men.

218

DEDHAM C. M.

W. GARDINER, 1830

Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne;  
 Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,<br/>             "To be exalted thus;"<br/>             "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,<br/>             "For He was slain for us."</p> <p>3 Jesus is worthy to receive<br/>             Honor and power divine;<br/>             And blessings, more than we can give,<br/>             Be, Lord, forever Thine.</p> | <p>4 Let all that dwell above the sky,<br/>             And air, and earth, and seas,<br/>             Conspire to lift Thy glories high,<br/>             And speak Thine endless praise.</p> <p>5 Let all creation join in one<br/>             To bless the sacred name<br/>             Of Him that sits upon the throne,<br/>             And to adore the Lamb.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

219

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

REV. WILLIAM JONES, 1789

To our Re-deem-er's glo-ri-ous name A - wake the sa - cred song:  
 O may His love — im-mor-tal flame — Tune ev'-ry heart and tongue. A-men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,<br/>             What mortal tongue display!<br/>             Imagination's utmost stretch<br/>             In wonder dies away.</p> <p>3 He left His radiant throne on high,<br/>             Left the bright realms of bliss,<br/>             And came to earth to bleed and die:<br/>             Was ever love like this?</p> | <p>4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay<br/>             Our humble thanks to Thee,<br/>             May every heart with rapture say,<br/>             "The Saviour died for me."</p> <p>5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,<br/>             Fill every heart and tongue,<br/>             Till strangers love Thy charming name,<br/>             And join the sacred song.</p> |
|--|--|

ANNE STEELE, 1760

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, 1779-80. v. 6. REV. J. RIFFON, 1787

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal



di - adem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all! A-men.

221

WESTON 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

A. E. DYER

Je - sus! Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my

Lord! O Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to please I see,

Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord! A-men.

2 When unto Thee I flee,  
 Thou wilt my refuge be,  
 Jesus, my Lord!  
 What need I now to fear?  
 What earthly grief or care?  
 Since Thou art ever near,  
 Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon Thou wilt come again;  
 I shall be happy then,  
 Jesus, my Lord!  
 Then Thine own face I'll see,  
 Then I shall like Thee be,  
 Then evermore with Thee,  
 Jesus, my Lord!

When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,

May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer . . .

To Je - sus I re - pair; . . . May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - men.

2 When'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
O hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?  
A solace here I find,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Or fades my earthly bliss?  
My comfort still is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Let earth, and sea and sky  
From depth to height reply,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

223

MEDIA S. M.

(First Tune)

J. Goss

A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav-iour's name. A-men.

2 Sing of His dying love;  
Sing of His rising power;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
"Ye blessèd children, come."  
Soon will He call you hence away,  
And take His wanderers home.

3 Sing on your heavenly way!  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the eternal King!

5 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of glory to the Lamb.

WM. HAMMOND, 1745

223

ST. THOMAS S. M.

(Second Tune)

A. WILLIAMS, 1762

A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav-iour's name. A-men.

ARIEL 8.8.6.8.8.6.

Arr. from MOZART, by L. MASON, 1836

O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth Which

in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel

while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine. A-men.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine:  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne:

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face;  
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789

## 225

HARROGATE 6.6.6.6.8.8.

W. SANDERSON, 1904

Join all the glo-rious names Of wis-dom, love and power That



ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels ev - er bore; All are too mean to  
speak His worth, Too mean to set our Sav - iour forth. A - men.

2 Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy name;  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came,  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

No sacrifice beside:  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered His blood and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks

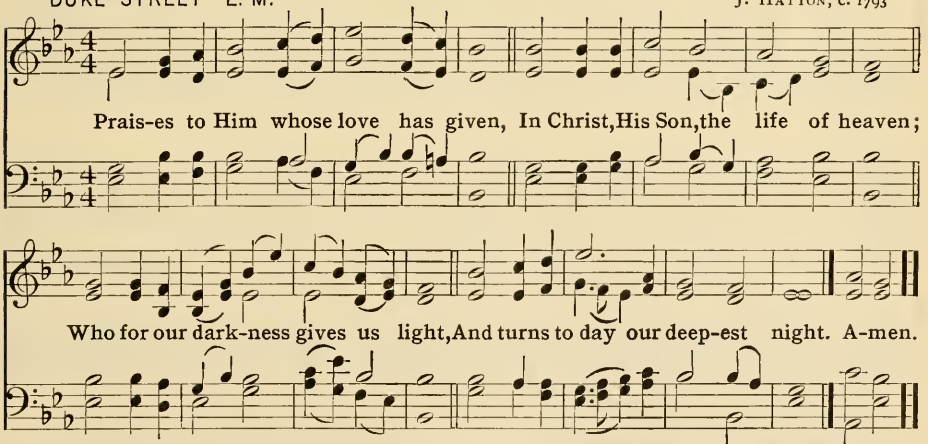
4 My Saviour and my Lord,  
My conqueror and my king,  
Thy scepter and Thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing:  
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,  
In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

226

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793



Prais - es to Him whose love has given, In Christ, His Son, the life of heaven;  
Who for our dark - ness gives us light, And turns to day our deep - est night. A - men.

2 Praises to Him, in grace who came,  
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;  
Who lived to die, who died to rise,  
The God-accepted sacrifice.

The Spirit of all truth and peace,  
Fountain of joy and holiness!

3 Praises to Him Who sheds abroad  
Within our hearts the love of God;

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit now  
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;  
To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise  
The sinner's endless song of praise.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1856

Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring:

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame;

By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name. A - men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid;  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made:  
 All Thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven;  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,  
 There forever to abide;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side.  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
 There Thou dost our place prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding  
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. J. BAKWELL, 1760

## 227

SALVATOR 8.7.8.7.D.

(Second Tune)

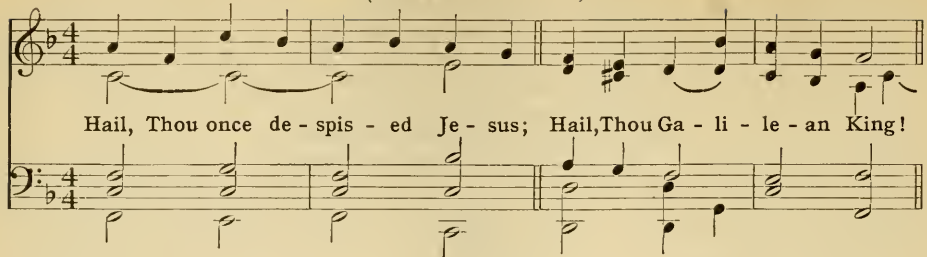
J. Goss

First system of musical notation for 'SALVATOR'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!"

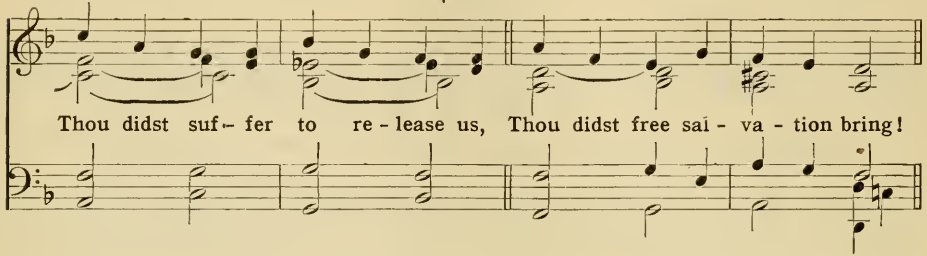
Second system of musical notation for 'SALVATOR'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring:"

Third system of musical notation for 'SALVATOR'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame;"

Fourth system of musical notation for 'SALVATOR'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody concludes in the treble staff, and the bass line concludes in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name. A - men."



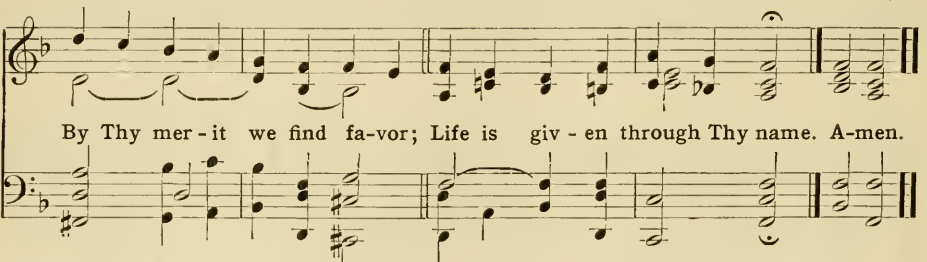
Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus; Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!



Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sai - va - tion bring!



Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame,



By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en through Thy name. A - men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid;  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made:  
 All Thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven;  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,  
 There forever to abide;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side.

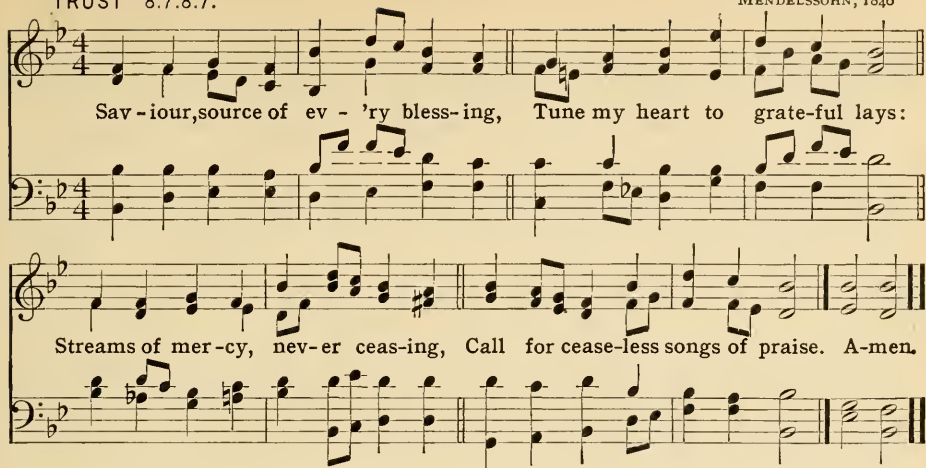
There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
 There Thou dost our place prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding  
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.



TRUST 8.7.8.7.

MENDELSSOHN, 1840



Sav-iour, source of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:  
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. A-men.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;

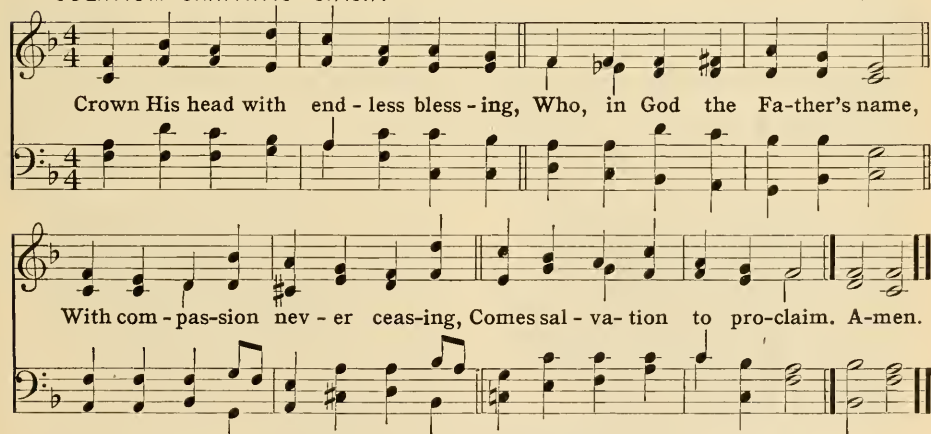
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

REV. R. ROBINSON, 1758

SOLATIUM CARITATIS 8.7.8.7.

CHAS. VINCENT



Crown His head with end-less bless-ing, Who, in God the Fa-ther's name,  
With com-pas-sion nev-er ceas-ing, Comes sal-va-tion to pro-claim. A-men.

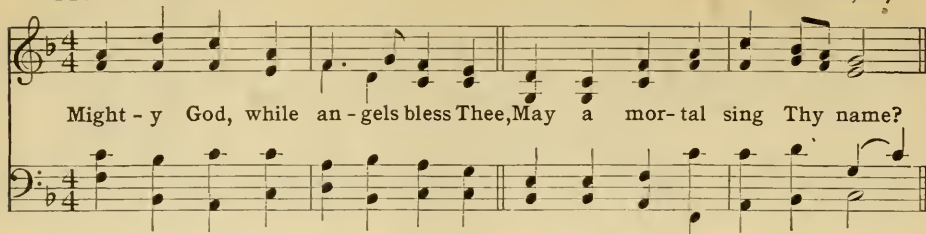
2 Hail! ye saints! who know His favor,  
Who within His gates are found,—  
There, on high exalt the Saviour,  
Let His courts with praise resound.

3 Jesus! Thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee our God in praise we own;

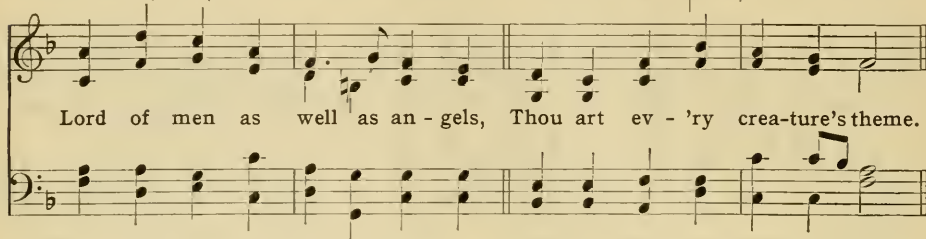
Highest honors, never failing,  
Rise eternal round Thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints! His power confessing,  
In your grateful strains adore;  
For His mercy, never ceasing,  
Flows, and flows for evermore.

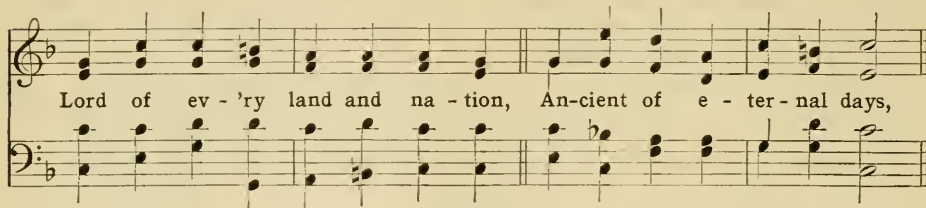
REV. WILLIAM GOODE, 1811



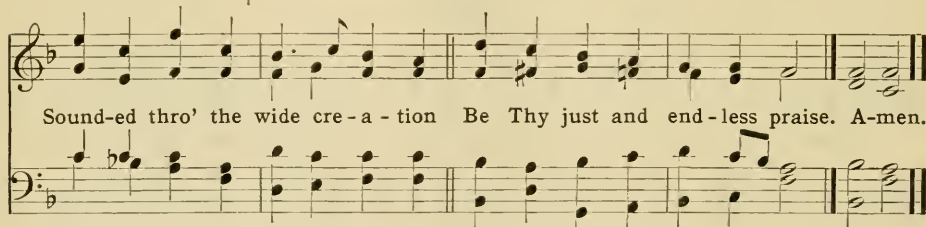
Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name?



Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea - ture's theme.



Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,



Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise. A - men.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,  
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;  
 For the wonders of creation,  
 Works with skill and kindness wrought;  
 For Thy providence, that governs  
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,  
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,  
 Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,  
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long, —  
 Thought is poor, and poor expression, —  
 Who can sing that wondrous song?  
 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?  
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!  
 Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory  
 To the cross of deepest woe,  
 Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;  
 Flow my praise, for ever flow.  
 Reascend, immortal Saviour,  
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:  
 Thence return, and reign for ever:  
 Be the kingdom all Thine own!

KIRBY BEDON 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

E. BUNNETT, 1887

Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth,

Through de - vious ways; Christ our tri - umph - ant king, We come Thy

name to sing, And here our chil - dren bring To shout Thy praise. A - men.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
The all-subduing word,  
Healer of strife;  
Thou didst Thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;  
Thou hast prepared the feast  
Of heavenly love:  
In all our mortal pain  
None call on Thee in vain;  
Help Thou didst not disdain,  
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,  
Our shepherd and our pride,  
Our staff and song;  
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
By Thy perennial word,  
Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,  
Sound we Thy praises high,  
And joyful sing;  
Let all the holy throng  
Who to Thy church belong,  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ our king!

WESTWOOD 7.6.7.6.D.

R. H. McCARTNEY

O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,

O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove:

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and king! A - men.

2 O bringer of salvation,  
 Who wondrously hast wrought,  
 Thyself the revelation  
 Of love beyond our thought:  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee alone we sing;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our holy Lord and king!

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
 All grace and power divine;  
 The glory that excelleth,  
 O Son of God, is Thine:

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee alone we sing;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our holy Lord and king!

4 O grant the consummation  
 Of this our song above,  
 In endless adoration,  
 And everlasting love:  
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee,  
 Where perfect praises ring,  
 And evermore confess Thee  
 Our Saviour and our king!

PEARSALL 7.6.7.6.D.

St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1863

O One with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,

The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light;

O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream-ing now;

The shad-ows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A-men.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:  
 O heavenly light, arise,  
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
 And hide Thee from our eyes!  
 We long to tread the footprints  
 That Thou Thyself hast trod;  
 We long to see the pathway  
 That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us  
 With radiance of Thy grace;  
 O Jesus, turn upon us  
 The brightness of Thy face.  
 We need no star to guide us,  
 As on our way we press,  
 If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
 O Sun of righteousness.

## OTTERBOURNE L. M.

HAYDN. Arr. by J. TURLÉ

O grant us light, that we may know The wisdom Thou a-lone canst give;

That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir-tue bless where'er we live. A-men.

- 2 O grant us light, that we may see  
Where error lurks in human lore,  
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,  
And love Thy simple word the more.
- 3 O grant us light, that we may learn  
How dead is life from Thee apart,  
How sure is joy for all who turn  
To Thee an undivided heart.
- 4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,  
To lift our burdened hearts above,  
And count the very cross a gain,  
And bless our Father's hidden love.
- 5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,  
All earthly scenes shall pass away,  
In Thee to find the open gate  
To deathless home and endless day.

Rev. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1864

## MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. DYER, 1824

Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove;

Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er ev-ry thought and step preside. A-men.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way:  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God:
- 4 Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest:  
Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Rev. SIMON BROWNE, 1720

## 236

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1866

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A-men.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

## 237

ST. CUTHBERT 8.6.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1861

Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A-men.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,  
That checks each thought, that calms each  
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

HARRIET AUER, 1829

## SEPTEM VOCES 7.7.7.5.

Arr. by A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite, Shine up - on our na - ture's night  
With Thy bless - ed in - ward light, Com - fort - er di - vine! A - men.

2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;  
We are faint, Thy strength afford;  
Lost, until by Thee restored,  
Comforter divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter divine!

4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,  
Earnest of our bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter divine!

5 Search for us the depths of God;  
Bear us up the starry road,  
To the height of Thine abode,  
Comforter divine!

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853

## 239

## CHARITY 7.7.7.5.

J. STAINER, 1863

Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most  
Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n - ly love. A - men.

*Voices in Unison*

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,  
Tongues of earth or heaven above,  
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,  
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore, give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright;  
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,  
Joining hand in hand, agree;  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862



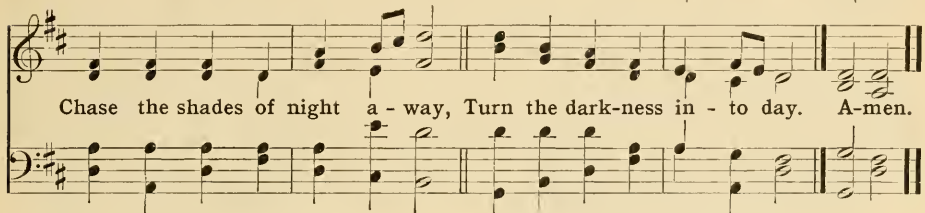
## 240

FERRIER 7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862



Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark-ness in - to day. A-men.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
 Long has sin, without control,  
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

Bid my many woes depart,  
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine,  
 Cast down every idol-throne;  
 Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Rev. ANDREW REED, 1817

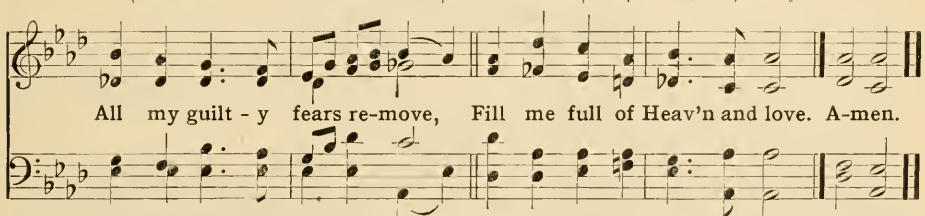
## 241

PARACLETE 7.7.7.7.

BERTHOLD TOURS



Gra-cious Spir - it, Dove di - vine, Let Thy light with-in me shine;



All my guilt - y fears re-move, Fill me full of Heav'n and love. A-men.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,  
 Set the burdened sinner free,  
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
 Wash me in His precious blood.

Breathe Thyself into my breast,  
 Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Life and peace to me impart,  
 Seal salvation on my heart,

4 Let me never from Thee stray,  
 Keep me in the narrow way,  
 Fill my soul with joy divine,  
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

JOHN STOCKER, 1777

CONSECRATION 7.7.7.7.

CHAS. VINCENT

Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A-men.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,  
Glow within this heart of mine;  
Kindle every high desire;  
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,  
King within my conscience reign;  
Be my law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, forever free.

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,  
Fill and nerve this will of mine;  
By Thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,  
Still this restless heart of mine;  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in Thy tranquility.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,  
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;  
In the desert ways I sing,  
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;

Dis - pel the dark-ness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes. A-men.

2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. HART, 1759. Alt. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

## 244

FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. EBELING, 1738

Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,

As on the day of Pen - te-cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r. A-men.

2 We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.

3 The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of light, explore,  
And chase our gloom away,  
With luster shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of truth, be Thou,  
In life and death, our guide;  
O Spirit of adoption, now  
May we be sanctified!

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

GERONTIUS C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's Friend: As such I look to Thee;

Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me. A - men.

2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,  
I yield my soul to Thee;  
While Thou art pleading on the throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,  
But Thy salvation's free;  
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Howe'er forsaken or despised,  
Howe'er oppressed I be,  
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,  
Do Thou remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And human help shall flee,  
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,  
O then remember me.

Rev. RICHARD BURNHAM, 1796

EVERSLEY C. M.

A. COTTMAN

Thou art the way: to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee; And

he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A - men.

2 Thou art the truth: Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life: the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,

And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824

## 247

FERGUSON S. M.

G. KINGSLEY, 1843

O cease, my wan-d'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam;

All the wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home. A-men.

2 Behold the ark of God,  
Behold the open door;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,  
There sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

REV. WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, 1826

## 248

SILVER STREET S. M.

I. SMITH, c. 1770

Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear;

Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear. A-men.

2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road;

4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

## 249

LENOX 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(First Tune)

L. EDSON, 1782

Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The glad-ly solemn sound; Let all the na-tions know,

To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come,

The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home! A - men.

2 Jesus, our Great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1750

## 249

CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8. (Second Tune)

C. STEGGALL, 1865

Blow ye the trum - pet, blow! The glad - ly sol - emn sound;

Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,

The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home! A - men.

## 250

ST. ANDREW S. M

J. BARNEY, 1866

Not what these hands have done Can save this guilt - y soul;

Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole. A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Not what I feel or do<br/>Can give me peace with God;<br/>Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,<br/>Can bear my awful load.</p> | <p>4 Thy love to me, O God,<br/>Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,<br/>Can rid me of this dark unrest,<br/>And set my spirit free.</p>       |
| <p>3 Thy work alone, O Christ,<br/>Can ease this weight of sin;<br/>Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,<br/>Can give me peace within.</p>    | <p>5 I bless the Christ of God,<br/>I rest on love divine:<br/>And with unfaltering lip and heart,<br/>I call this Saviour mine.</p> |

## 251

TOPLADY Six 7s.

*(First Tune)*

T. HASTINGS, 1830

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A - men.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears forever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyelids close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

## 251

GETHSEMANE Six 7s.

*(Second Tune)*

R. REDHEAD, 1853

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A-men.

## 252

MARYTON L. M.

Rev. H. P. SMITH, 1874

Je - sus, en-grave it on my heart, That Thou the one thing need-ful art;

I could from all things parted be, But nev-er, nev-er, Lord, from Thee. A-men.

2 Needful is Thy most precious blood,  
To reconcile my soul to God;  
Needful is Thy indulgent care;  
Needful Thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,  
True peace and comfort to afford;  
Needful thy promise, to impart  
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art Thou, my guide, my stay,  
Through all life's dark and weary way;  
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,  
To bring my spirit home to Thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,  
Thy name eternally I'll sing!  
Glory and praise be ever His,—  
The one thing needful Jesus is!

BERTHOLD (Amsterdam) 7.6.7.6.D.

B. TOURS, 1872

The King of glo - ry stand - eth Be - side that heart of sin,

His might - y voice com - mand - eth The rag - ing waves with - in;

The floods of deep - est an - guish Roll back - ward at His will,

As o'er the storm a - ris - eth His man - date, "Peace, be still." A - men.

- 2 At times, with sudden glory,  
He speaks, and all is done!  
Without one stroke of battle  
The victory is won:  
While we with joy beholding,  
Can scarce believe it true,  
That e'en our kingly Jesus  
Can form such hearts anew.
- 3 But sometimes in the stillness,  
He gently draweth near,  
And whispers words of welcome,  
Into the sinner's ear;

With anxious heart He waiteth  
The answer of His cry,  
That oft repeated question,  
"O wherefore wilt thou die?"

- 4 O Christ, His love is mighty!  
Long-suffering is His grace!  
And glorious is the splendor  
That beameth from His face!  
Our hearts up-leap in gladness,  
When we behold that love,  
As we go singing onward  
To dwell with Him above.

To the name of our sal-va-tion Laud and hon-or let us pay,

Which for ma-n-y a gen - er - a - tion Hid in God's fore-knowl-edge lay,

But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day. A-men.

2 Jesus is the name we treasure,  
 Name beyond what words can tell,  
 Name of gladness, name of pleasure,  
 Ear and heart delighting well;  
 Name of sweetness passing measure,  
 Saving us from sin and hell.

4 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth  
 Speaks like music to the ear;  
 Who in prayer this name beseecheth  
 Sweetest comfort findeth near;  
 Who its perfect wisdom reacheth  
 Heavenly joy possesseth here.

3 'Tis the name for adoration,  
 Name for songs of victory,  
 Name for holy meditation  
 In this vale of misery,  
 Name for joyful veneration  
 By the citizens on high.

5 Jesus is the name exalted  
 Over every other name;  
 In this name, whene'er assaulted,  
 We can put our foes to shame;  
 Strength to them who else had halted,  
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we, in love adoring,  
 This most blessèd name revere,  
 Holy Jesus, Thee imploring  
 So to write it in us here  
 That hereafter, heavenward soaring,  
 We may sing with angels there.

GOUNOD (Muriel) 8.7.8.7.7.7.

C. GOUNOD

One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who - once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in Him to God:  
 This was boundless love indeed!  
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,  
 "Friend of sinners" was His name;  
 Now above all glory raisèd,  
 He rejoices in the same.  
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
 We, alas! forget too often  
 What a Friend we have above:  
 But when home our souls are brought,  
 We will love Thee as we ought.

LOUVAN L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR, 1847

With tear-ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;

Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'n-ly whis-per, "Come to Me!" A-men.

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest, Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;  
It tells me where my soul may flee: I am thy portion; Come to Me!"  
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!" 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
3 "Come, for all else must fail and die; Support me, cheer me from above,  
Earth is no resting-place for thee; And gently whis-per, "Come to Me!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841

BLOCKLEY L. M.

T. BLOCKLEY, 1861

Take up thy cross, the Sav-iour said, If thou wouldst my dis-ci-ple be;

De-ny thy-self, the world forsake, And hum-bly fol-low af-ter Me. A-men.

- 2 Take up Thy cross; let not its weight The Lord for thee the cross endured,  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm; To save thy soul from death and hell.  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm. 4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; For only he who bears the cross  
Nor let the foolish pride rebel; May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES W. EVEREST, 1833

LA BARRE L. M.

W. F. BIDDLE

God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
 Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie? A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

- 2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,      I wait, but He does not forsake;  
 And I my heart the closer lock?      He calls me still; my heart, awake!  
 He still is waiting to receive,  
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall I give      4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
 No heed, but still in bondage live?      My heart I yield without delay:  
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1730. Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853

## 259

WARNER L. M.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY, 1853

Behold, the Mas-ter pass-eth by! O seest thou not His plead-ing eye?  
 With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world, and follow Me!" A-men.

- 2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,      Counting His earthly gain as loss  
 Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?      For Jesus and His blessèd cross.  
 From earthly toils lift up thine eye;  
 Behold, the Master passeth by!
- 3 One heard Him calling long ago,      4 God gently calls us every day:  
 And straightway left all things below,      Why should we then our bliss delay?  
 Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;  
 I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW, alt. 1871

## 260

ST. ANDREW S. M.

J. BARNEY, 1866

The Spir - it in our hearts Is whis-p'ring, "Sin - ner, come;"

The Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His chil-dren, "Come." A-men.

2 Let him that heareth, say  
To all about him, "Come;"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life:  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

H. U. ONDERDONK, 1826

## 261

SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. fr. R. SCHUMANN

Give, thou, thy youth to God, With all its bud - ding love;

Send up thy open-ing heart to Him, Fix it on One a - bove. A-men.

2 Be early wise for heaven,  
Choose, thou, the narrow way;  
The gate is strait, the road is rough,  
But it will end in day.

3 Take, thou, the side of God,  
In things or great or small,

So shall He ever take thy side,  
And bear thee safe through all.

4 Quail not before the bad,  
Be brave for truth and right,  
Fear God alone, and ever walk  
As in His holy sight.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR

MAKER Eight 6s.

F. C. MAKER, 1851

Come to the Sav - iour now, He gen - tly call - eth thee;

In true re - pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee;

He wait - eth to be - stow Sal - va - tion, peace, and love,

True joy on earth be - low, A home in heav'n a - bove. A - men.

2 Come to the Saviour now,  
 Ye who have wandered far,  
 Renew your solemn vow,  
 For His by right you are;  
 Come, like poor wandering sheep  
 Returning to His fold;  
 His arm will safely keep,  
 His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,  
 Whate'er your burdens be;  
 Hear now His loving call,  
 "Cast all your care on Me."  
 Come, and for every grief  
 In Jesus you will find  
 A sure and safe relief,  
 A loving friend and kind.



## 263

ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me? A-men.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,

Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
O for grace to love Thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1768

## 264

FORGIVENESS 7.7.7.7.

G. M. GARRETT, 1872

"Come," said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, "Come, and make My paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come. A-men.

2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 "Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1792

## BENEVENTO Eight 7s.

S. WEBBE, 1792

Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why;

God, Who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live;

He the fa - tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of His own hands,

Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why Will ye cross His love, and die? A-men.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;  
 God Who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died Himself that ye might live:  
 Will you let Him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;  
 God, Who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace His love:  
 Will you not the grace receive?  
 Will you still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

ST. EDITH 7.6.r.6.D.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799  
Rev. EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871

O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;  
And lo, that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred;  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door;  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

COME UNTO ME 7.6.7.6.D. (First Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

Org. *f*

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A-men.

2 Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light."  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night!  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
But He has brought us gladness,  
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life."  
O cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife!  
The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But Thou hast made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out."  
O welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt!

Which calls us, very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1867

## 267

MESSIAH 7.6.7.6.D.

(Second Tune)

G. F. HANDEL  
Arr. by A. SULLIVAN

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace, . .

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A-men.

ILSLEY 8.7.8.7.D.

F. G. ILSLEY, 1887

Souls of men! why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?

Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?

Was there ev-er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,

As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet? A-men.

2 It is God: His love looks mighty  
But is mightier than it seems;  
'Tis our Father; and His fondness  
Goes far out beyond our dreams.  
There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.  
There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good!  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in His blood.

4 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.  
But we make His love too narrow  
By false limits of our own;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.

5 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.  
If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

## 269

ABENDS L. M.

(First Tune)

H. S. OAKELEY, 1873

Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsts draw nigh! 'Tis God in- vites the fall- en race:

Mer- cy and free sal- va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos- pel grace. A- men.

2 Come to the living waters, come!  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And find My grace is free for all!

3 See from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye weary, wandering, burdened souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have and are behind,  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

## 269

NIAGARA L. M.

(Second Tune)

R. JACKSON

Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsts draw nigh! 'Tis God in- vites the fall - en race:

Mer- cy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos- pel grace. A- men.

To - day Thy mer - cy calls me To wash a - way my sin;

How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,

How - ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turned a - way,

Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day. A-men.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,  
And all who enter in  
Shall find a Father's welcome,  
And pardon for their sin;  
The past shall be forgotten,  
A present joy be given,  
A future grace be promised,  
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,  
The Holy Spirit waits,  
The blessèd angels gather  
Around the heavenly gates:  
No question will be asked me,  
How often I have come;  
Although I oft have wandered,  
It is my Father's home.



## 271

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7.

(First Tune)

Dr. PEARCE, 1890

Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol - low me." A-men.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home and toil and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
" Christian, love me more than these."

3 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, " Christian, love me more."

5 Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852

## 271

GALILEE 8.7.8.7.

(Second Tune)

W. H. JUDE

Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low me." A-men.

STEPHANOS 8.5.8.3.

(First Tune)

H. W. BAKER, 1868

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest." A-men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,<br/>If He be my guide?<br/>"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,<br/>And His side."</p> | <p>5 If I still hold closely to Him,<br/>What hath He at last?<br/>"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,<br/>Jordan past."</p>              |
| <p>3 Is there diadem, as monarch,<br/>That His brow adorns?<br/>"Yea, a crown, in very surety,<br/>But of thorns."</p>           | <p>6 If I ask Him to receive me,<br/>Will He say me nay?<br/>"Not till earth, and not till heaven<br/>Pass away."</p>                  |
| <p>4 If I find Him, if I follow,<br/>What His guerdon here?<br/>"Many a sorrow, many a labor,<br/>Many a tear."</p>              | <p>7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,<br/>Is He sure to bless?<br/>Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,<br/>Answer, "Yes."</p> |

Based on an early Greek Hymn. Rev. J. M. NEALE, 1862

BULLINGER 8.5.8.3.

(Second Tune)

REV. E. W. BULLINGER, 1877

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be . . . at rest." A-men.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE 11.10.11.10.

S. WEBBE, 1790

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;

Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel:

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;

Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A-men.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

- 3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing  
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

AURORA C. M. D.

H. F. BENSON

The Lord is rich and mer - ci - ful, The Lord is ver - y kind; O

come to Him, come now to Him, With a be - liev - ing mind.

His com - forts, they shall strengthen thee, Like flow - ing wa - ters cool;

And He shall for thy spir - it be A foun - tain ev - er full. A - men.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,  
 Our God is very high;  
 O trust in Him, trust now in Him,  
 And have security:  
 He shall be to thee like the sea,  
 And thou shalt surely feel  
 His wind, that bloweth healthily  
 Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,  
 As all the ages tell;  
 O learn of Him, learn now of Him,  
 Then with thee it is well.  
 And with His light thou shalt be blest,  
 Therein to work and live;  
 And He shall be to thee a rest  
 When evening hours arrive.

REV. THOMAS T LYNCH, 1850

## 275

MEAR C. M.

A. WILLIAMS, 1760

O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh,

Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weep - ing eye; A - men.

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,  
 A wretched wanderer mourn;  
 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?  
 Hast Thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,  
 To drive me from Thy feet?  
 O let not this dear refuge fail,  
 This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart,  
 With beams of mercy shine;  
 And let Thy healing voice impart  
 A taste of joys divine.

ANNE STEELE, 1760

DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from C. TYE, 1553

O Lord, turn not Thy face a - way From them that low - ly lie,  
La - ment - ing sore their sin - ful life, With tears and bit - ter cry. A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide<br>To them that mourn their sin;<br>O shut them not against us, Lord,<br>But let us enter in.        | 5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat<br>The blessing which we crave,<br>When Thou dost know, before we speak,<br>The thing that we would have? |
| 3 We need not to confess our fault,<br>For surely Thou canst tell;<br>What we have done, and what we are,<br>Thou knowest very well. | 6 Mercy, O Lord, we mercy ask,<br>This is the total sum;<br>For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;<br>O let Thy mercy come!                      |
| 4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,<br>With tears we come to Thee,   |   |

JOHN MARKANT, 1562. Alt. by Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

ST. BRIDE S. M.

S. HOWARD, 1762

Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;  
Be - fore Thy throne of grace I fall; Be mer - ci - ful to me. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 Out of the deep I cry,<br>The woeful deep of sin,<br>Of evil done in days gone by,<br>Of evil now within. | From morning watch till night is near<br>I plead the precious name.   |
| 3 Out of the deep of fear<br>And dread of coming shame,   | 4 Lord, there is mercy now,<br>As ever was, with Thee;<br>Before Thy throne of grace I bow;<br>Be merciful to me. |

Rev. HENRY W. BAKER, 1863

## 278

BABYLON'S STREAMS L. M.

T. CAMPAN, 1613

With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, I cry:

Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 I smite upon my troubled breast,<br/>With deep and conscious guilt opprest,<br/>Christ and His cross my only plea;<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p> | <p>4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,<br/>Can for a single sin atone;<br/>To Calvary alone I flee;<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p>                     |
| <p>3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,<br/>Nor dare to lift them to the skies;<br/>But Thou dost all my anguish see;<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p>   | <p>5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,<br/>With all the ransomed throng I dwell,<br/>My raptured song shall ever be,<br/>God has been merciful to me.</p> |

REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN, 1852

## 279

LACRYMÆ 7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me as I

sup - pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par - don seal. A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;<br/>Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,<br/>And in mercy send me aid.</p>  | <p>4 Thou the true physician art;<br/>Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,<br/>Binding up the bleeding heart.</p> |
| <p>3 Helpless, none can help me now;<br/>Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;<br/>Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.</p> | <p>5 Other comforters are gone;<br/>Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,<br/>Thou for all my sin atone.</p>           |

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1866

I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam. A-men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild:  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole;  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.



4 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1843

## 280

PASTOR BONUS S. M. D.

(Second Tune)

A. J. CALDICOTT

I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam. A-men.

I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with-in;

I need the cleans-ing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee,

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea. A-men.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 For I am very poor;  
 A stranger and a pilgrim,  
 I have no earthly store;  
 I need the love of Jesus  
 To cheer me on my way,  
 To guide my doubting footsteps,  
 To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 And hope to see Thee soon,  
 Encircled with the rainbow,  
 And seated on Thy throne:  
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
 My joy shall ever be,  
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus,  
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

## SPANISH HYMN Eight 7s.

Spanish Melody, 1824

Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,

Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread permitted hour  
Of the mighty tempter's power:  
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn litany!

- 4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sealed sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God:  
O from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, reascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

MISERICORDIA 8.8.8.6.

(First Tune)

H. SMART, 1875

Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A-men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
By fears within, and foes without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down:  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

WOODWORTH 8.8.8.6.

(Second Tune)

W. B. BRADBURY, 1849

Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-men.

## 283

AGNUS DEI 8.8.8.6.

(Third Tune)

W. BLOW

Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A-men.

## 284

RISEHOLME 8.8.8.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT

There is a ho - ly sac - ri - fice Which God in heaven will not de-spise,

Yea, which is pre - cious in His eyes, The con - trite heart. A-men.

2 That lofty One, before Whose throne  
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,  
Another dwelling-place will own,  
The contrite heart.

3 The Holy One, the Son of God,  
His pardoning love will shed abroad,  
And consecrate as His abode  
The contrite heart.

3 The Holy Spirit from on high  
Will listen to its faintest cry,  
And cheer and bless and purify  
The contrite heart.

4 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;  
Such as Thou art, I fain would be;  
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me  
The contrite heart.

THANET 7.7.7.5.

V. BARTON

God of pit - y, God of grace, When we hum-bly seek Thy face,

Bend from heav'n, Thy dwell - ing place; Hear, for - give, and save. A-men.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,  
Spread our wants before Thy feet,  
Pleading at the mercy-seat;  
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,  
And we long to do Thy will,  
Turning to Thy holy hill:  
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,  
And our love to Thee grow cold,

With a pitying eye behold;  
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,  
Earthly care and want distress,  
May our souls Thy peace possess;  
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And what'er our cry may be,  
When we lift our hearts to Thee,  
From our burden set us free:  
Hear, forgive and save.

ELIZA F. MORRIS, 1858

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7.

AIT. from IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790

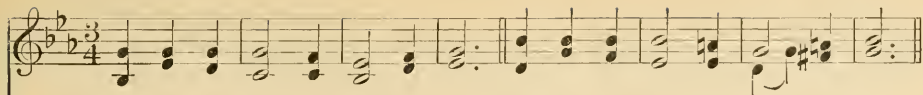
Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? A-men.

2 I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls;  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;  
God is love: I know, I feel;  
Jesus lives and loves me still.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740



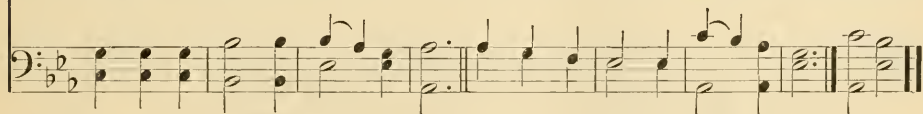
We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learn'd Thy wis-dom, grace, and power;



The things of earth have filled our tho't, And tri - fles of the pass - ing hour.



Lord, give us light Thy truth to see, And make us wise in knowing Thee. A-men.



2 We have not feared Thee as we ought, Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye, Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought, Remembering that God was nigh. Lord, give us faith to know Thee near, And grant the grace of holy fear.

4 We have not served Thee as we ought; Alas! the duties left undone, The work with little fervor wrought, The battles lost, or scarcely won! Lord, give the zeal, and give the might, For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought, Nor cared that we are loved by Thee; Thy presence we have coldly sought, And feebly longed Thy face to see. Lord, give a pure and loving heart To feel and own, the love Thou art.

5 When shall we know Thee as we ought, And fear, and love, and serve aright! When shall we, out of trial brought, Be perfect in the land of light! Lord, may we day by day prepare To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

AGAPE 7.7.7.6.

G. HERBERT, 1854

Teach us what Thy love has borne, That with lov - ing sor - row torn

Tru - ly con - trite we may mourn: We be - seech Thee, hear us. A - men.

- 2 Let not sin within us reign,  
 May we gladly suffer pain,  
 If it purge away our stain:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Grant us love, Thy love to own,  
 Love to live for Thee alone,

- And the power of grace make known:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 All our weak endeavors bless,  
 As we ever onward press,  
 Till we perfect holiness:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Rev. THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1875

LONDON 7.7.7.6.

F. A. J. HERVEY

Fa - ther, hear Thy chil - dren's call: Hum - bly at Thy feet we fall,

Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all: We be - seech Thee, hear us. A - men.

- 2 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame  
 All our life of sin and shame,  
 Penitent, we breathe Thy name:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,  
 Oft forgotten and defied,  
 Now we mourn our stubborn pride:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Love that caused us first to be,  
 Love that bled upon the tree,  
 Love that draws us lovingly:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

- 5 We Thy call have disobeyed,  
 Into paths of sin have strayed,  
 And repentance have delayed:  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,  
 Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,  
 Willing not that one should die,  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 By the love that bids Thee spare,  
 By the heaven Thou dost prepare,  
 By Thy promises to prayer,  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Rev. THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1875



LANGRAN 10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN, 1862

Wea - ry of earth and la - den with my sin, I look at

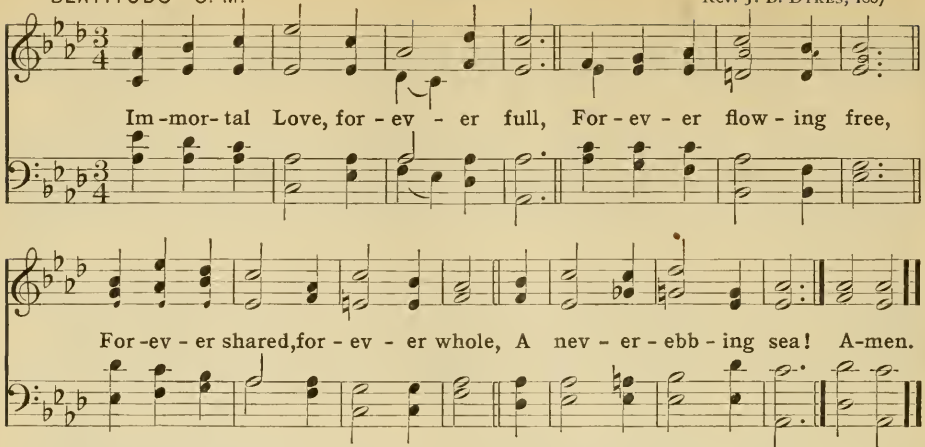
heav'n and long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil

thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."A-men.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
 In the pure glory of that holy land?  
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
 And His the blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 4 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,  
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:  
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,  
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

## BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867



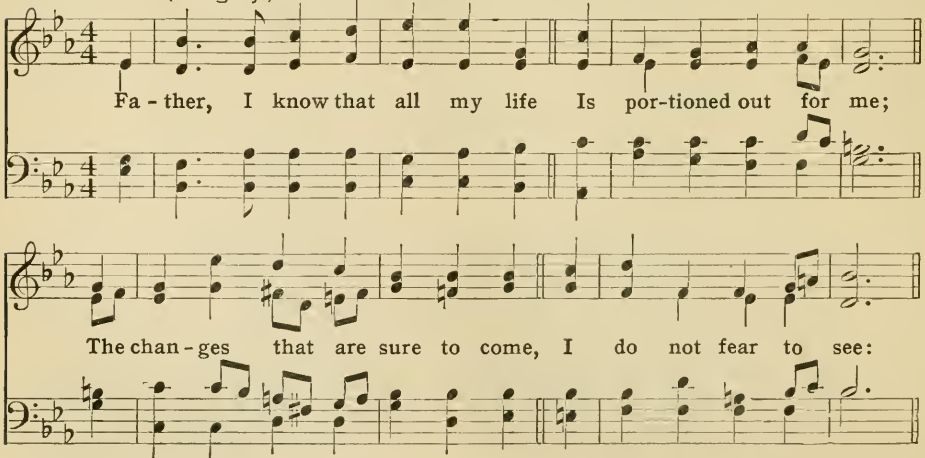
Im-mor-tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free,  
For - ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea! A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Our outward lips confess the name<br/>All other names above;<br/>Love only knoweth whence it came,<br/>And comprehendeth love.</p>                   | <p>5 The healing of His seamless dress<br/>Is by our beds of pain;<br/>We touch Him in life's throng and press,<br/>And we are whole again.</p>              |
| <p>3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps<br/>To bring the Lord Christ down;<br/>In vain we search the lowest deeps,<br/>For Him no depths can drown:</p> | <p>6 Through Him the first fond prayers are<br/>Our lips of childhood frame; [said<br/>The last low whispers of our dead<br/>Are burdened with His name.</p> |
| <p>4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet<br/>A present help is He;<br/>And faith has still its Olivet,<br/>And love its Galilee.</p>                        | <p>7 Our Lord, and Master of us all,<br/>Whate'er our name or sign,<br/>We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,<br/>We test our lives by Thine.</p>               |

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1866

## ST. BEDE (Slingsby) C. M. 6l.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867



Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;  
The chan-ges that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:

I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee. A-men.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
A mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

3 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know:  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

5 And if some things I do not ask  
Among my blessings be,  
I'd have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee;  
More careful, not to serve Thee much,  
But please Thee perfectly.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850

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CANONBURY L. M.

R. SCHUMANN, 1839

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue;

Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A-men.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
O let me cheerfully fulfil;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

And labor on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
And hide my simple heart above;  
Above the thorns of choking care,  
The gilded baits of worldly love.

5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,

6 For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

LYNTON C. M.

A. J. JAMOUNEAU, 1904

Lord, I be-lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;

I wan-der com - fort - less and lone, When from Thy truth I stray. A-men.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight;

I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know,  
My faith is cold and weak;

My weakness strengthen, and bestow  
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief:

Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow;  
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

Rev. JOHN R. WREFORD, 1837

AZMON C. M.

Arr. from C. G. GLASER, by LOWELL MASON, 1839

My God! ac-cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A-men.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold I prostrate fall;

Let every sin be crucified;  
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for Thine own,

That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship at Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given;

Then life shall be Thy service, Lord!  
And death the gate of heaven.

MATTHEW BRIGGS, 1848

MARYTON L. M.

REV. H. PERCY SMITH, 1874

Now I re-solve with all my heart, With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord;

Nor from His precepts e'er de-part, Whose ser-vice is a rich re-ward. A-men.

- 2 O be His service all my joy;  
 Around let my example shine,  
 Till others love the blest employ,  
 And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
 My solemn, my determined choice,

To yield to His supreme control,  
 And in His kind commands rejoice.

- 4 O may I never faint nor tire,  
 Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:  
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
 And give me strength to live Thy praise.

ANNE STEELE, 1760

PENTECOST L. M.

WILLIAM BOYD, 1874

Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;

With full con-sent Thine would I be, And own Thy sov'reign right in me. A-men.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,  
 Among the children of Thy grace;  
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,  
 Be Thine through all eternity;

The vow is past beyond repeal;  
 Now will I set the solemn seal.

- 4 Here, at the cross where flows the blood  
 That bought my guilty soul for God,  
 Thee my new Master now I call,  
 And consecrate to Thee my all.

REV. SAMUEL DAVIES, 1769

OLIVET 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

(First Tune)

LOWELL MASON, 1832

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A-men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

Rev. RAY PALMER, 1830

FAITH 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

(Second Tune)

J. H. CORNELL, 1872

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di -

vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,

O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A-men.

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CHISELHURST S. M.

J. BARNBY, 1887

Je - sus, I live to Thee, Thou love - li - est and best; My life in

Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me  
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven forever mine.

EARL S. M.

Rev. H. B. TURNER

Dear Sav - iour, we are Thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands;

Our names, our hearts, we would re-sign; Our souls are in Thy hands. A-men.

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- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 To Thee we still would cleave<br/>With ever-growing zeal;<br/>If millions tempt us Christ to leave,<br/>They never shall prevail.</p> <p>3 Thy Spirit shall unite<br/>Our souls to Thee, our head;</p> | <p>Shall form in us Thine image bright,<br/>That we Thy paths may tread.</p> <p>5 Since Christ and we are one,<br/>Why should we doubt or fear?<br/>If He in heaven has fixed His throne,<br/>He'll fix His members there.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824

Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain: A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,<br/>Takes all our sins away,<br/>A sacrifice of nobler name<br/>And richer blood than they.</p> <p>3 My faith would lay her hand<br/>On that dear head of Thine,<br/>While like a penitent I stand,<br/>And there confess my sin,</p> | <p>4 My soul looks back to see<br/>The burdens Thou didst bear,<br/>When hanging on the cursèd tree,<br/>And hopes her guilt was there.</p> <p>5 Believing, we rejoice<br/>To see the curse remove;<br/>We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,<br/>And sing His bleeding love.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709



TRUSTING 6.5.6.5.D.

JOHN ADCOCK, 1905

Je - sus, I will trust Thee! Trust Thee with my soul,

Guilt - y, lost, and help - less, Thou canst make me whole.

There is none in heav - en Or on earth like Thee;

Thou hast died for sin - ners—Therefore, Lord, for me. A-men.

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2 Jesus, I may trust Thee!  
 Name of matchless worth,  
 Spoken by the angel  
 At Thy wondrous birth;  
 Written, and for ever,  
 On Thy cross of shame:  
 Sinners read and worship,  
 Trusting in that name.

3 Jesus, I must trust Thee!  
 Pond'ring all Thy ways,  
 Full of love and mercy  
 All Thine earthly days.

Sinners gathered round Thee,  
 Lepers sought Thy face,  
 None too vile or loathsome  
 For a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I do trust Thee!  
 Trust without a doubt;  
 Whosoever cometh  
 Thou wilt not cast out.  
 Faithful is Thy promise;  
 Precious is Thy blood;  
 These my soul's salvation,  
 Thou my Saviour God!

MARY J. WALKER

HARROW Six 6s.

J. FARMER

Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,

That I might ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead.

Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A-men.

2 Long years were spent for me  
In weariness and woe,  
That through eternity  
Thy glory I might know.  
Long years were spent for me:  
Have I spent one for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,  
Down from Thy home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
Thy pardon and Thy love.  
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:  
What have I brought to Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,  
Thy rainbow-circled throne,  
Were left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
Yea, all was left for me:  
Have I left aught for Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent,  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent!  
Thou gav'st Thyself for me;  
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1858

BEKESBOURNE Six 7s.

R. JACKSON

Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Pur-chased Thine a - lone to be, .

By Thy blood, O spot-less Lamb, Shed so will-ing-ly for me;

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a-lone. A-men.

2 Other lords have long held sway;  
 Now Thy name alone to bear,  
 Thy dear voice alone obey,  
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.  
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?  
 Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;  
 Keep me faithful, keep me near:  
 Let Thy presence in me shine  
 All my homeward way to cheer.  
 Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,  
 O be Thou my All in all.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1878

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GLEBE 7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1874

Thine for-ev-er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a-bove;

Thine for-ev-er may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty. A-men.

2 Thine forever! Lord of life,  
 Shield us through our earthly strife;  
 Thou, the life, the truth, the way,  
 Guide us to the realms of day.

Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
 Let us all Thy goodness share.

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep  
 These Thy frail and trembling sheep;

4 Thine forever! Thou our guide,  
 All our wants by Thee supplied,  
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MARY FAWLER MAUDE, 1848

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me!  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart!  
 Rise to all eternity!

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

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MARTYN Eight 7s.

(Second Tune)

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in - to the ha - venguide, O re - ceive my soul at las<sup>t</sup>. A - men.

ELLINGHAM 7.7.7.7.

S. N. GODFREY, 1881 .

Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee:

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise. A - men.

2 Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love:  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold:  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou dost choose.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine:  
Take my heart: it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love: my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store:  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874

ST. ALPHEGE 7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848

In full and glad sur - ren - der I give my - self to Thee,

Thine ut - ter - ly and on - ly, And ev - er - more to be. A - men.

2 O Son of God Who lov'st me,  
I will be Thine alone,  
Myself and my possessions  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;  
Oh, make my heart Thy throne:

It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,  
Rule over everything;  
And keep me always loyal,  
And true to Thee, my King.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1869

DAY OF REST 7.6.7.6.D.

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1875

O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my friend;

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide. A - men.

2 O let me feel Thee near me;  
 The world is ever near;  
 I see the sights that dazzle,  
 The tempting sounds I hear;  
 My foes are ever near me,  
 Around me and within;  
 But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
 And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
 To all who follow Thee,  
 That where Thou art in glory  
 There shall Thy servant be;  
 And, Jesus, I have promised  
 To serve Thee to the end;  
 O give me grace to follow,  
 My Master and my friend.

ST. EDITH 7.6.7.6.D.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799  
 Rev. EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871

To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour, My spir - it turns for rest,

My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;

Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,

And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - men.

- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,  
 On Thee my hope relies,  
 O Thou whose love provideth  
 For all beneath the skies;  
 O Thou whose mercy found me,  
 From bondage set me free,  
 And then forever bound me  
 With threefold cords to Thee.
- 3 My grief is in the dulness  
 With which this sluggish heart  
 Doth open to the fulness  
 Of all Thou wouldst impart;  
 My joy is in Thy beauty  
 Of holiness Divine,  
 My comfort in the duty  
 That binds my life in Thine.

- 4 Alas, that I should ever  
 Have failed in love to Thee,  
 The only one who never  
 Forgot or slighted me!  
 O for a heart to love Thee  
 More truly as I ought,  
 And nothing place above Thee  
 In deed, or word, or thought.
- 5 O for that choicest blessing  
 Of living in Thy love,  
 And thus on earth possessing  
 The peace of heaven above;  
 O for the bliss that by it  
 The soul securely knows,  
 The holy calm and quiet  
 Of faith's serene repose.



EDEN GROVE 7.6.7.6.D.

SAMUEL SMITH

I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav- iour of the lost,

Whose pre- cious blood re- deemed me At such tre- men- dous cost;

Thy right- eous-ness, Thy par- don, Thy pre- cious blood, must be

My on- ly hope and com- fort, My glo- ry and my plea. A-men.

- 2 I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own;  
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And weakness will be power  
If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 I could not do without Thee,  
For, oh, the way is long,  
And I am often weary,  
And sigh replaces song:  
How could I do without Thee?  
I do not know the way;  
Thou knowest, and Thou ledest,  
And wilt not let me stray.

- 4 I could not do without Thee,  
O Jesus, Saviour dear;  
E'en when my eyes are holden,  
I know that Thou art near.  
How dreary and how lonely  
This changeful life would be,  
Without the sweet communion,  
The secret rest with Thee!
- 6 I could not do without Thee,  
For years are fleeting fast,  
And soon in solemn loneliness  
The river must be passed;  
But Thou wilt never leave me,  
And though the waves roll high,  
I know Thou wilt be near me,  
And whisper, "It is I."

O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares sur - round me, What doubts and fears with - in!

The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean. A-men.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
I know my life secure;  
Only in Thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure:  
Thine arm the victory gaineth  
O'er every hateful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth,  
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee  
With rapture face to face;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all Thy power and grace;  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

HATFIELD HALL 7.6.7.6.D.

CHAS. VINCENT, 1890

I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He

bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load: I

bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains White,

in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re-mains. A-men.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,  
 All fulness dwells in Him;  
 He heals all my diseases,  
 He doth my soul redeem:  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares;  
 He from them all releases,  
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
 This weary soul of mine;  
 His right hand me embraces,  
 I on His breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus,  
 Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord:  
 Like fragrance on the breezes  
 His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus, —  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy child;  
 I long to be with Jesus,  
 Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing, with saints, His praises,  
 To learn the angels' song.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1845

CROWELL 8.7.8.7.

(First Tune)

"Narrative Hymns"

Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;

Let Thy Spir-it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone. A-men.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,  
Fond of peace, and far from strife;  
Turning from the paths unholy  
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround it;  
Strengthen it with power divine,  
Till Thy cords of love have bound it:  
Make it to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal it,  
And its sins be all forgiven;  
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,  
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Dr. BARTOL'S Coll., 1849

REPOSE 8.7.8.7.

(Second Tune)

C. J. DICKINSON, 1877

Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;

Let Thy Spir-it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone. A-men.

CONSTANCE 8.7.8.7.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1875

I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;

And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sever,

For I am His, and He is mine, For ever and for ever. A-men.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!  
 He bled, He died to save me;  
 And not alone the gift of life,  
 But His own self He gave me.  
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call,  
 I'll hold it for the Giver;  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
 Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!  
 All power to Him is given,  
 To guard me on my onward course,  
 And bring me safe to heaven:

Eternal glory gleams afar,  
 To nerve my faint endeavor:  
 So now to watch, to work, to war;  
 And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend  
 So kind and true and tender!  
 So wise a counsellor and guide,  
 So mighty a defender!  
 From Him who loves me now so well  
 What power my soul shall sever?  
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?  
 No: I am His for ever.

FALFIELD 8.7.8.7.D.

(First Tune)

A. SULLIVAN, 1867

Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own! A-men.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not, like man, untrue;  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,  
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;  
With Thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called Thee, Abba, Father;  
I have stayed my heart on Thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

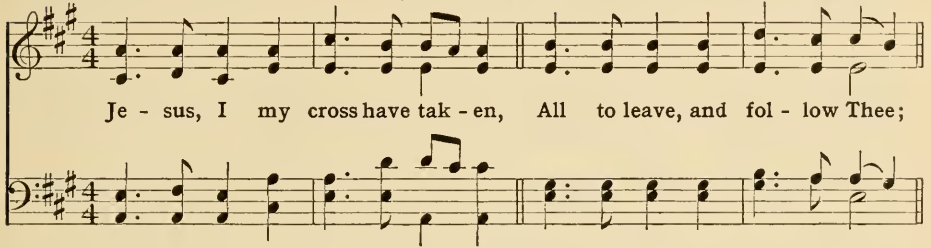
Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1825

316

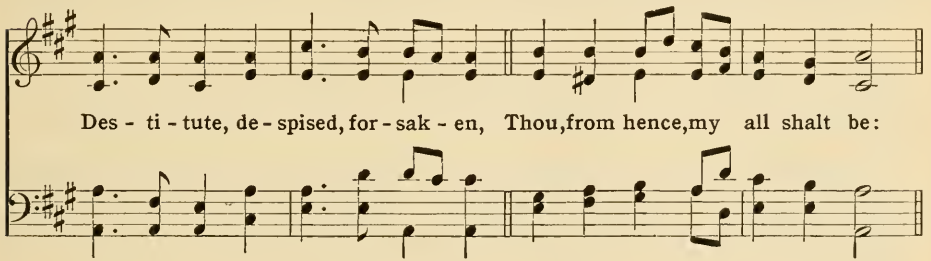
DISCIPLE 8.7.8.7.D.

(Second Tune)

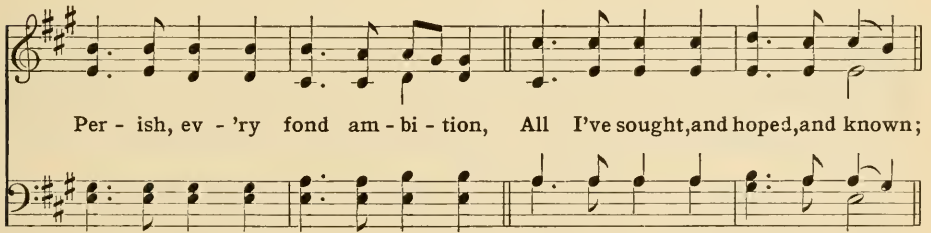
W. A. MOZART



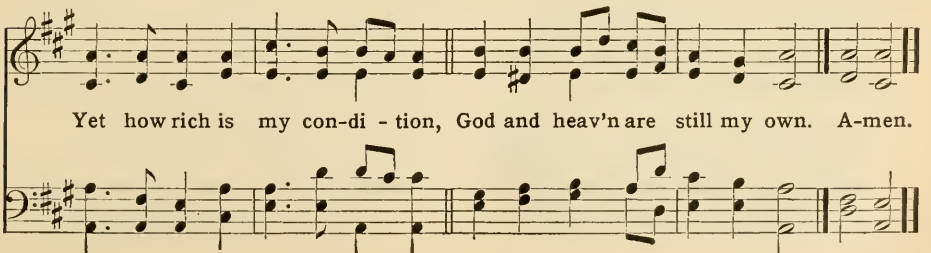
Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;



Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:



Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

Come, Thou fount of ev-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;

2. Teach me some me-lodious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love. A-men.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:

5 O to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be:  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.



317

TRUST 8.7.8.7.

(Second Tune)

MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; A - men.

318

FLEMMING 8.8.8.6.

Arr. fr. F. F. FLEMMING, 1810

O ho - ly Saviour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,

Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee! A - men.

2 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove?  
With patient, uncomplaining love  
Still would I cling to Thee.

How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee.

3 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not aught beside:

4 Blest is my lot whate'er befall;  
What can disturb me, who appall,  
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,  
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

IRENE 7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD

Where-so - ev - er two or three Meet in Chris-tian com - pa - ny,

Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee; Gra-cious Sav-iour, hear. A-men.

2 When, amid the gloom of night  
Storms arise and perils fright,  
Let Thy voice our hearts delight,  
Gracious Saviour, hear.

3 In the time of lonely grief,  
Let Thy presence bring relief;  
Then shall longest nights grow brief;  
Gracious Saviour, hear.

4 When the world and life recede,  
Saviour, in our hour of need,  
Then be Thou our help indeed;  
Gracious Saviour, hear.

JOSIAH CONDER

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1865

Lean-ing on Thee, my guide, my friend, My gra-cious Sav - iour!

I am blest; Tho' weary, Thou dost con - de - scend To be my rest. A-men.

2 Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,  
To Thee the future I confide;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.

Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,  
"Be of good cheer."

3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,  
Too weak another voice to hear,

4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;  
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;  
I feel the "everlasting arms,"  
I cannot sink.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s.

J. BARNBY, 1872

My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and

right - eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id

rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A-men.

- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,  
I rest upon unchanging grace;  
In every rough and stormy gale  
My anchor holds within the veil.  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood  
Support me in the sinking flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 4 When I shall launch in worlds unseen,  
O may I then be found in Him;  
Dressed in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand;

The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land.

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And bur - den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus,  
 Mine eye at times can see  
 The very dying form of One  
 Who suffered there for me.  
 And from my smitten heart with tears,  
 Two wonders I confess, —  
 The wonders of His glorious love,  
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow,  
 For my abiding place;  
 I ask no other sunshine than  
 The sunshine of His face:  
 Content to let the world go by,  
 To know no gain nor loss, —  
 My sinful self, my only shame, —  
 My glory all the cross.

## 323

BURLINGTON C. M.

(First Tune)

J. F. BURROWS, 1830

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - thron'd Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;

His head with ra - dant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow. A - men.

2 No mortal can with Him compare  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is He than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
He saves me from the grave.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.

5 Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be Thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787

## 323

ORTONVILLE C. M.

(Second Tune)

T. HASTINGS, 1837

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - thron'd Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;

His head with ra - dant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow. A - men.

SHARON C. M.

T. WALLHEAD, 1877

How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A-men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, guardian, friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace!

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

GREEN HILL C. M.

A. L. PEACE, 1885

O Je - sus, when I think of Thee, Thy man - ger, cross, and throne,

My spir - it trusts ex - ult - ing - ly In Thee, and Thee a - lone. A-men.

2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;  
Then, glorious from Thy shame,  
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,  
And reach Thy mightiest name.

For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,  
For me ascend on high.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,  
For me didst weep and die;

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,  
Thy faith, Thy death to sin!  
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,  
My heavenly life begin.

REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847

## 326

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1866

Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A-men.

- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this,  
Nor tongue nor pen can show:  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

BERNARD of Clairvaux. Tr. by Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848

## 327

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1873

Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - dian't form of Thine;

The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy bless - ed face and mine. A-men.

- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with Thee.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love Thee, dearest Lord, — and will,  
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes un-  
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought  
Thine image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravished soul.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,  
All-glorious as Thou art.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1858

VALETE Six 8s.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare ;

O knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a ri - val there :

Thine whol - ly, Thine a - lone, I am ; Be Thou a - lone my con - stant flame. A - men.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone ;  
 O may Thy love possess me whole,  
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown :  
 Strange fires far from my soul remove ;  
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray !  
 All pain before thy presence flies :  
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.  
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
 Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way ;  
 How wondrous things Thy love hath  
 Still lead me, lest I go astray ; [wrought !  
 Direct my work, inspire my thought ;  
 And if I fall, soon may I hear  
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace ;  
 In weakness, be Thy love my power ;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that important hour,  
 In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
 And save me, Who for me hast died.

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, 1653  
 Rev. JOHN WESLEY, 1739, alt.

PARK STREET L. M.

M. A. VENUA, 1810

A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -



deem - er's praise: He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing -

kind - ness, O how free, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free! A - men.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,  
And saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,  
Where earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

- 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,  
And life and mortal powers shall fail,  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then shall I mount, and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1787

330

DUKE STREET L. M.

JOHN HATTON, c. 1793

Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heav'n be - gan the strain,

The homage which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A - men.

- 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,  
To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 3 To Him, enthroned, by filial right,  
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,

- Honor, and majesty, and might:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 4 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in heaven with Him we reign,  
This song, our song of songs shall be:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853

JORDAN L. M. D.

J. BARNEY, 1872

Sing to the Lord a joy-ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voi-ces raise:

To us His gra-cious gifts be-long, To Him our songs of love and praise.

For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom angels serve and saints a-dore,

The Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost, To Whom be praise for ev-er-more. A-men.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,  
 For daily help and nightly care,  
 Sing to the Lord; for He is good:  
 And praise His name, for it is fair.  
 For He is Lord of heav'n and earth,  
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 To Whom be praise for evermore.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,  
 His truth to prove, His will to do,  
 Praise ye our God; for He is great:  
 Trust in His name, for it is true.

For He is Lord of heav'n and earth,  
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
 The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 To Whom be praise for evermore.

4 For life below, with all its bliss,  
 And for that life, more pure and high,  
 That inner life, which over this  
 Shall ever shine, and never die.  
 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,  
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 To Whom be praise for evermore.

PROPIOR DEO 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

A. SULLIVAN, 1872

More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make,

On bend - ed . knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O

Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, . More love to Thee. A-men.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best:  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

NUN DANKET 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1648

Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;

Who, from our moth - ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A-men.

2 O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessèd peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,  
The Father, now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven,  
The one eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

334

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790

Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;

Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. A-men.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. JOHN CENNICK, 1742

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HALSEY 7.7.7.7.

W. F. BIDDLE, 1897

Sav-iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o-bey;

Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing Him who first lov'd me. A-men.

Copyright, 1898, by W. F. BIDDLE

- 2 With a childlike heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace;  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

- 4 Love in loving finds employ—  
In obedience all her joy:  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

JANE E. LEESON, 1842

ST. BENET Six 7s.

W. H. WILLIAMSON

For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:

Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This, our sac - ri - fice of praise. A-men.

2 For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon and stars of light;  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

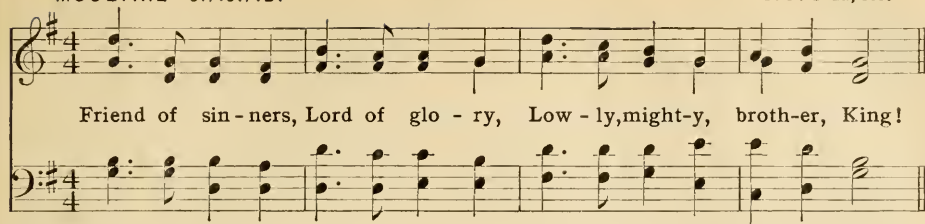
3 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above;  
For all gentle thoughts and mild:  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

4 For each perfect gift of Thine  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces, human and divine,  
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven:  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

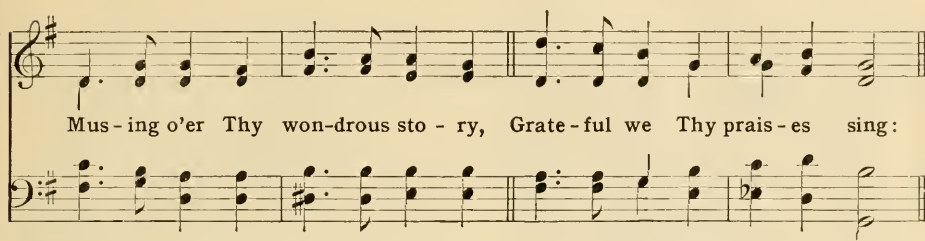
5 For Thy church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Its pure sacrifice of love:  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

MOULTRIE 8.7.8.7.D.

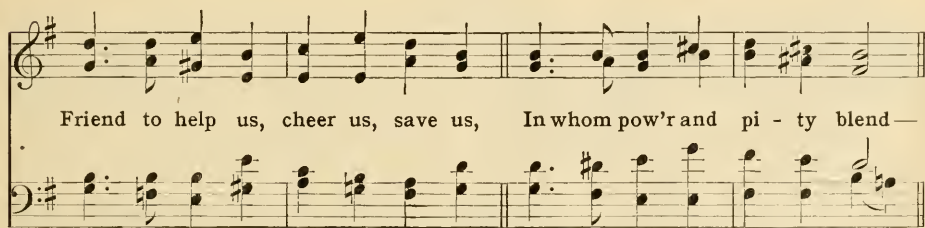
G. F. COBB, 1860



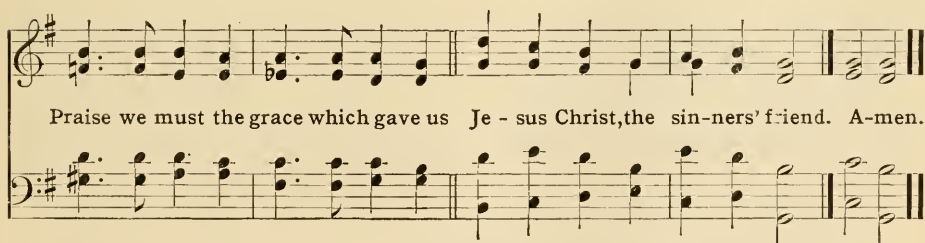
Friend of sin-ners, Lord of glo-ry, Low-ly, might-y, broth-er, King!



Mus-ing o'er Thy won-drous sto-ry, Grate-ful we Thy prais-es sing:



Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pi-ty blend—



Praise we must the grace which gave us Je-sus Christ, the sin-ners' friend. A-men.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,  
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind!—  
 Friend who at all times receives us,  
 Friend who came the lost to find!—  
 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,  
 Loving until life shall end—  
 Then conferring bliss entrancing,  
 Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend!

3 O to love and serve Thee better!  
 From all evil set us free;  
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;  
 Be each thought conformed to Thee:  
 Looking for Thy bright appearing,  
 May our spirits upward tend;  
 Till no longer doubting, fearing,  
 We behold the sinners' friend!





All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side;

Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - men.

2 Once again beside the cross,  
All my gain I count but loss;  
Earthly pleasures fade away;  
Clouds they are that hide my day:  
Hence, vain shadows, let me see  
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,  
Thine to live, and Thine to die;  
Height or depth, or earthly power,  
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:  
Ever shall my glory be,  
Only, only, only Thee.

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1851

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PERIVALE 8.7.8.7. Iambic

C. E. KETTLE

O ren - der thanks un - to the Lord, And cease your prais - es nev - er,

Whose countless ben - e - fits are poured On us His chil - dren ev - er. A - men.

2 His works bear witness to the might  
Which fails His chosen never;  
And hymn His praises in the sight  
Of men and angels ever.

5 And so each star however faint,  
Which shines and loiters never,  
Reminds us of some earnest saint  
Whose life is bright forever.

3 By day the glorious sun ascends  
Heaven's arch, and tarries never —  
An emblem of the God who lends  
His light and love forever.

6 So tending heavenward, Lord, may we  
Soon meet Thee to part never,  
And all Thy matchless beauty see,  
And taste Thy love forever.

4 By night the borrowed moonbeams shed  
A grace which faileth never;  
And tell us of a church, whose head  
Enlightens her forever.

7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Whose mercy changeth never,  
From man and from the angel host  
Be praise and glory ever.

Rev. A. EUBULE EVANS, 1865

WENTWORTH 8.4.8.4.8.4.

F. C. MAKER, 1876

My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright, So

full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light; So

man - y glo - rious things are here, So pure and right. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made<br/>Joy to abound;<br/>So many gentle thoughts and deeds<br/>Circling us round;<br/>That in the darkest spot of earth<br/>Some love is found.</p>              | <p>4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept<br/>The best in store;<br/>We have enough, yet not too' much<br/>To long for more:<br/>A yearning for a deeper peace<br/>Not known before.</p>     |
| <p>3 I thank Thee more that all our joy<br/>Is touched with pain,<br/>That shadows fall on brightest hours,<br/>That thorns remain;<br/>So that earth's bliss may be our guide,<br/>And not our chain.</p> | <p>5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,<br/>Though amply blest,<br/>Can never find, although they seek,<br/>A perfect rest;<br/>Nor ever shall, until they lean<br/>On Jesus' breast.</p> |

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1838

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv-est all? A-men.

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;  
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Who givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,  
Spirit of life, and love, and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,  
Who givest all?

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that blessèd one  
Thou givest all.

7 To Thee, from Whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,  
Who givest all!

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1872

343

COMFORTER DIVINE 8.8.6.

S. REAY

To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him, for all His dy-ing pain,

Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 To Him the Lamb, our sacrifice,  
Who gave His soul our ransom-price,  
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him Who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need,  
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him Who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies,  
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Him Who doth prepare on high  
Our home in immortality,  
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Him be glory evermore;  
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;  
Sing ye Alleluia!

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s.

J. BARNBY, 1872

Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call;

Hear me, and from Thy dwell-ing-place Pour down the rich-es of Thy grace:

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a-dore; O make me love Thee more and more. A-men.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;  
 How can I love Thee as I ought?  
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
 The glorious beauty of Thy name?  
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
 O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me  
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
 So far exceeding hope or thought!  
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
 So make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;  
 To Thee my heart and soul belong:  
 All that I have or am is Thine;  
 And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:  
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
 O make me love Thee more and more.

## 345

GOUDA C. M.

B. TOURS, 1872

Lord, lead the way the Sav-iour went, By lane and cell ob-sure,

And let our treas-ures still be spent, Like His, up-on the poor. A-men.

- 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their crowded loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill;
- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make;  
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

REV. WILLIAM CROSSWELL, 1831

## 346

ST. AGNES C. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1866

O still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an-cient word,

"More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More la-bor's for the Lord!" A-men.

- 2 We hear the call; in dreams no more  
In selfish ease we lie,  
But girded for our Father's work,  
Go forth beneath His sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,  
And prayers of saints were sown,
- 4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred!  
To do Thy will we come;  
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,  
And bear our harvest home.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

## 347

EVERSLEY C. M.

*(First Tune)*

A. COTTMAN

Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A-men.

2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' piercèd feet,  
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

Rev. THOMAS SHEPHERD, 1693  
V. 4, 5, Rev. CHARLES BECHER, 1855

## 347

MAITLAND C. M.

*(Second Tune)*

G. N. ALLEN, 1850

Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A-men.

SELWYN C. M. D.

J. TILLEARD

How bless - ed, from the bonds of sin And earth-ly fet - ters free,

In sin - gle - ness of heart and aim, Thy serv - ant, Lord, to be;

The hard - est toil to un - der - take With joy at Thy com - mand,

The meanest of - fice to re - ceive With meekness at Thy hand. A - men.

2 How happily the working days  
In this dear service fly,  
How rapidly the closing hour,  
The time of rest draws nigh,  
When all the faithful gather home,  
A joyful company;  
And ever where the Master is  
Shall His blest servants be.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;  
Thus ever Thine alone,  
My soul and body given to Thee,  
The purchase Thou hast won;  
Through evil or through good report  
Still keeping by Thy side;  
And by my life or by my death  
Let Christ be magnified.

DOWNS C. M.

L. MASON, 1832

I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,

Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross. A-men.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

What I've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure

4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

## 350

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

C. STEGGALL, 1867

Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,

Ob - serv - ant of His heav'n-ly word, And watch-ful at His gate. A-men.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
For awful is His name.

4 O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, He's near:  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own royal hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
Amid the angelic band.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740



## 351

FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. EBELING, 1754

Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see,

And what I do in an - y-thing, To do it as for Thee; A-men.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to Thee I tend;  
In all I do be Thou the way,  
In all be Thou the end.

But draws, when acted for Thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from Thee.

3 All may of Thee partake;  
Nothing so small can be

4 If done to obey Thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work, divine.

REV. GEORGE HERBERT, 1632

## 352

SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. BOOTH, 1887

We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be:

All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A-men.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly as Thou blestest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

4 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

3 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below.

5 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be,  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854

LABAN S. M.

L. MASON, 1830

A . . charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,  
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky; A-men.

- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil:  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live,

- And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1762

ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. MERRICK, 1887

Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land. A-men.

- 2 Thou know'st not which may thrive  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious germs alive  
When and wherever strown.
- 3 And duly shall appear  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.
- 5 Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

## 355

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

Hap - py the man, who knows His Mas - ter to o - bey;

Whose life of care and la - bor flows, Where God points out the way. A-men.

2 He riseth to his task,  
Soon as the word is given,  
Nor waits, nor doth a question ask,  
When orders come from heaven.

3 Nothing he calls his own;  
Nothing he hath to say;

His feet are shod for God alone,  
And God alone obey.

4 Give us, O God, this mind,  
Which waits for Thy command,  
And doth his highest pleasure find  
In Thy great work to stand.

REV. THOMAS C. UPHAM, 1872

## 356

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

E. MILLER, 1790

My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev - 'ry ser - vice I can pay,

And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dic-tates and o - bey. A-men.

2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end,  
Thine ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend!

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him who for my ransom died;

Nor could the bowers of Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His dying love, His saving power.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

WELTON L. M.

Rev. C. H. A. MALAN, 1880

Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will:

It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still? A-men.

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for aught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises, — what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign

Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857

HOLLEY L. M.

G. HEWS, 1835

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak in liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy erring children lost and lone. A-men.

2 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

3 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

4 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

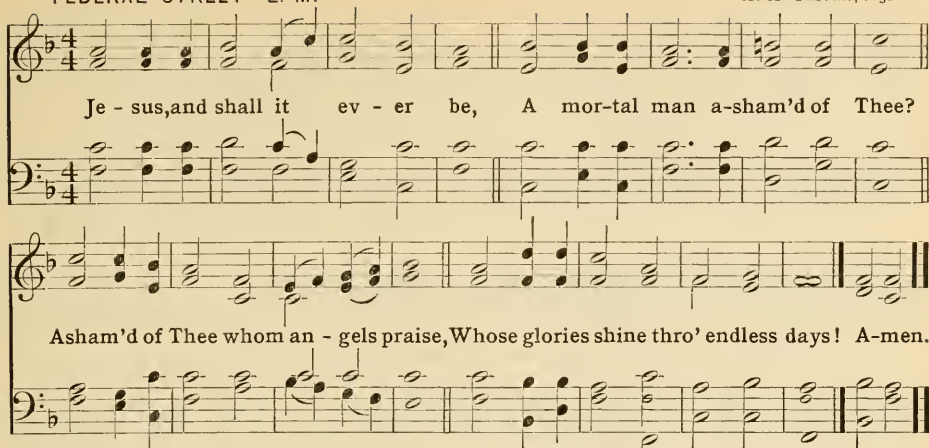
5 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
Until Thy blessèd face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872

## 359

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. OLIVER, 1832



Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - sham'd of Thee?  
Asham'd of Thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days! A - men.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

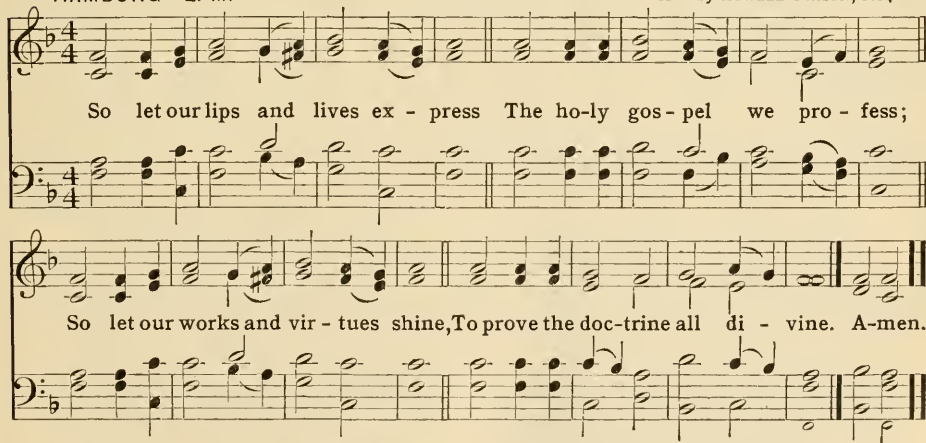
- No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765

## 360

HAMBURG L. M.

ART. BY LOWELL MASON, 1824



So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;  
So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine. A - men.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God;  
When His salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessèd hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord;  
And faith stands leaning on His word.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR, 1847

O God, in Whom we live and move, Thy love is law, Thy law is love;

Thy pres-ent Spir-it waits to fill The soul which comes to do Thy will. A-men.

2 Unto Thy children's spirits teach  
Thy love, beyond the powers of speech;  
And make them know, with joyful awe,  
The encircling presence of Thy law.

Nor suffers one true word or thought,  
Or deed of love, to come to nought.

3 Its patient working doth fulfil  
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,

4 Such faith, O God! our spirits fill,  
That we may work in patience still:  
Who works for justice, works for Thee;  
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

MARYTON L. M.

H. P. SMITH, 1874

O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free,

Tell me thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.

In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

3 Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee  
In closer, dearer company,

2 In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way;  
In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1879

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864

O Mas - ter, when Thou call - est, No voice may say Thee nay,

For blest are they that fol - low Where Thou dost lead the way:

In fresh - est prime of morn - ing, Or full - est glow of noon,

The note of heav'n-ly warn - ing Can nev - er come too soon. A-men.

2 O Master, where Thou callest,  
 No foot may shrink in fear,  
 For they who trust Thee wholly  
 Shall find Thee ever near:  
 And chamber still and lonely,  
 Or busy harvest-field,  
 Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,  
 Shall precious produce yield.

3 O Master, whom Thou callest,  
 No heart may dare refuse;  
 'Tis honor, highest honor,  
 When Thou dost deign to use:

Our brightest and our fairest,  
 Our dearest—all are Thine;  
 Thou Who for each one carest,  
 We hail Thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve Thee,  
 We too who serve at home,  
 May watch and pray together  
 Until Thy kingdom come:  
 In Thee for age united,  
 Our song of hope we raise,  
 Till that blest shore is sighted  
 When all shall turn to praise.

LINCOLN 7.6.7.6.

M. VULPIUS, 1604

O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread

With Je - sus as your fel - low, To Je - sus as your head. A-men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 O happy if ye labor<br/>As Jesus did for men!<br/>O happy if ye hunger<br/>As Jesus hungered then!</p> <p>3 The cross that Jesus carried,<br/>He carried as your due:<br/>The crown that Jesus weareth,<br/>He weareth it for you.</p> <p>4 The faith by which ye see Him,<br/>The hope in which ye yearn,<br/>The love that through all troubles<br/>To Him alone will turn;</p> | <p>5 The trials that beset you,<br/>The sorrows ye endure,<br/>The manifold temptations<br/>That death alone can cure;</p> <p>6 What are they but His jewels,<br/>Of right celestial worth?<br/>What are they but the ladder<br/>Set up to heaven on earth?</p> <p>7 O happy band of pilgrims,<br/>Look upward to the skies,<br/>Where such a light affliction<br/>Shall win so great a prize!</p> |
|--|--|

ST. JOSEPH. TR. J. M. NEALE

## 365

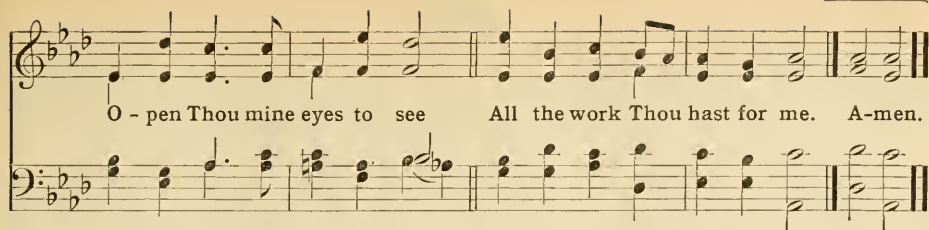
NORICUM Six 7s.

F. JAMES, 1904

Je - sus, Mas - ter, whom I serve, Tho' so fee - bly and so ill,

Strength-en hand and heart and nerve All Thy bid - ding to ful - fil;





O - pen Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me. A-men.

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,  
Service such as I can bring;  
Yet I long to prove and show  
Full allegiance to my King.  
Thou an honor art to me;  
Let me be a praise to Thee.

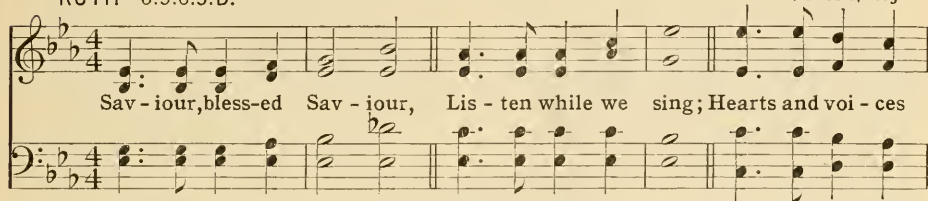
3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use  
One who owes Thee more than all?  
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;  
Only let me hear Thy call.  
Jesus, let me always be,  
In Thy service, glad and free.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874

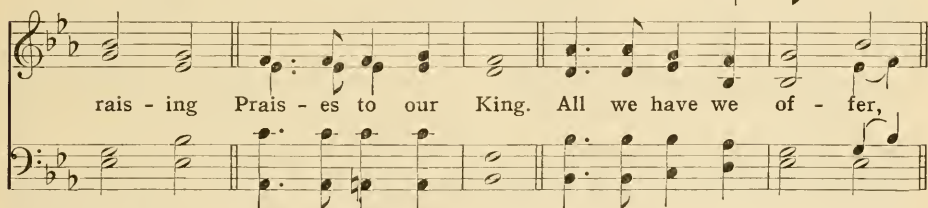
## 366

RUTH 6.5.6.5.D.

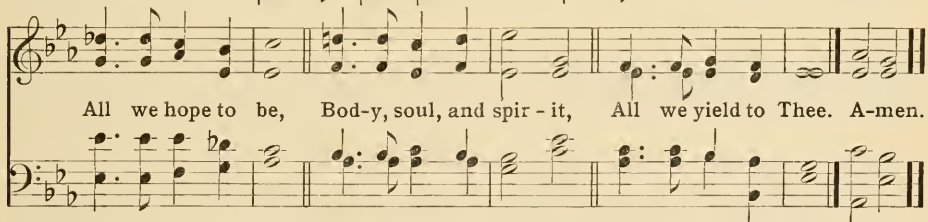
S. SMITH, 1865



Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces



rais - ing Prais - es to our King. All we have we of - fer,



All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A-men.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die:  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there;

Where no pain, or sorrow,  
Toil, or care, is known,  
Where the angel legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessèd Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1858

DILIGENCE 7.6.7.5.D.

LOWELL MASON, 1864

Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morn - ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A-men.

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2 Work, for the night is coming:  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon;  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies;  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

## 368

STOCKWELL 8.7.8.7.

D. E. JONES, 1851

He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. A - men.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
Bright the rays celestial shine;  
Precious fruits will thus be given,  
Through an influence all divine.  
Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
Let no fears thy soul annoy;

Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.  
4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,  
See the rising grain appear;  
Look again: the fields are whitening,  
For the harvest time is near.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1836

## 369

HARLECH 8.8.8.6.

Welsh Air

O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pi - ty grant Thy light;

Teach us as ev - er in Thysight, To live our life to Thee. A - men.

2 And Thou Who cam'st on earth to die,  
That fallen man might live thereby,  
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,  
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;  
That every word, and deed, and thought  
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,  
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:

Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,  
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;  
May we, where help is needed, there  
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above  
All those who give to Thee.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, 1879

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
 Could pierce beyond the grave,  
 Who saw his Master in the sky,  
 And called on Him to save:  
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
 In midst of mortal pain,  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
 Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few  
 On whom the Spirit came,  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
 And mocked the cross and flame:  
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
 The lion's gory mane;  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
 Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid,  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed:  
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
 Through peril, toil, and pain:  
 O God, to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

## 370

WARRIOR C. M. D.

(Second Tune)

REV. A. MACDONALD, 1877

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,

Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A-men.

Organ

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to

Ped.

gain: His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train?

Harmony

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o - ver pain,

Choir Organ No Pedals

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.

Unison (Men's Voices if preferred)

3 The mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,

Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds

Peds.

Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;

*Harmony*

4 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,

*Choir Organ No Pedals*

He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?

*Unison (Trebles only, if preferred)*

5 A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,

*No Pedals*

Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame.

*Unison (Men's voices if preferred)*

*Ped.*

6 They met the ty-rant's bran-dish'd steel, The li-on's go-ry mane,

They bow'd their necks, the death to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?

*Harmony*

7 A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

*Choir Organ. No Pedals*

A - round the Sav-iour's throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed.



Unison. Slower

8 They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Through per - il,

Slower

ff Full

Ped.

toil, and pain: . . . . O God, to us may grace be giv'n

rall. pp

To fol - low in their train. A - men, A - - men.

pp

pp

pp

pp 16 ft. Ped. only

WAREHAM L. M.

W. KNAPP, 1738

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;

March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus our great Cap-tain's gone. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,<br>But hell and sin are vanquished foes;<br>Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,<br>And sung the triumph when He rose. | There peace and joy eternal reign,<br>And glittering robes for conquerors wait.   |
| 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,<br>Press forward to the heavenly gate;   | 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,<br>And triumph in almighty grace;<br>While all the armies of the skies<br>Join in my glorious Leader's praise. |

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

## 372

NIAGARA L. M.

R. JACKSON

Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.

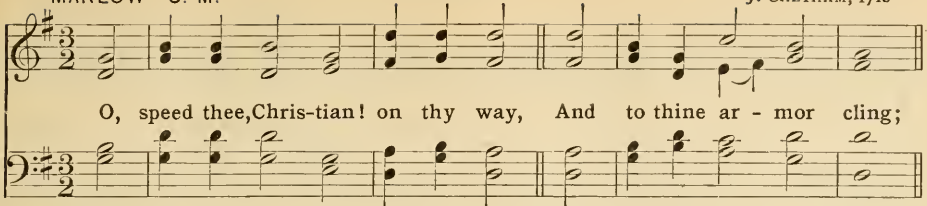
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Run the straight race through God's good<br>Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; [grace,<br>Life with its way before us lies,<br>Christ is the path, and Christ the prize. | Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove<br>Christ is its life, and Christ its love.  |
| 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide,<br>His boundless mercy will provide;   | 4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,<br>He changeth not, and thou art dear:<br>Only believe, and thou shalt see<br>That Christ is all in all to thee. |

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863

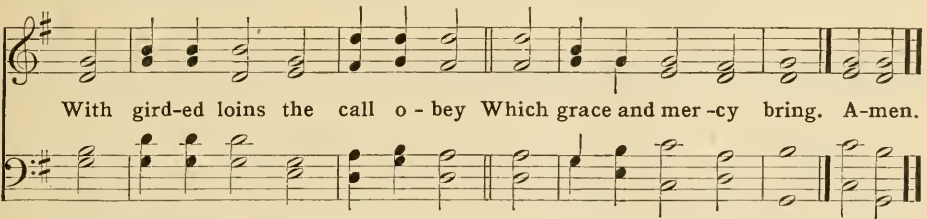
## 373

MARLOW C. M.

J. CHETHAM, 1718



O, speed thee, Chris-tian! on thy way, And to thine ar - mor cling;



With gird-ed loins the call o - bey Which grace and mer-cy bring. A-men.

2 There is a battle to be fought,  
An upward race to run,  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A victory to be won.

3 O, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs  
Are heard before the throne;  
The race must come before the prize,  
The cross before the crown.

Anon.

## 374

DEDHAM C. M.

W. GARDINER, 1812



Work-man of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;



And in the dark-est bat - tle - field Thou shalt know where to strike. A-men.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when He  
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine,  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,

And, of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

5 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God;  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee His road.

6 For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849

## MIRFIELD C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872

Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?  
 And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? A-men.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer though they die;  
 They view the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all Thine armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1723

## 376

## CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1728

A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly race de-  
 mands thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. A-men.

MARION S. M. *With Refrain*

A. H. MESSITER, 1883

Re - joyce, ye pure in heart, Re - joyce, give thanks and sing;

Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.

*Refrain*

Re - joyce, re - joyce, Re - joyce, give thanks and sing. A-men.  
Re - joyce, re - joyce,

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,  
Strong men and maidens meek,  
Raise high your free, exulting song,  
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,  
With all the saints on earth,  
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4 Yes, on through life's long path,  
Still chanting as ye go;  
From youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.

5 Still lift your standard high,  
Still march in firm array;  
As warriors through the darkness toil  
Till dawns the golden day.

6 At last the march shall end,  
The wearied ones shall rest,  
The pilgrims find their Father's house,  
Jerusalem the blest..

7 Then on, ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;  
Your glorious banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King.

REV. EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, 1865

(CHRISTMAS) C. M.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new luster boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

AMERTON S.M.

W. HAYNES

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,

Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. A-men.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts passed,

Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry  
In all His soldiers, "Come,"  
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
And takes the conquerors home.

Rev CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

MARCH TO VICTORY Irregular

J. BARNEY, 1869

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,

With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

FINE *Last verse only*

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. A-men.

His arm

We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to

meet Him; And we put to . . . flight the . . . ar - mies of night,

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of day may greet Him. We

- 2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,  
Our helmet is His salvation,  
Our banner, the cross of Calvary,  
Our watch-word, the Incarnation.
- 3 And the choir of angels with song awaits  
Our march to the golden Zion;  
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
And burst the bars of iron.
- 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
With the banner of Christ before us,  
With His eye of love looking down from above,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

## 380

LABAN S. M.

(First Tune)

L. MASON, 1830

My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A-men.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
Up to His blest abode.

REV. GEORGE HEATH, 1781

## 380

CALVIN S. M.

(Second Tune)

Anon.

My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A-men.



LUSTLEIGH 7.6.7.6.D.

S. WEEKES

Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol-dier, Be-neath His ban-ner true:

The Lord Him-self, thy lead-er, Shall all thy foes sub-due.

His love fore-tells thy tri-als, He knows thine hour-ly need;

He can, with bread of heav-en, Thy faint-ing spir-it feed. A-men.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Fear not the secret foe;  
 Far more are o'er thee watching  
 Than human eyes can know.  
 Trust only Christ, thy captain,  
 Cease not to watch and pray;  
 Heed not the treacherous voices  
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
 Till Satan's host is vanquished,  
 And heaven is all possessed;

Till Christ Himself shall call Thee  
 To lay thine armor by,  
 And wear, in endless glory,  
 The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Fear not the gathering night;  
 The Lord has been thy shelter,  
 The Lord will be thy light;  
 When morn His face revealeth,  
 Thy dangers all are past;  
 O pray that faith and virtue  
 May keep thee to the last.

BROTHERS' VOICES 7.6.7.6.D.

H. J. STORER

O broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um-phant songs to raise,

*Spirited**f*

Till heav'n on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with praise!

Ten thou-sand hearts are bound-ing With ho - ly hopes and free;

The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of ju - bi - lee. A-men.

2 O, Christian brothers, glorious  
 Shall be the conflict's close:  
 The cross hath been victorious,  
 And shall be o'er its foes.  
 Faith is our battle-token:  
 Our Leader all controls;  
 Our trophies, fetters broken;  
 Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,  
 To Thee all praise be due!  
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
 Has freed our brethren too.  
 Not unto us: in glory  
 The angels catch the strain,  
 And cast their crowns before Thee  
 Exulting again.

Bishop E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1848

## 383

## NATIVITY C. M.

H. LAHER, 1855

God's trumpet wakes the slumb'ring world: Now each man to his post!

The red-cross ban-ner is un-furled: Who joins the glo - rious host. A-men.

2 He who in fealty to the truth,  
 And counting all the cost,  
 Doth consecrate his generous youth,—  
 He joins the noble host.

4 He who with calm, undaunted will  
 Ne'er counts the battle lost  
 But, though defeated, battles still,—  
 He joins the faithful host.

3 He who no anger on his tongue,  
 Nor any idle boast,  
 Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—  
 He joins the sacred host.

5 He who is ready for the Cross,  
 The cause despised loves most,  
 And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—  
 He joins the martyr host.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D.

*(First Tune)*

G. J. WEBB, 1837

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve Him"  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:

To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1858

## 384

(Second Tune)

STAND UP FOR JESUS 7.6.7.6.D.

J. BARNEY, 1889

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

## 385

FIDES PATRUM Six 8s.

(First Tune)

G. PERCY HARRIS, 1905

Sur-round-ed by un-number'd foes, A-gainst my soul the bat-tle goes;

Yet tho' I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest:

I lift my tear-ful eyes a-bove,— His ban-ner o-ver me is love. A-men.

Org.

Copyright, 1905, by W. GARRETT HORDER

2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,  
 Though flesh may faint upon the field;  
 He waves before my fading sight  
 The branch of palm, the crown of light:  
 I lift my brightening eyes above,—  
 His banner over me is love.

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,  
 His veil of splendor curtain Him;  
 And in the midnight of my fear  
 I may not feel Him standing near:  
 But, as I lift mine eyes above,  
 His banner over me is love.

GERALD MASSEY, 1869

## 385

CREDO Six 8s.

(Second Tune)

J. STAINER, 1875

Sur-round-ed by un-num-ber'd foes, A-gainst my soul the bat-tle goes;

Yet tho' I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest:

*Slower*

I lift my tear-ful eyes a - bove,—His ban-ner o - ver me is love. A-men.

*Org.*

## 386

DAVID 6.5.6.5.D.

T. MORLEY

On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move, Hearn-en to our

prais-es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can-not

be! Is our sky be - cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! A-men.

2 If with honest-hearted  
Love for God and man,  
Day by day Thou find us  
Doing what we can,  
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time  
Wilt give large increase,  
Crown the head with blessings,  
Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing  
Gladly let us go;  
Conquered hath our Leader;  
Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety,  
Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing  
Now and evermore.

## COURAGE, BROTHER 8.7.8.7.D.

A. S. SULLIVAN

Cour-age, brother! do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;

There's a star to guide the hum-ble: "Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary, And its end far out of sight, Foot it bravely;

strong or wea-ry, Trust in God, Trust in God, Trust in God, and do the right. A-men.

- 2 Perish policy and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light!  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
Trust in God, and do the right.  
Trust no party, sect, or faction;  
Trust no leaders in the fight;  
But in every word and action  
Trust in God, and do the right.
- 3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—  
Fiends may look like angels bright;  
Trust no custom, school, or fashion:  
Trust in God, and do the right.

- Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee:  
Trust in God, and do the right.
- 4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,  
Inward peace, and inward might,  
Star upon our path abiding,—  
Trust in God, and do the right.  
Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble:  
"Trust in God, and do the right.



VEXILLUM 6.5.6.5.D.

H. SMART, 1874

Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers

To their home on high. Marching thro' the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,

Still with hearts u-nit - ed Sing-ing on our way. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner,

Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A-men.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet:  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way. — Ref.

3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour. — Ref.

4 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy throne of love;  
When the toil is over,  
Then come rest and peace  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease. — Ref.

(First Tune)

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6.5.6.5.D.

J. B. DYKES, 1868

Chris-tian, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground,

How the hosts of dark-ness Com-press thee a-round?

Chris-tian, up and smite them, Count-ing gain but loss;

Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol-dier of the cross. A-men.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,  
 How they work within,  
 Striving, tempting, luring,  
 Goading into sin?  
 Christian, never tremble;  
 Never be downcast;  
 Gird thee for the battle,  
 Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,  
 How they speak thee fair?  
 "Always fast and vigil?  
 Always watch and prayer?"  
 Christian, answer boldly:  
 "While I breathe I pray:"  
 Peace shall follow battle,  
 Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,  
O My servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too;

But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne."

St. ANDREW of Crete, 700. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1862

## 389

HOLY WAR 6.5.6.5.D.  
*Voices in Unison*

(*Second Tune*)

J. BOOTH, 1887

Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,

How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?

*Harmony*

Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;

*Organ Ped.*

Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of . . . the cross. A - men.

VIGILATE 7.7.7.3.

W. H. MONK, 1868

Chris-tian! seek not yet re- pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way,

Thou art in the midst of foes: "Watch . . and pray." A-men.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one:  
"Watch and pray."

4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word,  
"Watch and pray."

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All with one sweet voice exclaim,  
"Watch and pray."

5 Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down:  
"Watch and pray."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

## 391

ARMAGEDDON 6.5.6.5. 12 1.

Arr. by J. Goss, 1871

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His

help - ers Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for

Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine,

We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine. A - men.

2 Not for weight of glory,  
 Not for crown and palm,  
 Enter we the army,  
 Raise the warrior psalm;  
 But for love that claimeth  
 Lives for whom He died:  
 He whom Jesus nameth  
 Must be on His side.  
 By Thy love constraining,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
 Not with gold or gem,  
 But with Thine own life-blood,  
 For Thy diadem:  
 With Thy blessing filling  
 Each who comes to Thee,  
 Thou hast made us willing,  
 Thou hast made us free.  
 By Thy grand redemption,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,  
 Strong may be the foe,  
 But the King's own army  
 None can overthrow:  
 Round His standard ranging,  
 Victory is secure;  
 For His truth unchanging  
 Makes the triumph sure.  
 Joyfully enlisting  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers  
 In an alien land,  
 Chosen, called, and faithful,  
 For our Captain's hand;  
 In the service royal  
 Let us not grow cold;  
 Let us be right loyal,  
 Noble, true, and bold.  
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 Always on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, always Thine.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848

Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Chris-tians, on-ward go:

Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:  
March in heavenly armor clad:  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Victory soon shall tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;

Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then in battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

V. 1, 2, HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804

V. 3, 4, FRANCES FULLER-MAITLAND, 1827

## 393

ST. GERTRUDE 6.5.6.5. 121.

A. SULLIVAN, 1871

On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore: Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter

Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

- 2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory:  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, etc.
- 3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, etc.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, etc.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud, and honor  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, etc.

Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-fore us,  
 Not a look be-hind. Burns the fie-ry pil-lar At our ar-my's head;  
 Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des-ert,  
 Thro' the toil and fight! Jordan flows before us; Zi-on beams with light. A-men.

- 2 Forward, when in childhood  
 Buds the infant mind;  
 All through youth and manhood,  
 Not a thought behind:  
 Speed through realms of nature,  
 Climb the steps of grace;  
 Faint not, till in glory  
 Gleams our Father's face.  
 Forward, all the life-time,  
 Climb from height to height,  
 Till the head be hoary,  
 Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,  
 Salt of all the earth,  
 Till each yearning purpose  
 Spring to glorious birth.  
 Sick, they ask for healing,  
 Blind, they grope for day;

- Pour upon the nations  
 Wisdom's loving ray.  
 Forward, out of error,  
 Leave behind the night;  
 Forward, through the darkness  
 Forward, into light!
- 4 Glories upon glories  
 Hath our God prepared,  
 By the souls that love Him  
 One day to be shared:  
 Eye hath not beheld them,  
 Ear hath never heard;  
 Nor of these have uttered  
 Thought or speech a word.  
 Forward, marching eastward  
 Where the heaven is bright,  
 Till the veil be lifted,  
 Till our faith be sight.





## BURLINGTON C. M.

J. BURROWES, 1830

Lord, it be- longs not to my care Wheth-er I die or live;

To love and serve thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give. A-men.

- 2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before;  
He that unto God's kingdom comes, Must enter by this door.
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me Thy blessèd face to see; [meet
- 4 For, if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glory be?  
My knowledge of that life is small; The eye of faith is dim;  
But it's enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him.

REV. RICHARD BAXTER, 1681

## 398

## DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1533

God moves in a mys- te- rious way His won- ders to per- form;

He plants His foot- steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A-men.

- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain:  
God is His own Interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772

## 399

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

## GERONTIUS C. M.

Fa - ther of love, our guide and friend, O lead us gen - tly on,  
Un - til life's tri - al - time shall end, And heav'n-ly peace be won. A-men.

2 We know not what the path may be  
As yet by us untrod;  
But we can trust our all to Thee,  
Our Father and our God.

3 But if some darker lot be good,  
O teach us to endure  
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
That make the spirit pure.

4 Christ by no flowery pathway came;  
And we, His followers here,  
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,  
In hope, and love, and fear.

5 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,  
And faultless anthems raise,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
Accept our feeble praise.

Rev. WILLIAM J. IRONS, 1844

## 400

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

## BEATITUDO C. M.

While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;  
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A-men.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;  
To Thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, 1786

EVERSLEY C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN

There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,

Re - served for all the heirs of grace: O be that ref - uge mine! A - men.

2 The least and feeblest there may bide  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,  
And aid with friendly arm;  
And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair  
Of love and truth divine;  
O child of God, O glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all!

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

## 402

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. from HANS G. NAGELI, by LOWELL MASON, 1836

Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - men.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. Alt. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

## 403

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to Him be - long, It mat - ters  
not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong. A - men.

2 He whispers in my breast  
Sweet words of holy cheer:  
How they who seek in God their rest  
Shall ever find Him near;

3 How God hath built above,  
A city fair and new,  
Where eye and heart shall see and prove  
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs,  
It cannot more be sad;  
For very joy it laughs and sings,—  
Sees nought but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes  
Is Christ, the Lord I love;  
I sing for joy of that which lies  
Stored up for me above.

REV. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656

## 404

CLIFTON S. M.

J. BRAHAM, 1863

I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;  
And with un - fal - t'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - iour mine. A - men.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;  
I bury in His tomb  
Each thought of unbelief and fear,  
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;  
I trust His truth and might;  
He calls me His, I call Him mine,  
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis He who saveth me,  
And freely pardon gives;  
I love because He loveth me,  
I live because He lives.

5 My life with Him is hid,  
My death has passed away,  
My clouds have melted into light,  
My midnight into day.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1863

ST. GILES S. M.

J. M. BELL, 1835

The Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied:  
Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-men.

- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows;  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim;  
And guides me, in His own right way,  
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;
- Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love  
Shall crown my following days;  
Nor from Thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

ST. ANDREW S. M.

J. BARNEY, 1866

My spir-it on Thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;  
Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art Love di-vine. A-men.

- 2 In Thee I place my trust,  
On Thee I calmly rest;  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform;
- Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me;  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

DENNIS S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI

How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!

"Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care." A-men.

2 While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell;  
That hand, which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
Down to the present day;  
I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

## 408

BARCLAY S. M.

REV. H. B. TURNER

My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;

My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care. A-men.

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2 My times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand;  
Why should I doubt or fear?

A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the crucified;  
The hand my cruel sins had pierced  
Is now my guard and guide.

WILLIAM F. LLÖYD, 1835

WARD L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830

God is the ref - uge of His saints When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade:

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold Him pres - ent with His aid. A - men.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

## 410

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er. A - men.

2 Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.



4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house forever.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER, 1868

411

CARA PATRIA 7.6.7.6.D.

H. M. HIGGS

In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A-men.

2 Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850

Ev - er - last - ing arms of love Are be - neath, a - round, a - bove;

He who left His throne of light, And un - num - bered an - gels bright;

He who on th'ac - curs - ed tree Gave His pre - cious life for me;

He it is that bears me on, His the arm I lean up - on. A - men.

2 All things hasten to decay,  
 Earth and sea will pass away;  
 Soon will yonder circling sun  
 Cease his blazing course to run.  
 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,  
 But the Changeless cannot change:  
 Gladly will I journey on,  
 With His arm to lean upon.

LONSDALE 7.7.7.7.

F. A. J. HERVEY

Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To His gra-cious prom - ise flee,

Lay - ing hold up - on His word, "As thy days, thy strength shall be." A-men.

- 2 If the sorrows of thy case  
Seem peculiar, still to thee,  
God has promised needful grace;  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be." 4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,  
With Thy promise, full and free,  
Faithful, positive, and sure,  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1835

ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on His word;

Thou shalt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith - ful - ness. A-men.

- 2 Ever in the raging storm  
Thou shalt see His cheering form,  
Hear His pledge of coming aid:  
"It is I, be not afraid." 4 He will gird thee by His power,  
In thy weary, fainting hour;  
Lean then, loving, on His word;  
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Rev. JOHN CENNICK, 1745

ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1862

Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand:

Bread of heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more. A - men.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

W. WILLIAMS, 1745

## 416

(First Tune)

HE LEADETH ME L. M. D. *With Refrain*

W. B. BRADEURY, 1864

He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.

REFRAIN

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;

Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

REV. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1862

## 416

(Second Tune)

LAMPADARIUS L. M. *Without Refrain*

A. H. MANN, 1894

He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. Amen.

Lead us, Heav'nly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-u-ous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
 All our weakness Thou dost know;  
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;  
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
 Love with every passion blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy;  
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1821

Lead us, Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, lead us, O'er the world's tem-pest-u-ous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee;

Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-men.

## 418

TRUST 8.7.8.7.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th' Al-mighty's shade,

In His se-cret hab-i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis-mayed. A-men.

- 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.
- 3 From the sword, at noonday wasting,  
From the noisome pestilence,  
In the depth of midnight, blasting,  
God shall be thy sure defence.
- 4 God shall charge His angel legions  
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
- 5 Though thou walk through hostile regions  
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
- 5 Since, with pure and firm affection,  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of His protection  
He will shield thee from above.
- 6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
He will hearken, He will save;  
Here for grief reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone;

Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me On through dan - gers oft un-known.

When I wan - dered, Thou hast found me; When I doubt - ed, sent me light;

Still Thine arm has been a-round me, All my paths were in Thy sight. A-men.

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2 In the world will foes assail me,  
 Craftier, stronger far than I;  
 And the strife may never fail me,  
 Well I know, before I die.  
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing  
 Thou canst give the power I need;  
 Through the prayer of faith receiving  
 Strength, — the Spirit's strength indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,  
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm,  
 Follow wholly Thy directing,  
 Thou, mine only guard from harm!  
 Keep me from mine own undoing,  
 Help me turn to Thee when tried;  
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
 Keep me ever at Thy side.



WHITTIER 8.6.8.8.6.

F. C. MAKER

Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fev - 'rish ways!

Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives thy

ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise. A - men.

- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word  
Rise up and follow Thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
The silence of eternity,  
Interpreted by love!
- 4 With that deep hush subduing all  
Our words and works that drown  
The tender whisper of Thy call,  
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall  
As fell Thy manna down.
- 5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease:  
Take from our souls the strain and stress;  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.
- 6 Breathe through the pulses of desire  
Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still small voice of calm!

## 421

HANFORD 8.8.8.4.

(First Tune)

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" A-men.

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot, 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
Let me be still and murmur not, With Thy good Spirit for its guest,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
"Thy will be done!" "Thy will be done!"
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh 6 Renew my will from day to day,  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh, Blend it with Thine, and take away  
Submissive still would I reply, All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done!" "Thy will be done!"
- 4 If Thou should'st call me to resign 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine; The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I only yield Thee what is Thine; I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done!" "Thy will be done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834

## 421

TROYTE, No. 1. (*Chant*)

(Second Tune)

A. H. D. TROYTE, 1857

My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" A-men.

HARLAND Eight 6s.

J. STAINER

My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;

Through sor - row, or through joy, . Con - duct me as Thine own,

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A-men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:  
 If needy here and poor,  
 Give me Thy people's bread,  
 Their portion rich and sure.  
 The manna of Thy word  
 Let my soul feed upon;  
 And if all else should fail,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear.

Since Thou on earth hast wept  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:  
 All shall be well for me;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee.  
 Straight to my home above,  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing in life or death,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

CIVITAS DEI 7.6.8.6.D.

A. J. CALDICOTT

Organ

Not in dumb res-ig-na-tion We lift our hands on high;

Not like the nerve-less fa-tal-ist Con-tent to trust and die.

Our faith springs like the ea-gle Who soars to meet the sun,

And cries ex-ult-ing un-to Thee O Lord, Thy will be done! A-men.

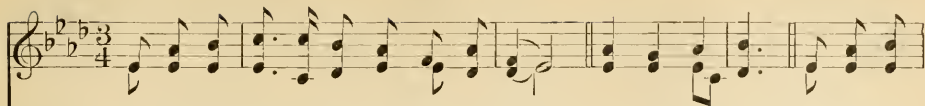
2 When tyrant feet are trampling  
 Upon the common weal,  
 Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe  
 Beneath the iron heel.  
 In Thy name we assert our right  
 By sword or tongue or pen,  
 And e'en the headsmen's axe may flash  
 Thy message unto men.

3 Thy will! It strengthens weakness,  
 It bids the strong be just;  
 No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,  
 No brow to seek the dust.  
 Wherever man oppresses man  
 Beneath Thy liberal sun  
 O Lord be there Thine arm made bare,  
 Thy righteous will be done!

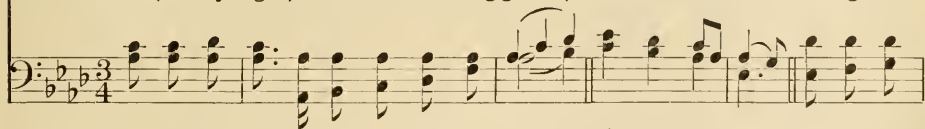
## 424

LUX BENIGNA 10 4.10.4.10.10. (*First Tune*)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867



Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I



do not ask to see . . The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me. A-men.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

NEWMAN 10.4.10.4.10.10.

(Second Tune)

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1867

1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on,  
 2 I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on,

*mf Swell*

*Ped.* *Man.*

Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
 Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I  
 Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: I lov'd the gar - ish

*p*

*Ped.* *Man.*

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene, — one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.

*rit.* *p*

3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,

*p*

*Man.*

Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

*f Gt. Full*

*Ped.*

The night is gone, The night is gone; And with the morn those

*p Sev.*

*Man.*

an-gel fa-ces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while. A-men.

*rit.*

SANDON 10.4.10.4.10.10.

(Third Tune)

C. H. PURDAY, 1860

Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead thou me on, The

night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep Thou my  
(2) I lov'd to choose

feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me. A-men.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

- 3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Rev. JOHN H. NEWMAN, 1833

PENIEL Six 8s.

J. BOOTH, 1887

Leave God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in Him what-e'er be - tide;



Thou'lt find Him in the e - vil days Thine all - suf - fi - cient strength and guide:

Who trusts in God's unchang-ing love, Builds on the rock that naught can move. A-men.

- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still  
 And wait in cheerful hope content  
 To take whate'er His gracious will,  
 His all discerning love hath sent:  
 Doubt not our inmost wants are known  
 To Him who chose us for his own.

Geo. Neumarck. Tr. Cath. Winkworth

## 426

ST. DENYS 6.6.6.6.

F. Spinney

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be! . . .

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path . . . for me. A-men.

- 2 I dare not choose my lot;  
 I would not, if I might;  
 Choose Thou for me, my God,  
 So shall I walk aright.
- 3 The kingdom that I seek  
 Is Thine: so let the way  
 That leads to it be Thine,  
 Else I must surely stray.
- 4 Take Thou my cup, and it  
 With joy or sorrow fill,

- As best to Thee may seem;  
 Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 5 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness, or my health;  
 Choose Thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.
- 6 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
 In things or great, or small;  
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
 My wisdom, and my all.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to  
 you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have  
 fled. To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? A-men.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,  
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

## 428

SERENITY C. M.

Arr. from W. V. WALLACE

I do not ask that life may be, O Lord, a pleasant road;  
Nor that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its weary load. A-men.

2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,  
Dear Lord, lead me aright: [bleed,  
Though strength should fail, and heart should  
Lead me through peace to light.

3 I do not ask to understand  
My cross, my way to see;

Let me, in darkness, feel Thy hand,  
And simply follow Thee.

4 Joy is like day, but peace divine  
May rule the quiet night:

Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,  
O Lord, through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1862

## 429

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872

O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, remember me. A-men.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:  
In love, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O let my strength be as my day!  
For good, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble frame should be,  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:  
Hear and remember me.

5 And O when in the hour of death  
I own Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
Dear Lord, remember me!

Rev. THOMAS HAWES, 1792

SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. BOOTH, 1887

O what, if we are Christ's, Is earth-ly shame or loss?

Bright shall the crown of glo-ry be, When we have borne the cross. A-men.

2 Keen was the trial once,  
The bitter cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here.

3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

5 Enough, if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1852

BIRSTALL L. M.

A. WIDDOP, 1790

O Love di-vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-t'rest tear,

On Thee we cast each earthborn care: We smile at pain while Thou art near! A-men.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year;  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear;

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love divine, forever dear;  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1859

PENITENCE 6.5.6.5.D.

S. LANE, 1879

In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee:

When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call, . .

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.

- 2 With its witching pleasures  
 Would this vain world charm,  
 Or its sordid treasures  
 Spread to work me harm,  
 Bring to my remembrance  
 Sad Gethsemane,  
 Or, in darker semblance,  
 Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 If with sore affliction  
 Thou in love chastise,  
 Pour Thy benediction  
 On the sacrifice;

- Then, upon Thine altar  
 Freely offered up,  
 Though the flesh may falter,  
 Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When in dust and ashes  
 To the grave I sink,  
 While heaven's glory flashes  
 O'er the shelving brink,  
 On Thy truth relying  
 Through that mortal strife,  
 Lord, receive me, dying,  
 To eternal life.

NEED 6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.

(First Tune)

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, 1872

I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

*Refrain*

I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A-men.

Copyright, 1900, by MARY RUNYON LOWRY. Renewal. Used by permission

2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.  
I need Thee, etc.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.  
I need Thee, etc.

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.  
I need Thee, etc.

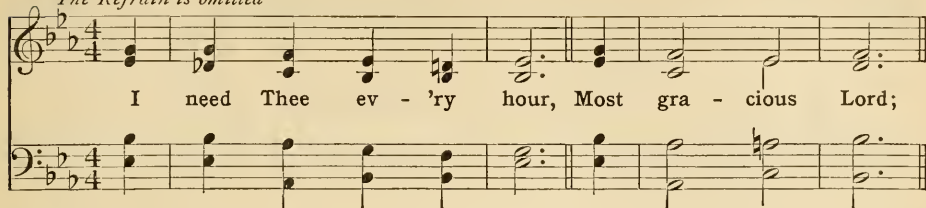
5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
O make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessèd Son!  
I need Thee, etc.

## 433

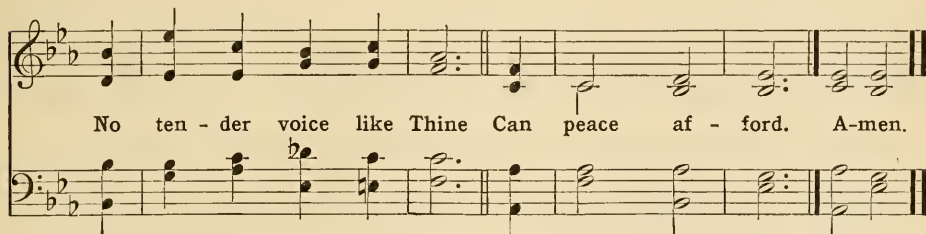
EVERY HOUR 6.4.6.4.

(Second Tune)

Rev. P. R. SLEEMAN, 1863

*The Refrain is omitted*


I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

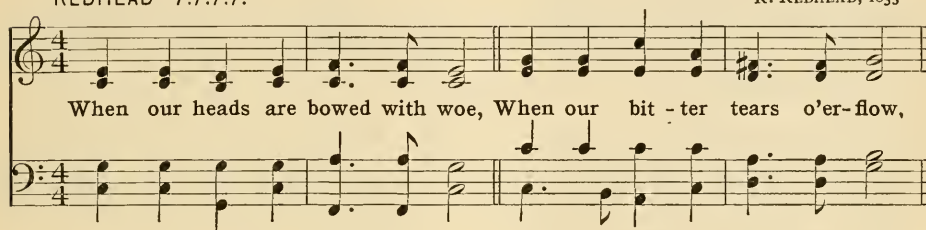


No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford. A - men.

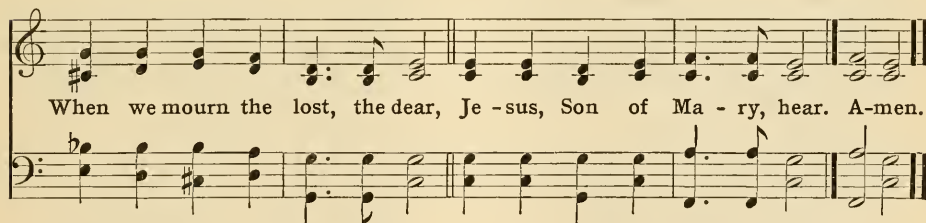
## 434

REDHEAD 7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD, 1853



When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er - flow,



When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear. A - men.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls  
For our own departing souls,  
When our final doom is near,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,

Thou hast filled a mortal bier;  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;  
Though the sins were not Thine own,  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Rev. HENRY H. MILMAN, 1827

BLESSING 8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. BARNEY, 1886

Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra - cious ear;

While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear:

By Thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord. A - men.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When the creature's help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.



## 436

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7.

DR. PEARCE, 1890

Gent - ly, Lord, O gent - ly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,

Through the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change appears. A - men.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let Thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,

Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830

## 437

HANFORD 8.8.8.4.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;

I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my rest. A - men.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;  
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way;  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
O send Thou forth some cheering ray!  
Thou art my light.

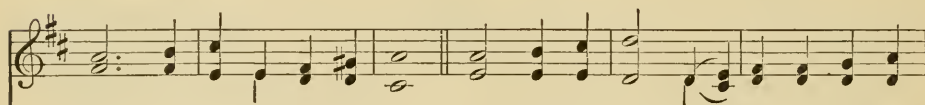
4 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;  
Thou art my life.

5 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, what'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my all.

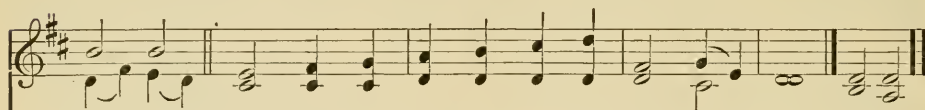
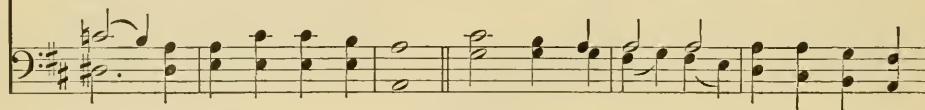
REV. JOHN R. MACDUFF, 1851



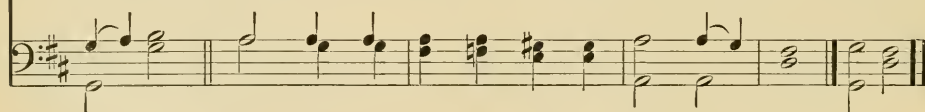
Come un - to Me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad



heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly



Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A - men.



2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,  
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;  
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;  
 Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,  
 Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

## GRASMERE Irregular

J. BARNBY, 1872

Thou know-est, Lord, the wea-ri-ness and sor-row Of the sad heart that

comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to-day, and bur-dens for to-mor-row,

Bless-ings im-plored, and sins to be con-fessed: We come be-fore Thee

at Thy gra-cious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou know-est, Lord. A-men.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly  
 On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;  
 How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
 He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,  
 And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,  
 And brought back life and hope and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness  
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;  
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
 And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
 O, what could hope and confidence afford  
 To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest, Lord!

4 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
 And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;  
 On everlasting strength our weakness staying,  
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:  
 Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,  
 And follow on to know as we are known.

## CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. HAWES, 1792

Walk in the light: so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love His

Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove. A-men.

2 Walk in the light: and sin abhorred  
Shall ne'er defile again;  
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord  
Shall cleanse from every stain.

4 Walk in the light: and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that Light hath on thee shone  
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light: and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.

5 Walk in the light: and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.

6 Walk in the light: and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God Himself is light.

## 441

BERNARD BARTON, 1826

## PATER OMNIUM Six 8s.

H. J. E. HOLMES, 1875

Thou hid-den source of calm re - pose, Thou all suf - fi - cient Love di - vine,

My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am while Thou art mine:

And lo! from sin and grief and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name. A-men.

- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above;  
Comfort it brings, and power and peace  
And joy and everlasting love:  
To me, with Thy great name, are given  
Pardon and holiness and Heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art, —  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;  
The medicine of my broken heart;  
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;  
In shame, my glory and my crown;

- 4 In want, my plentiful supply;  
In weakness, my almighty power;  
In bonds, my perfect liberty;  
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;  
In grief, my joy unspeakable;  
My life in death; my all in all.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

## 442

HEBRON L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830

Be still, my heart! these anxious cares To thee are bur-dens, thorns, and snares;

They cast dis-hon - or on thy Lord, And con-tra-dict His gracious word. A-men.

- 2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want, if He provide,  
Or lose thy way, with such a guide?
- 3 When first before His mercy-seat  
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,  
He gave thee warrant from that hour  
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And He refuse to hear thy call?  
And has He not His promise passed,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For Heaven will make amends for all.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

## ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. ARNE, 1762

When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. A-men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Should earth against my soul engage,<br/>And hellish darts be hurled,<br/>Then I can smile at Satan's rage,<br/>And face a frowning world.</p> <p>3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,<br/>And storms of sorrow fall;</p> | <p>May I but safely reach my home,<br/>My God, my heaven, my all:</p> <p>4 There shall I bathe my weary soul<br/>In seas of heavenly rest,<br/>And not a wave of trouble roll<br/>Across my peaceful breast.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

## CAMDEN ROAD C. M.

A. HUDSON

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound-less sea, . .

Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A-men.

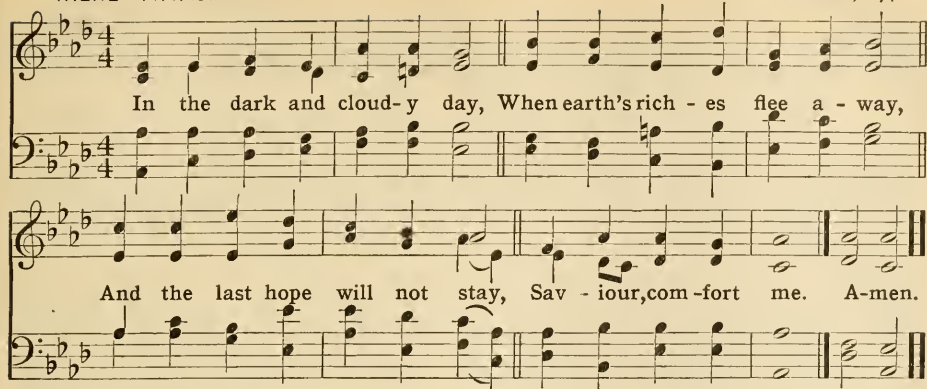
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 We ask not, Father, for repose<br/>Which comes from outward rest,<br/>If we may have through all life's woes<br/>Thy peace within our breast:</p> <p>3 That peace which suffers and is strong,<br/>Trusts where it cannot see,<br/>Deems not the trial-way too long,<br/>But leaves the end with Thee:</p> | <p>4 That peace which flows serene and deep,<br/>A river in the soul,<br/>Whose banks a living verdure keep,<br/>God's sunshine o'er the whole.</p> <p>5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,<br/>Whate'er the outward be,<br/>Till all life's discipline shall cease,<br/>And we go home to Thee.</p> |
|---|---|

Anon.

## 445

IRENE 7.7.7.5.

Rev. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, 1874



In the dark and cloud-y day, When earth's rich - es flee a - way,  
And the last hope will not stay, Sav - iour, com - fort me. A-men.

2 When the secret idol's gone,  
That my poor heart yearned upon,  
Desolate, bereft, alone,  
Saviour, comfort me.

3 Thou who wast so sorely tried,  
In the darkness crucified,  
Bid me in Thy love confide:  
Saviour, comfort me.

4 In these hours of sad distress,  
Let me know He loves no less,

Bids me trust His faithfulness:  
Saviour, comfort me.

5 Not unduly let me grieve,  
Meekly the kind stripes receive  
Let me humbly still believe;  
Saviour, comfort me.

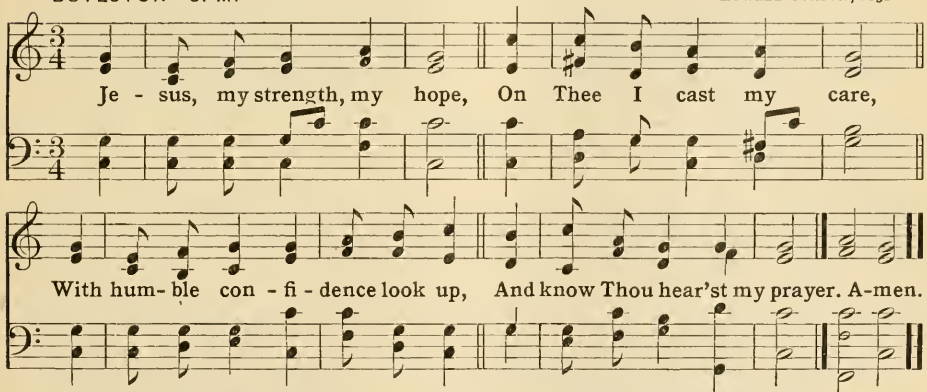
6 So shall it be good for me  
Much afflicted now to be,  
If Thou wilt but tenderly,  
Saviour, comfort me.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853

## 446

BOYLSTON S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832



Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care,  
With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer. A-men.

2 Give me on Thee to wait  
Till I can all things do, —  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

3 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee.

5 But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1824

Your harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake. A-men.

2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,

Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on Thee:  
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall Thy salvation see.

REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1772

DOWNFIELD S. M.

H. E. BUTTON, 1904

Thou ve - ry pres - ent aid In suf - f'ring and dis - tress! The

soul, which still on Thee is stayed, Is kept in per - fect peace. A-men.



TRENTHAM S. M.

R. JACKSON

Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis-mayed: God hears thy

sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Through waves and clouds and storms,<br/>He gently clears thy way:<br/>Wait thou His time, so shall this night<br/>Soon end in joyous day.</p> | <p>4 Far, far above thy thought<br/>His counsel shall appear,<br/>When fully He the work hath wrought<br/>That caused thy needless fear.</p> |
| <p>3 What though thou rulest not,<br/>Yet heaven and earth and hell<br/>Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,<br/>And ruleth all things well.</p>    | <p>5 Let us, in life, in death,<br/>Thy steadfast truth declare,<br/>And publish with our latest breath<br/>Thy love and guardian care.</p>  |

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. Tr. by Rev. JOHN WESLEY, 1739

DOWNFIELD S. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Sorrow and fear are gone,<br/>Whene'er Thy face appears;<br/>It stills the sighing orphan's moan,<br/>And dries the widow's tears.</p> | <p>4 Jesus, to Whom I fly,<br/>Doth all my wishes fill;<br/>In vain the creature streams are dry;<br/>I have the fountain still.</p>          |
| <p>3 It hallows every cross;<br/>It sweetly comforts me;<br/>Helps me to bear my every loss,<br/>And find my all in Thee.</p>               | <p>5 Stripped of my earthly friends,<br/>I find them all in One,<br/>And peace, and joy that never ends,<br/>And heaven, in Christ alone.</p> |

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way;

The Lord is our lead - er, His word is our stay;

Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,

The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A - men.

whom can we

- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;  
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;  
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter? our help is in God.
- 3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;  
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!  
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;  
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;  
 So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;  
 The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home.

Rev. J. N. DARBY, 1858

## 450

(Second Tune)

JUDEA II.II.II.II.

Rev. J. B. DYKES

Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way;

The Lord is our lead - er, His word is our stay;

Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,

The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A - men.

BROCKLESBURY 8.7.8.7.

CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD

Al - ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;

Thus the ris - en Sav-iour whis-pers, From His dwell - ing-place a - bove. A-men.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much, and reaping none;  
Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvests shall be won.

Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear;

4 With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream;  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

Rev. EDWARD H. NEVIN, 1857

LUX ÆTERNA 8.8.8.4.

C. GOUNOD

We can-not al-ways trace the way Where Thou, our gra-cious Lord, dost move,

But we can al - ways sure - ly say That Thou art love. A-men.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling  
O'er earth,—our souls to heaven above,  
As to their sanctuary spring;  
For Thou art love.

In this our soul sweet comfort hath,  
That Thou art love.

3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,  
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;

4 Yes! Thou art love; a truth like this  
Can every gloomy thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;  
Our God is love.

JOHN BOWRING, 1838

## 453

PAX TECUM 10. 10.

*(First Tune)*

C. T. CALDBECK, 1878

Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin: The  
blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A-men.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:  
To do the will of Jesus, — this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop EDWARD BICKERSTETH, 1870

## 453

CŒNA DOMINI 10. 10.

*(Second Tune)*

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin:  
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A-men.

SHARON C. M.

T. WALLHEAD, 1877

Let saints be - low in con - cert sing With those to glo - ry gone;

For all the ser - vants of our King In earth and heav'n are one. A-men.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;

Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

4 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1759

ST. PETER C. M.

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1826

Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness - es En - com-pass us a - round!

Men once like us with suffering tried, But now with glo - ry crowned. A-men.

2 Let us with zeal like theirs inspired,  
Strive in the Christian race;  
And, freed from every weight of sin,  
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,  
Who trod affliction's path—  
Jesus, the author, finisher,  
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before him set,  
And moved by pitying love,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,  
Press we, to God's right hand;  
There, with the Saviour and His saints,  
Triumphantly to stand.

Scotch Paraphrases, 1745

## 456

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1867

For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,

Who fol - low'd Thee, o - bey'd, a - dor'd, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive. A - men.

- 2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Thee their great reward,  
And strove in Thee to die.
- 3 They all in life and death,  
With Thee, their Lord, in view,

- Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this Thy name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in Thee.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1837

## 457

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. MASON, 1832

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - men.

- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772

HARROGATE 6.6.6.6.8.8.

W. SANDERSON, 1904

One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord be - low, a - bove, Zi -

on, one faith is thine, One on - ly watch - word, love: From diff'rent tem - ples

though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies. A - men.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;

One priest before the throne,  
The slain, the risen Son,  
Redeemer, Lord alone:  
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,  
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer,

His tenderest and His last,  
His constant, latest care  
Ere to His throne He passed,  
No longer unfulfilled remain,  
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,

The catholic, the true,  
On all her members breathe,  
Her broken frame renew:  
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
When Christians love and live as one.



From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,

To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed.

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con-qu'rors be;

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A-men.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
And all the sacred throng,  
Who wear the spotless raiment,  
Who raise the ceaseless song;  
For these, passed on before us,  
Saviour, we Thee adore,  
And, walking in their footsteps,  
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,  
And praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit,  
Eternal Three in One;  
Till all the ransomed number  
Fall down before the throne,  
And honor, power, and glory  
Ascribe to God alone.

WAVENEY Eight 7s.

R. S. NEWMAN

Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in-num - er - a - ble throng,

Round the al - tar night and day, Hymn-ing one tri - um-phant song:

"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,

Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-'ry hour." A-men.

2 These through fiery trials trod;  
 These from great afflictions came;  
 Now, before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with His almighty name;  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor-palms in every hand,  
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed;  
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead;  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
 Perfect love dispels all fear,  
 And forever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away the tear.

ST. ASAPH 8.7.8.7.D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE, 1872

Through the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,

Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom - ised land:

Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;

Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Stepping fear - less thro' the night. A - men.

2 One the light of God's own presence  
 O'er His ransomed people shed,  
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
 Brightening all the path we tread;  
 One the object of our journey,  
 One the faith which never tires,  
 One the earnest looking forward,  
 One the hope our God inspires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands  
 Lift as from the heart of one,  
 One the conflict, one the peril,  
 One the march in God begun;

One the gladness of rejoicing  
 On the far eternal shore,  
 Where the One Almighty Father  
 Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
 Onward, with the cross our aid;  
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
 Till we rest beneath its shade:  
 Soon shall come the great awaking,  
 Soon the rending of the tomb;  
 Then the scattering of all shadows,  
 And the end of toil and gloom.

Who are these like stars ap-pear - ing, These be-fore God's throne who stand?

Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?

Al - le - lu - ia! hark, they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav'n - ly King. A - men.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness  
These in God's own truth arrayed,  
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?  
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honor long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng;  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified;  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and  
Offering up to Christ their will; [waited,  
Soul and body consecrated,  
Day and night they serve Him still:  
Now in God's most holy place  
Blest they stand before His face.

Al - le - lu - ia! song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy e - ter - nal lay;

Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Of the choirs in heav-'nly day,

Which the an-gels sing, a - bid - ing In the house of God al - way. A-men.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,  
Salem, mother ever blest;  
Alleluias without ending  
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;  
Exiles we, by Babel's waters,  
Sit in bondage and distressed.

3 Alleluia! songs of gladness  
Suit not always souls forlorn:  
Alleluia! sounds of sadness  
Midst our joyful strains are borne;  
For in this dark world of sorrow  
We with tears our sins must mourn.

4 Trinity of endless glory,  
Hear Thy people as they cry;  
Grant us all our heart's deep longing  
In our home beyond the sky;  
There to Thee our Alleluia  
Singing everlastingly.

For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by  
 faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,  
 be for - ev - er blessed: Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:  
 Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;  
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Alleluia!
- 3 O, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 O, blest communion, fellowship divine!  
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;  
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
 The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

ALLELUIA PERENNE 10.10.7.

W. H. MONK, 1868

Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du - teous praise, Ye

cit - i - zens of heav'n, oh, sweetly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

- 2 Ye powers, who stand before the eternal Light,  
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
An endless Alleluia.
- 3 The holy city shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake again  
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring  
The strains which tell the honor of your King,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,  
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack  
An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise  
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Alleluia.
- 9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing  
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring  
An endless Alleluia.

FAITH C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867

Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With rev-'rence and with fear;

Though dust and ash - es in Thy sight, We may—we must draw near. A-men.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;  
O grant us power to pray!  
And when to meet Thee we prepare,  
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Give deep humility; the sense  
Of godly sorrow give;  
A strong, desiring confidence  
To hear Thy voice and live;

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

5 Give these, and then Thy will be done;  
Thus strengthened with all might,  
We through Thy Spirit and Thy Son  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1818

CATERHAM C. M.

A. COTTMAN

Be - hold us, Lord, a lit - tle space From dai - ly tasks set free,

And met with - in Thy ho - ly place To rest a - while with Thee. A-men.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide  
Of business, toil, and care,  
And scarcely can we turn aside  
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls  
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know,  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done,  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,  
Itself with work be one.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870



## 468

LUDINGTON L. M.

(First Tune)

W. F. BIDDLE

From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sundered far; by faith they meet  
Around the common mercy-seat.

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL, 1827

## 468

RETREAT L. M.

(Second Tune)

T. HASTINGS, 1842

From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat. A-men.

When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y -

la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek - ing peace,

On Thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall.

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A-men.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,  
Lifts his soul above;  
When the prodigal looks back  
To his Father's love;  
When the proud man, in his pride,  
Stoops to seek Thy face;  
When the burdened brings his guilt  
To Thy throne of grace:  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend;  
When the sailor on the wave  
Bows the fervent knee;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee:  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,  
 Youth or maiden fair;  
 When the aged, trusting still,  
 Seek Thy face in prayer;  
 When the widow weeps to Thee,  
 Sad and lone and low;  
 When the orphan brings to Thee  
 All his orphan woe:  
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866

## 469

(Second Tune)

INTERCESSION 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.

W. H. CALLCOTT, 1867

The last two lines from MENDELSSOHN, 1846

When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y -

la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace,

On Thy name shall call; When the sinner, seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall: . . .

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A-men.

## 470

AMBROSE 7.7.7.5.

(First Tune)

Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872  
From a Gregorian Tone, VIII. 1.

Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light,

Mak-er, teach-er, in - fi - nite, Je - sus, hear and save. A-men.

2 Mighty monarch! Saviour mild!  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
Hear us now, and hear us then,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

## 470

ST. SERBAN 7.7.7.5.

(Second Tune)

E. H. THORNE

Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light,

Mak-er, teach-er, in - fin - ite, Je - sus, hear and save. A-men.

## 471

ALCESTER 7.7.7.7.

C. H. LLOYD, 1892

Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je- sus loves to an- swer pray'r;

He Him- self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay. A- men.

- 2 With my burden I begin:  
Lord remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain  
And without a rival reign.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

## 472

LACRYMÆ 7.7.7.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872

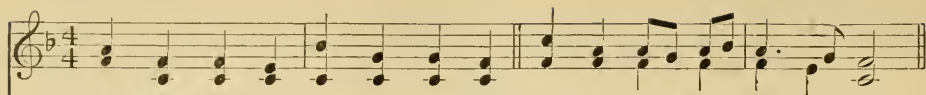
Pres- ent with the two or three Deign, most gra- cious

God, to be, While we lift our souls to Thee. A- men.

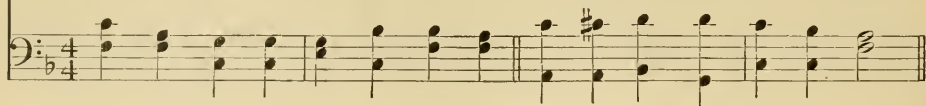
- 2 Jesus, by Thy blood alone,  
Who didst for our sins atone,  
Dare we come before Thy throne.
- 3 Thou who knowest all our need,  
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,  
Teach us how to intercede.
- 4 Thou hast led us in the way,  
And hast taught us how to say,  
"Abba, Father," when we pray.

- 5 Holy Spirit, from on high  
Helping our infirmity,  
Aid us in our feeble cry.
- 6 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,  
But there stands within the veil  
One who ever doth prevail.
- 7 Glory to the Father, Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
While the endless ages run.

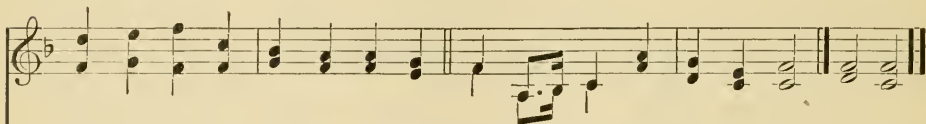
FANNY FREER



Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;



In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:



Bless-ed Je-sus! Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,<br/>Be the guardian of our way;<br/>Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,<br/>Seek us when we go astray:<br/>Blessèd Jesus,<br/>Hear Thy children, when they pray.</p> | <p>3 Thou hast promised to receive us,<br/>Poor and sinful though we be;<br/>Thou hast mercy to relieve us,<br/>Grace to cleanse, and power to free:<br/>Blessèd Jesus,<br/>Early let us turn to Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor;  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill:  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

## 474

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to  
 ev - 'ning-star, As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of pray'r? A-men.

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,  
 And blest that solemn hour of eve,  
 When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
 The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;  
 Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
 Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
 With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief  
 Here for my every want I find;

What strength for warfare, balm for grief,  
 What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;  
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay;  
 And e'en the penitential tear  
 Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,  
 No privilege so dear shall be  
 As thus my inmost soul to pour  
 In prayer to Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834

## 475

EASTNOR S. M.

A. KING, 1863

Be - hold the throne of grace, The prom - ise calls me near;  
 There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to ans - wer pray'r. A-men.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
 Thon canst not be too bold;  
 Since His own blood for thee He spilt,  
 What else can He withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
 Thy presence and Thy love;

I ask to serve Thee here below,  
 And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith,  
 Conform my will to Thine,  
 Let me victorious be in death,  
 And then in glory shine.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

ST. ANDREW S. M.

J. BARNEY, 1866

Sweet is Thy mer - cy Lord; Be - fore Thy mer - cy seat  
My soul, a - dor - ing, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer - cy sweet. A-men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 My need, and Thy desires,<br/>Are all in Christ complete;<br/>Thou hast the justice truth requires,<br/>And I Thy mercy sweet.</p> <p>3 Where'er Thy name is blest,<br/>Where'er Thy people meet,<br/>There I delight in Thee to rest,<br/>And find Thy mercy sweet.</p> | <p>4 Light Thou my weary way,<br/>Place Thou my weary feet,<br/>That while I stray on earth I may<br/>Still find Thy mercy sweet.</p> <p>5 Thus shall the heavenly host<br/>Hear all my songs repeat<br/>To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/>My joy, Thy mercy sweet.</p> |
|---|---|

REV. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872

Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus ans - wers pray'r;  
There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A-men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thy promise is my only plea,<br/>With this I venture nigh;<br/>Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,<br/>And such, O Lord, am I.</p> <p>3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,<br/>By Satan sorely pressed,<br/>By war without, and fears within,<br/>I come to Thee for rest.</p> | <p>4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,<br/>That, sheltered near Thy side,<br/>I may my fierce accuser face,<br/>And tell him, Thou hast died.</p> <p>5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,<br/>To bear the cross and shame,<br/>That guilty sinners, such as I,<br/>Might plead Thy gracious name.</p> |
|---|---|

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779



## 478

BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1872

There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;

There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of light; A-men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 There is an arm that never tires<br/>When human strength gives way;<br/>There is a love that never fails<br/>When earthly loves decay.</p> <p>3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;<br/>That arm upholds the sky;<br/>That ear is filled with angel songs;<br/>That love is throned on high.</p> | <p>4 But there's a power which man can wield<br/>When mortal aid is vain,<br/>That eye, that arm, that love to reach,<br/>That listening ear to gain.</p> <p>5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,<br/>Through Jesus, to the throne,<br/>And moves the hand which moves the world,<br/>To bring salvation down.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. JAMES C. WALLACE, 1830

## 479

BARTLETT C. M.

HOMER N. BARTLETT

O for a faith that will not shrink Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe;

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe; A-men.

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- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 That will not murmur nor complain<br/>Beneath the chastening rod,<br/>But, in the hour of grief and pain,<br/>Will lean upon its God;</p> <p>3 A faith that shines more bright and clear<br/>When tempests rage without;<br/>That when in danger knows no fear,<br/>In darkness feels no doubt;</p> | <p>4 A faith that keeps the narrow way<br/>Till life's last hour is fled,<br/>And with a pure and heavenly ray<br/>Lights up a dying bed.</p> <p>5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,<br/>And then, whate'er may come,<br/>We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss<br/>Of an eternal home.</p> |
|--|--|

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831

ST. GILES S. M.

J. M. BELL, 1885

Still with Thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be,  
By day, by night; at home, a-broad, I would be still with Thee. A-men.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart,  
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,  
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind;

The setting as the rising sun  
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee when darkness brings  
The signal of repose,  
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,  
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
Abiding, I would be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with Thee.

REV. JAMES D. BURNS, 1857

ABRIDGE C. M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly shed for me! A-men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

4 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742

## 482

BELMONT C. M.

Attr. from W. GARDINER, 1812

O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A-men.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O holy Dove; return,  
Sweet messenger of rest:  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn  
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772

## 483

SPOHR C. M.

Attr. from L. SPOHR, 1850

As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heat-ed in the chase,

So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace. A-men.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O, when shall I behold Thy face  
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God, who will employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
'To thankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength, how long shall I,  
Like one forgotten, mourn,  
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed  
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still; and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him Who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE and BRADY, 1696

The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,

The crim-son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!

O for the pear - ly gates of heav'n! O for the gold - en floor!

O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness That set-teth nev - er - more! A-men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
 How fast they tire and faint;  
 How many a spot defiles the robe  
 That wraps an earthly saint:  
 O for a heart that never sins,  
 O for a soul washed white,  
 O for a voice to praise our King,  
 Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
 And grace to lead us higher;  
 But there are perfectness and peace,  
 Beyond our best desire:  
 O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
 O by Thy life laid down,  
 O that we fall not from Thy grace,  
 Nor cast away our crown!

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852

# 484

ROSEATE HUES C. M. D.

(Second Tune)

J. BARNEY, 1892

The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,

The crim-son of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way!

O for the pearl-y gates of heav'n! O for the gold-en floor!

O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness That set-teth nev-er-more. A-men.

LYTE S. M.

J. B. WILKES, 1861

Far from my heav - n'ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint - ing I  
cry, "Blest Spir - it, come And speed me to my rest." A - men.

- 2 Upon the willows long  
My harp has silent hung:  
How should I sing a cheerful song  
Till Thou inspire my tongue?
- 3 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee:  
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns  
When I remember thee.

- 4 To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road:  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?
- 5 God of my life, be near;  
On Thee my hopes I cast:  
O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1858

O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?  
'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A - men.

- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death.
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
And evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

## 487

DOMENICA S. M.

H. S. OAKELEY, 1874

O ev - er - last - ing Light, Giv - er of dawn and day,  
Dis - pel - ler of the an - cient night In which cre - a - tion lay; A - men.

- 2 O everlasting Light,  
Shine graciously within;  
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,  
Come, shine away my sin.
- 3 O everlasting Truth,  
Truest of all that's true,  
Sure guide of erring age and youth,  
Lead me, and teach me too.
- 4 O everlasting Strength,  
Uphold me in the way;  
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length  
To joy and light and day.

- 5 O everlasting Love,  
Wellspring of grace and peace,  
Pour down Thy fulness from above,  
Bid doubt and trouble cease.
- 6 O everlasting Rest,  
Lift off life's load of care;  
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,  
And every sorrow bear.
- 7 Thou art in heaven our all,  
Our all on earth art Thou;  
Upon Thy glorious name we call,  
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1861

## 488

SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7.

Attr. from C. VON WEBER, 1826

They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;  
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry - where. A - men.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,  
In our want, or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the woes of life prevail,

- 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;  
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To Thy Father come, and wait;  
He will answer every prayer:  
God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1835

489

BETHANY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

(First Tune)

L. MASON, 1836

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my

God, to Thee, Near-er my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A-men.

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841

489

HORBURY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

(Second Tune)

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1861

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it



be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A-men.

490

ST. DENYS 6.6.6.6.

F. SPINNEY

O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,

Tar - ry no more with-out, But come and dwell with - in! A-men.

- 2 True sunlight of the soul,  
Surround us as we go;  
So shall our way be safe,  
Our feet no straying know.
- 3 Great love of God come in!  
Well-spring of heavenly peace;

- Thou living water, come!  
Spring up, and never cease.
- 4 Love of the living God,  
Of Father and of Son;  
Love of the Holy Ghost,  
Fill Thou each needy one.

LYNDHURST 6.5.6.5.D.

Anon.

Pur - er yet and pur - er, I would be in mind Dear - er yet and

dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing

God without a fear, Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear. A - men.

2 Calmer yet and calmer,  
 In the hour of pain,  
 Surer yet and surer  
 Peace at last to gain;  
 Suffering still and doing,  
 To His will resigned,  
 And to God subduing  
 Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher  
 Out of clouds and night,  
 Nearer yet and nearer  
 Rising to the light;  
 Light serene and holy,  
 Where my soul may rest,  
 Purified and lowly,  
 Sanctified and blest;

4 Swifter yet and swifter  
 Ever onward run,  
 Firmer yet and firmer  
 Step as I go on:  
 Oft these earnest longings  
 Swell within my breast,  
 Yet their inner meaning  
 Ne'er can be expressed.

AMSTERDAM 7.6.7.6.D.

Foundry Collection, 1742  
Arr. by J. NARES

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place:

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul, that's born of God,  
Pants to view His glorious face,  
Upward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

REV. ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742

PURLEIGH 8.8.6.8.8.6.

A. H. BROWN

O Love di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart

All tak - en up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to prove

The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Stronger His love than death or hell;<br/>Its riches are unsearchable;<br/>The first-born sons of light<br/>Desire in vain its depths to see;<br/>They cannot reach the mystery,<br/>The length and breadth and height.</p> | <p>4 Oh, that I could for ever sit<br/>With Mary at the Master's feet!<br/>Be this my happy choice;<br/>My only care, delight, and bliss,<br/>My joy, my heaven on earth be this,<br/>To hear the Bridegroom's voice.</p> |
| <p>3 God only knows the love of God:<br/>Oh, that it now were shed abroad<br/>In this poor stony heart!<br/>For love I sigh, for love I pine;<br/>This only portion, Lord, be mine,<br/>Be mine this better part.</p>            | <p>5 Thy only love do I require,<br/>Nothing on earth beneath desire,<br/>Nothing in heaven above;<br/>Let earth and heaven and all things go;<br/>Give me Thy only love to know,<br/>Give me Thy only love.</p>          |

## SHINING SHORE 8.7.8.7.D.

G. F. ROOT, 1855

My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;

For, O, we stand on Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er. A - men.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing;  
 That perfect rest nought can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.  
 For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand;  
 Our friends are passing over;  
 And just before, the shining shore  
 We may almost discover.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each chord on earth to sever;  
 Our King says, Come, and there's our home,  
 Forever, O, forever!  
 For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand;  
 Our friends are passing over;  
 And just before, the shining shore  
 We may almost discover.

BAYNARD Six 8s.

J. BOOTH, 1887

Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,

I see from far Thy beauteous light, O God, I sigh for Thy re - pose:

*Org. Ped.*

*Unison* My heart is pain'd, nor can it be *Harmony* At rest till it finds rest in Thee. A-men.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there;  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it has found repose in Thee.

3 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart  
To save me from low-thoughted care;  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there;  
Make me Thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

PERFECT LOVE 11.10.11.10.

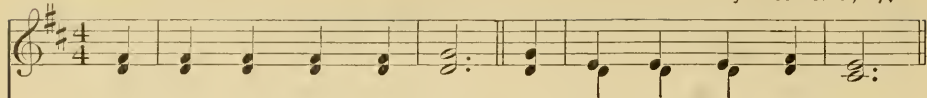
J. BARNEY, 1889

We would see Je - sus, for the shad-ows length-en O - ver this

lit - tle landscape of our life. We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to

strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A-men.

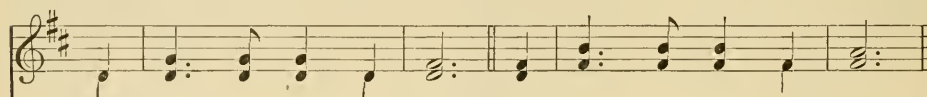
- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation,  
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;  
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;  
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 4 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,  
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;  
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding  
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 5 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.



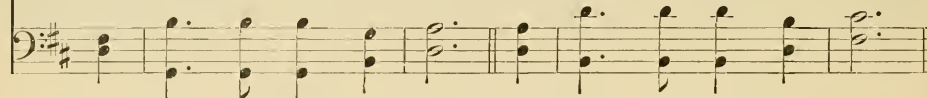
A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,



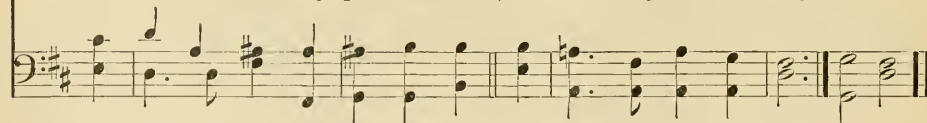
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:



Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;



O wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.



2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

3 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.



4 A few more Sabbaths here  
 Shall cheer us on our way,  
 And we shall reach the endless rest,  
 The eternal Sabbath-day:  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that sweet day;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood.  
 And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while,  
 And He shall come again  
 Who died that we might live, Who lives  
 That we with Him may reign:  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that glad day;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1844

## 497

CHALVEY S. M. D.

(Second Tune)

REV. L. G. HAYNE, 1868

A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;

O, wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, And im - mor - tal - i - ty!

Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,

Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home. A-men.

2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

3 Then, then I feel, that He  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1835

## 498

EVENING SHADOWS S. M. D. (*Second Tune*)

J. T. MUSGRAVE

For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, And im - mor - tal - i - ty!

Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,

Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home. A-men.

GORTON S. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN

One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;

Near-er my home am I to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore. A-men.

2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer my Saviour's glorious throne;  
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;  
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,  
Winding down through the night,

There rolls the deep and unknown stream  
That leads at last to light.

5 E'en now, perchance, my feet  
Are slipping on the brink,  
And I, to-day, am nearer home, —  
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!  
Strengthen my power of faith!  
Nor let me stand, at last, alone  
Upon the shore of death.

PHOEBE CARY, 1852

## 500

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

It is not death to die, — To leave this wea - ry road, And, 'mid the

broth - er - hood on high, To be at home with God. A-men.

2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear  
The wench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling  
 Aside this sinful dust,  
 And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
 To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,  
 Thy chosen cannot die:  
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
 To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. CÉSAR MALAN, 1832  
 Tr. Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847

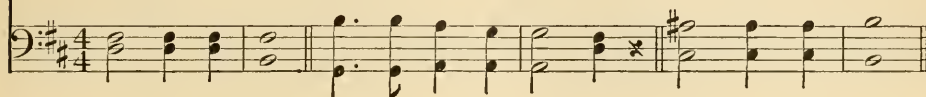
## 501

REQUIEM 4.6.4.6.D.

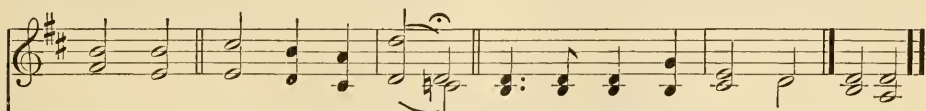
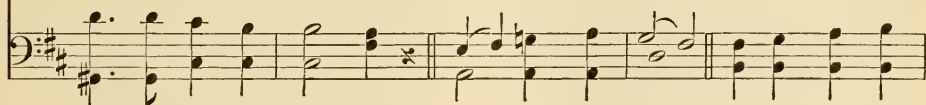
J. BARNEY, 1869



Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,



Till th'e-ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent



riv - er, Thy faint-ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A-men.



2 Life's dream is past,  
 All its sin and sadness;  
 Brightly at last  
 Dawns a day of gladness:  
 Under the sod,  
 Earth, receive our treasure,  
 To rest in God,  
 Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn  
 Those in life the dearest,  
 They shall return,  
 Christ, when Thou appearest:  
 Soon shall Thy voice  
 Comfort those now weeping,  
 Bidding rejoice  
 All in Jesus sleeping.

REV. EDWARD A. DAYMAN, 1868

## 502

REQUIESCAT 7.7.7.7.8.8.

(First Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

Now the la-borer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;  
 Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last.  
 Fa-ther, in Thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now Thy servant sleep-ing. A-men.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;  
 There its hidden things are clear;  
 There the work of life is tried  
 By a juster Judge than here.  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave me now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn  
 To the cross their dying eyes,  
 All the love of Christ shall learn  
 At His feet in Paradise.  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
 Calmly now the words we say;  
 Left behind, we wait in trust  
 For the resurrection-day.  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1871

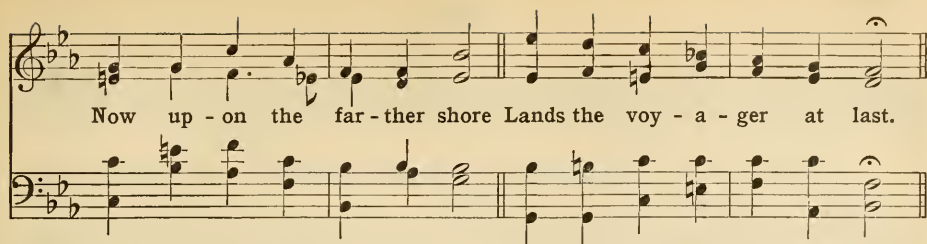
## 502

HEBRON 7.7.7.7.8.8.

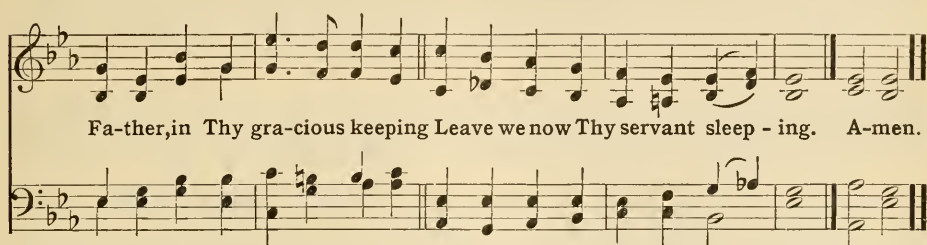
(Second Tune)

J. BARNBY

Now the la-borer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;



Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last.



Fa-ther, in Thy gra-cious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleep - ing. A-men.

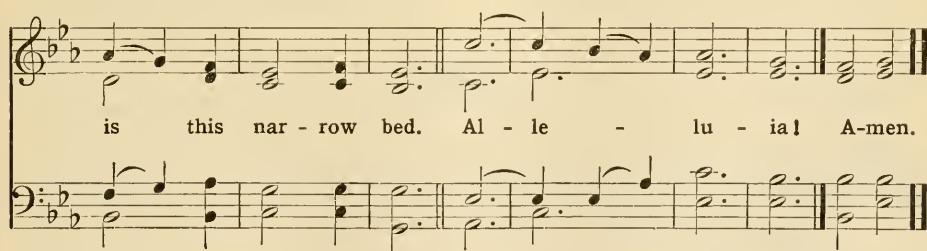
## 503

ST. MILLICENT 7. 7. 4.

A. SULLIVAN



Let no hope - less tears be shed; Ho - ly



is this nar - row bed. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Not salvation hardly won,  
Not the meed of race well run,—  
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,  
Hastes to take His darling hence.  
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord  
Gives His child a full reward;  
Alleluia!

6 Christ, when this sad life is done,  
Join us to Thy little one.  
Alleluia!

4 Grants the prize without the course;  
Crowns, without the battle's force.  
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,  
Bring us to the ranks above!  
Alleluia!

## 504

LUDINGTON L. M.

(First Tune)

W. F. BIDDLE

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,

A calm and un - disturb'd re - pose Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet<br/>To be for such a slumber meet;<br/>With holy confidence to sing<br/>That death hath lost his venom'd sting.</p>          | <p>4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me<br/>May such a blissful refuge be;<br/>Securely shall my ashes lie,<br/>Waiting the summons from on high.</p>                     |
| <p>3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,<br/>Whose waking is supremely blest;<br/>No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour<br/>That manifests the Saviour's power.</p> | <p>7 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee<br/>Thy kindred and their graves may be;<br/>But thine is still a blessèd sleep,<br/>From which none ever wakes to weep.</p> |

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY, 1832

## 504

REST L. M.

(Second Tune)

W. B. BRADBURY, 1843

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes. A-men.



Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

O how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar - row bed!

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;  
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make the eternal choice.

4 Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin,  
Stay not in our work, nor slumber  
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

3 As a shadow life is fleeting;  
As a vapor so it flies;  
For the old year now retreating  
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Soon before the Judge all glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand:  
Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on Thy right hand.

6 Life pass-eth soon: Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear;

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro' eter - - ni - ty. A-men.

I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter

storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid morn-ings that

dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer. A-men.

- 2 I would not live always, thus fettered by sin;  
Temptation without, and corruption within;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb:  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live always, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 7 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not de - plore thee,

Though sor - rows and dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb;

The Sav - iour hath passed through its por - tal be - fore thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom. A-men.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

MATERNA C. M. D.

S. A. WARD, 1882

O Moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? . .

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? . .

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil! . .

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

- 2 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With jewels rare do shine,  
Thy very streets are paved with gold  
Surpassing pure and fine.  
No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God Himself gives light.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen,

Right through thy streets, with silver sound,  
The living waters flow,  
And on the banks, on every side,  
The trees of life do grow.

- 4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring:  
There evermore the angels are,  
And evermore do sing.  
Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!

## 509

ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

(First Tune)

Rev. E. C. WALKER, 1876

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-men.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

## 509

SMART C. M.

(Second Tune)

HENRY SMART

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

saints im-mor - tal

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-men.

SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. IRONS, 1861

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace, and thee? A-men.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee:  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

Founded on "F. P. B." in MS. of 16th or 17th cent.

GARDEN CITY S. M.

H. W. PARKER, 1890

There is no night in heaven; In that blest world a - bove

Work nev-er can bring wea-ri-ness, For work it - self is love. A - men.

2 There is no grief in heaven;  
For life is one glad day;  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.

4 There is no death in heaven;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.

3 There is no sin in heaven;  
Behold that blessèd throng  
All holy is their spotless robe!  
All holy is their song!

5 Lord Jesus, be our guide;  
O lead us safely on,  
Till night and grief and sin and death  
Are past, and heaven is won!

REV. FRANCIS M. KNOLLYS, 1859

## 512

SARDIS 8.7.8.7.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN

This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come;

On-ward to it I am hast-ing, On to my e - ter - nal home. A-men.

2 In it all is light and glory;  
O'er it shines a nightless day;  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,  
By the streams of life along,  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
Never more are sad and weary,  
Never, never sin again.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1845

Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Cloth'd in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A - men.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
 Who prepared the way for Christ,  
 King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
 Martyr and evangelist;  
 Sainly maiden, godly matron,  
 Widows who have watched to prayer,  
 Joined in holy concert, singing  
 To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,  
 They have triumphed, following  
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.

Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;  
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
 And by death to life immortal  
 They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
 Now they walk in golden light,  
 Now they drink, as from a river,  
 Holy bliss and infinite:  
 Love and peace they taste for ever,  
 And all truth and knowledge see  
 In the beatific vision  
 Of the blessèd Trinity.



BONAR 8.8.7.8.8.7.

(Voices in Unison)

J. B. CALKIN, 1866

Up-ward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing,

Round the nev - er chang-ing pole; Up-ward where the sky is bright-est,

Up-ward where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long-ing soul. A-men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,  
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,  
Are the many mansions fair.  
Far from pain and sin and folly,  
In that palace of the holy,  
I would find my mansion there.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.  
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,  
Son of God, they own, they own Him;  
With His name the palace rings.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,  
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,  
And the discord never comes;  
Where life's stream is ever laving,  
And the palm is ever waving,  
That must be the home of homes.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,  
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
Lay we at His bless'd feet:  
Poor the praise that now we render,  
Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
When before His throne we meet.

## 515

PEACEFUL REST 8.6.8.8.6.

(First Tune)

J. BARNEY

There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wan-der'rs giv'n;

There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - 'ry

wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heav'n. A-men.

2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom:  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1818

## 515

NEWCASTLE 8.6.8.8.6.

(Second Tune)

H. L. MORLEY, 1877

There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wan-der'rs giv'n;

There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - 'ry

wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heav'n. A-men.

## 516

LUCIUS C. M.

From *Templi Carmina*

Give me the wings of faith to rise, With - in the veil, and see

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be. A-men.

2 I ask them whence their victory came:  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their victory to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

3 They marked the footsteps that He trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast;

4 Our glorious leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

PARADISE 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.

(First Tune)

J. BARNBY, 1866

O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,  
loy - - al

All rap-ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more;  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
 O keep me in Thy love,  
 And guide me to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above;  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light.  
 All rapture through and through,  
 In God's most holy sight.

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1862

## 517

PARADISE 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.

(Second Tune)

H. SMART, 1868

O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Paradise'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time and key of B-flat major. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?'

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?'

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,'

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.

The fourth and final system of musical notation. The melody concludes in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.'

## BLESSED HOME Eight 6s.

J. STAINER, 1875

There is a bless-ed home. Be-yond this land of woe,

Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crown'd, And

ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round. A-men.

- 2 There is a land of peace:  
 Good angels know it well;  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell;  
 Around its glorious throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 Christ, with the Father One,  
 And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb Who died,  
 And count each sacred wound  
 In hands, and feet, and side;

- To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done!
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God!  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe!  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love!  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.

## HEAVEN IS MY HOME 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

A. SULLIVAN, 1872

I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home;

Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home:

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand;

Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home. A-men.

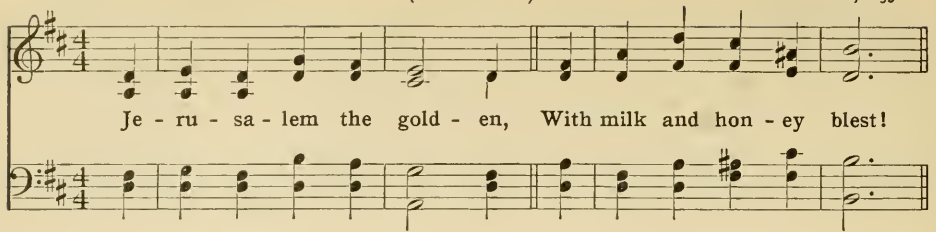
- 2 What though the tempest rage,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Short is my pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is my home:  
 And time's wild wintry blast  
 Soon shall be overpast;  
 I shall reach home at last,  
 Heaven is my home.
- 3 There, at my Saviour's side,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 I shall be glorified,  
 Heaven is my home.

- There are the good and blest,  
 Those I love most and best;  
 And there I too shall rest,  
 Heaven is my home.
- 4 Therefore I murmur not,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 What'er my earthly lot,  
 Heaven is my home:  
 And I shall surely stand  
 There at my Lord's right hand;  
 Heaven is my fatherland,  
 Heaven is my home.

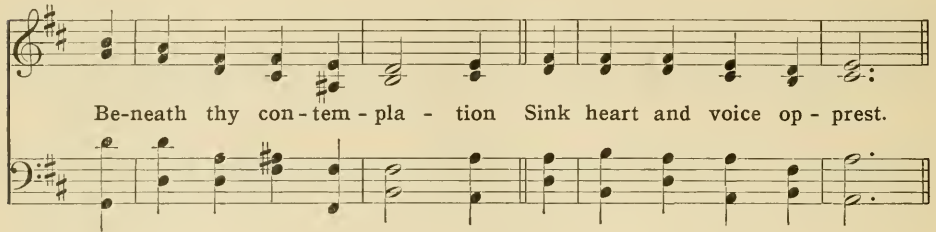
EWING 7.6.7.6.D.

(First Tune)

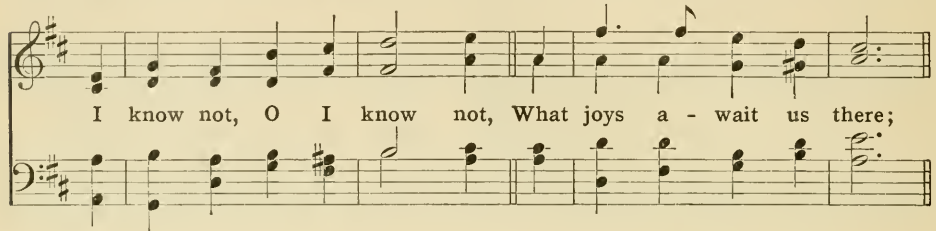
A. EWING, 1853



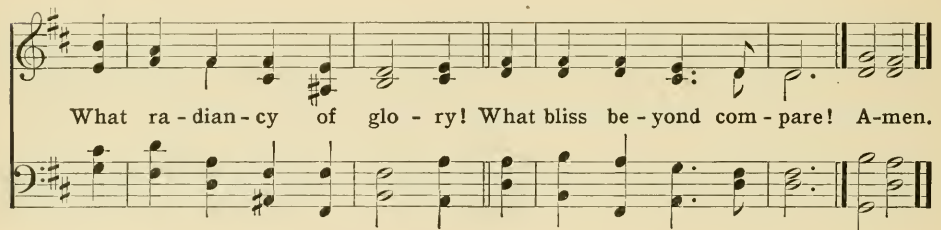
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.



I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All-jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng:  
The Prince is ever in them;  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessèd  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David, —  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.



## 520

(Second Tune)

URBS BEATA 7.6.7.6.D.

With Refrain

G. F. LE JEUNE, 1887

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

*Refrain*

Je - ru - - - - sa - lem the gold - en!

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!

Be - neath

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A - men.

*Org.*

EDEN GROVE 7.6.7.6.D.

S. SMITH

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;

For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

2 O one, O only mansion!  
 O Paradise of joy!  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
 And smiles have no alloy;  
 Thy loveliness oppresses  
 All human thought and heart,  
 And none, O Peace, O Zion,  
 Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in thee their rays;  
 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethysts unpriced;  
 Thy saints build up its fabric,  
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,  
 The Crucified thy praise;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise:  
 Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They build thy holy tower;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessèd country  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

## THE HOMELAND 7.6.7.6.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1867

The Home-land! O the Home - land! The land of souls free - born!

No gloom - y night is known there, But aye the fade - less morn:

I'm sigh - ing for that coun - try, My heart is ach - ing here;

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near. A-men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,  
 With angels bright and fair;  
 No sinful thing nor evil,  
 Can ever enter there;  
 The music of the ransomed  
 Is ringing in my ears,  
 And when I think of the Homeland,  
 My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland  
 Are waiting me to come  
 Where neither death nor sorrow  
 Invade their holy home:  
 O dear, dear native country!  
 O rest and peace above!  
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland  
 Of His eternal love.

Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short - liv'd care;

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there!

O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,

For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest! A-men.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;  
Such pleasure as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know;  
And after fleshly weakness,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Are calm, and joy, and light.

3 And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;  
And He Whom now we trust in,  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him,  
'Shall have Him for their own.

4 The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows flee away,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day;  
For God our King and portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

PEARSALL 7.6.7.6.D.

ST. GALL KATHOLISCHE GESANGBUCH, 1863

The world is ve - ry e - vil, The times are wax - ing late;

Be so - ber and keep vig - il, The Judge is at the gate, —

The Judge, who comes in mer - cy, The Judge, who comes with might,

To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - men.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
 Let right to wrong succeed;  
 Let penitential sorrow  
 To heavenly gladness lead;  
 To the light that hath no evening,  
 That knows nor moon nor sun,  
 The light so new and golden,  
 The light that is but one.

3 O happy, holy portion,  
 Refection for the blest,  
 True vision of true beauty,  
 Sweet cure of all distressed!

Strive, man, to win that glory;  
 Toil, man, to gain that light;  
 Send hope before to grasp it,  
 Till hope be lost in sight.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,  
 The home of God's elect;  
 O sweet and blessèd country  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

ALFORD 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

Rev. J. B. DUKES, 1875

Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,

The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steep-s of light:

'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin:

Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. A-men.

- 2 What rush of alleluias  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made;  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand fold repaid!
- 3 O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore;  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!

- Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power, and reign:  
Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home;  
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

RUTHERFORD 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN, 1834  
Har. E. F. RIMBAULT, 1867

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - men.

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams of earth I've tasted;  
More deep I'll drink above.  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted with His love:

I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace;  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His piercèd hand:  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Emmanuel's land.

Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the gospel leads us home.  
*Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;  
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.



## 527

(Second Tune)

VOX ANGELICA 11.10.11.10.9.11.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1868

Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! <sup>Sing -</sup>

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

O QUANTA QUALIA 10.10.10.10.

Ancient Plain-song

O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those end - less

Sab-baths the bless-ed ones see; . . . Crown for the val - iant, to

wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-men.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?  
 What are the peace and the joy that they own?  
 Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,  
 All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,  
 We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;  
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise  
 Thy blessèd people eternally raise,

4 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,  
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;  
 One and unending is that triumph-song  
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.

5 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,  
 We for that country must yearn and must sigh;  
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
 Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

## 529

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

Rev. T. HAWES, 1792

Cit - y of God, how broad and far Out-spread thy walls sub-lime!

The true thy char-tered free-men are Of ev - ery age and clime. A-men.

- 2 One holy Church, one army strong,  
One steadfast high intent,  
One working band, one harvest-song,  
One King omnipotent!
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come down  
From man's primeval youth;  
How grandly hath thine empire grown  
Of freedom, love, and truth!
- 4 How gleam thy watchfires through the  
With never-fainting ray: [night  
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,  
To meet the dawning day!
- 5 In vain the surge's angry shock,  
In vain the drifting sands;  
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock  
The eternal city stands.

Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864

## 530

NEWTON C. M.

T. JACKSON

One ho - ly Church of God ap - pears Thro' ev - 'ry age and race,

Un-wast-ed by the lapse of years, Unchang'd by chang-ing place. A-men.

- 2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One Unseen Presence she adores,  
With silence, or with psalm.
- 3 The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page;
- And feet on mercy's errand swift,  
Do make her pilgrimage.
- 4 O living Church, thine errand speed,  
Fulfil thy task sublime;  
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;  
Redeem the evil time!

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

ST. ANNE C. M.

W. CROFT, 1708

O, where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-men.

- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world,  
Thy holy Church, O God!
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.
- Though earthquake shocks are threatening  
And tempests are abroad, [her,

Bishop ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1839

## 532

BETHLEHEM S. M.

S. WESLEY, 1837

Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;  
He makes His churches His a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat. A-men.

- 2 These temples of His grace,  
How beautiful they stand,  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress;  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces.
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold,  
Where His own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

## 533

WARRINGTON L. M.

REV. R. HARRISON, 1784

Sweet is the sol-lemn voice that calls The Christian to the house of pray'r; I love to stand with-in its walls, For Thou, O Lord, art pres-ent there. A-men.

- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts And imitate the blessèd throng  
Where two or three for worship meet, That mingle hearts and songs above.  
For thither Christ himself resorts, 4 Within these walls may peace abound;  
And makes the little band complete. May all our hearts in one agree;  
3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song, Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,  
To join in holy praise and love, May peace and concord ever be.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

## 534

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS, 1762

I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,  
The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood. A-men.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God:  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.  
3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.  
4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.  
5 Jesus, Thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.  
6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800

ST. ISHMAEL. S.M.D.

(First Tune)

CHAS. VINCENT

*Unison*

Now rest, ye pil - grim host, Look back up - on your way,

*Harmony*

The mountains climbed, the tor - rents crossed, Thro' many a wea - ry day.

From this vic - to - rious height, How fair the past ap - pears,

God's grace and glo - ry shin - ing bright On all the by - gone years. A-men.

2 How many, at His call,  
Have parted from our throng!  
They watch us from the crystal wall,  
And echo back our song.  
They rest, beyond complaints,  
Beyond all sighs and tears:  
Praise be to God for all His saints  
Who wrought in bygone years.

3 The banners they upbore  
Our hands still lift on high;  
The Lord they followed evermore  
To us is also nigh.  
Arise, arise, and tread  
The future without fears;  
He leadeth still, whose hand hath led  
Through all the bygone years.

4 When we have reached the home  
 We seek with weary feet,  
 Our children's children still shall come  
 To keep these ranks complete;  
 And He, whose host is one  
 In all the countless spheres,  
 Will guide His marching servants on  
 Through everlasting years.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, 1879, 1893

## 535

THE PILGRIM HOST S. M. D. (Second Tune)

W. W. GILCHRIST, 1895

Now rest, ye pil - grim host, . . . Look back up - on your way, . . .

The moun-tains climbed, the tor - rents crossed, Thro' many a wea - ry day. . .

From this vic - to - rious height, How fair the past ap - pears,  
 How fair the past ap - pears, . . .

God's grace and glo - ry shin - ing bright On all the by - gone years. A-men.

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864

The Church's one foun-da-tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord;  
 She is His new cre-a-tion By wa-ter and the word:  
 From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho-ly bride;  
 With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-men.

2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation  
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 One holy name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppressed,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distressed,  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.

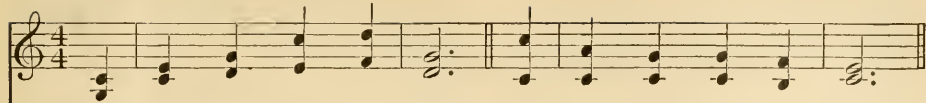
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won:  
 O happy ones and holy!  
 Lord, give us grace that we,  
 Like them the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee.

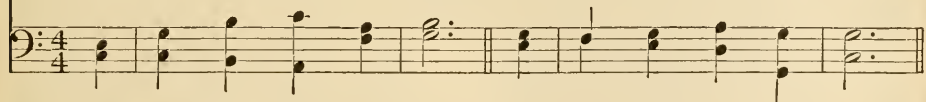


CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8.

C. STEGGALL, 1865



Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair



The dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples, are: To



Thine a - bode my heart as - pires, With warm de - sires to see my God. A - men.



2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still; and happy they  
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears:  
O glorious seat, when God, our King,  
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence;  
With gifts His hands are filled;  
We draw our blessings thence.  
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

ST. CECILIA 6.6.6.6.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, 1863

Two staves of music in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'We love the place, O God, Where - in Thine hon - or dwells;

Two staves of music in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: The joy of Thine a - bode All earth - ly joy ex - cels. A - men.

2 It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
And Thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

4 We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given;  
But O! we long to know  
The triumph-song of Heaven.

3 We love the Word of Life,  
The Word that tells of peace,  
Of comfort in the strife,  
And joys that never cease.

5 Lord Jesus, give us grace  
On earth to love Thee more,  
In Heaven to see Thy face,  
And with Thy saints adore.

Rev. WILLIAM BULLOCK

ASHBURTON 8.7.8.7.4.7.

S. WESLEY

Two staves of music in B-flat major and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Zi - on stands by hills sur-round-ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine:

Two staves of music in B-flat major and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms com-bine.

Hap - py Zi - on! What a fa - vored lot is thine! A-men.

2 Every human tie may perish;  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee;  
 Thou art precious in His sight:  
 God is with thee,  
 God thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804

## 540

TRIUMPH 8s. 7s. 6l.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852

Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, And the pre - cious cor - ner - stone,

Chos - en of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the church in one,

Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone. A-men.

2 All that dedicated city,  
 Dearly loved by God on high,  
 In exultant jubilation  
 Pours perpetual melody;  
 God the One in Three adoring,  
 Singing everlastingly.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,  
 Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:  
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness,

Hear Thy people, as they pray,  
 And Thy fullest benediction  
 Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
 What they supplicate to gain,  
 Here to have and hold forever  
 Those good things their prayers obtain;  
 And hereafter in Thy glory  
 With Thy blessed ones to reign.

Latin (8th century). Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE, 1851

Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

He whose word can-not be bro-ken Formed thee for His own a-bode:

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A-men.

2 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint, when such a river  
Ever will their thirst assuage;  
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near:  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I, through grace, a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy name:  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

KING OF GLORY 6.6.6.8.8.

H. W. PARKER

In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise;

O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, . Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; . .

But Si - on, with His pres - ence blest, Is His de - light, His chos - en rest,

Is His de - light, His chos - en rest. A - men.

*Small notes to be played by the Organ*

2 O King of glory, come;  
And with Thy favor crown  
This temple as Thy home,  
This people as Thy own;  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies:  
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe Thy truth and love;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above:  
Till all who humbly seek Thy face  
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

AZMON C. M.

Arr. from CARL G. GLASER, 1828, by LOWELL MASON, 1839

O Thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,

Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship Thee. A - men.

- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,  
 Within these walls t' abide,  
 The peace that dwelleth without end  
 Serenely by Thy side.
- And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
 Be strengthened as they pray.
- 3 May erring minds, that worship here,  
 Be taught the better way;
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
 And pure devotion rise,  
 While, round these hallowed walls, the storm  
 Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1835

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848

Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise:

Thou Thy peo - ple's hearts pre - pare, Here to meet for praise and pray'r! A - men.

- 2 Let the living here be fed  
 With Thy word, the heavenly bread;  
 Here, in hope of glory blest,  
 May the dead be laid to rest!
- Here reveal Thy mercy sure,  
 While the sun and moon endure!
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand  
 While the sea shall gird the land!
- 4 Alleluia! earth and sky  
 To the joyful sound reply!  
 Alleluia! hence ascend  
 Prayer and praise till time shall end!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821

545

WAREHAM L. M.

W. KNAPP, 1738

O Lord of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,

And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands. A-men.

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea;

And when we bring them to Thy throne  
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 Endue the hearts that guide with skill,  
Preserve the hands that work from ill;  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever-blessèd Trinity.

REV. JOHN M. NEALE, 1844

546

PENTECOST L. M.

W. BOYD, 1868

Found-ed on Thee, our on - ly Lord, On Thee, the ev - er - last - ing Rock,

Thy church shall stand, as stands Thy word, Nor fear the storm, nor dread the shock. A-men.

2 For Thee our waiting spirits yearn,  
For Thee this house of praise we rear;  
To Thee with longing hearts we turn:  
Come, fix Thy glorious presence here.

3 Come, with Thy Spirit and Thy power,  
The Conqueror, once the Crucified;

Our God, our strength, our king, our tower,  
Here plant Thy throne, and here abide.

4 Accept the work our hands have wrought;  
Accept, O God, this earthly shrine;  
Be Thou our rock, our life, our thought,  
And we, as living temples, Thine.

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1894

VALETE Six 8s.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

To-day be-neath be-nignant skies, 'Mid scenes Thy fa-vor beau-ti-fies,

Our hopes and pray'rs to Thee we raise, And found a tem-ple to Thy praise;

Our humble work pro-pi-tious own, As now we lay this cor-ner-stone. A-men.

- 2 Except the Lord the house do build,  
 Except with grace the work be filled,  
 All labor's vain. O, Christ, impart  
 Thy loving spirit to each heart:  
 By Thee, to Thee, on Thee alone,  
 We build, Thou fairest Corner-Stone!
- 3 Here may the truth and right grow strong,  
 Here love prevail Thy saints among,  
 Here sinners feel Thy quickening grace,  
 And seek with hasting joy Thy face;  
 And thousands gladly make Thee known  
 As their eternal Corner-Stone.

- 4 Build Thou the walls! Make them so glow  
 With glory, we on earth below  
 The eternal splendors shall foresee;  
 Grandeur than Salem's may they be,  
 All luminous with grace Thine own,  
 From topmost peak to corner-stone!



DARWALL 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Rev. JOHN DARWALL, 1770

Christ is our Cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build;

With His true saints a - lone The courts of Heav'n are filled:

On His great love our hopes we place Of present grace and joys a - bove. A-men.

2 O then with hymns of praise  
 These hallowed courts shall ring;  
 Our voices we will raise  
 The Three in One to sing;  
 And thus proclaim in joyful song  
 Both loud and long that glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
 For evermore draw nigh;  
 Accept each faithful vow,  
 And mark each suppliant sigh;  
 In copious shower on all who pray  
 Each holy day Thy blessings pour!

4 Here may we gain from Heaven  
 The grace which we implore;  
 And may that grace, once given,  
 Be with us evermore,  
 Until that day when all the blest  
 To endless rest are called away!

Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our

night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy

Church - 's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A-men.

- 2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
- 4 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging,  
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,  
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;  
Send us, O Saviour.
- 5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy Heaven.

SCHUMANN S. M.

R. SCHUMANN

How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill,  
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! A - men.

2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light!

Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

EASTON L. M.

MOZART

Pour out Thy Spir - it from on high; Lord, Thine or - dain - ed ser - vants bless;  
Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness. A - men.

2 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness, from above,  
To bear Thy people on their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;  
3 To watch and pray, and never faint;  
By day and night strict guard to keep;

To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;  
4 Then, when their work is finished here,  
In humble hope their charge resign.  
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they and we be Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

KEBLE L. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1875

We bid thee wel-come in the name Of Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Head:

Come as a ser-vant: so He came; And we re-ceive thee in His stead. A-men.

- |   |  |   |  |
|---|--|---|--|
| 2 | Come as a shepherd: guard and keep<br>This fold from hell and earth and sin;<br>Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,<br>The wounded heal, the lost bring in. | 4 | Come as teacher: sent from God,<br>Charged His whole counsel to declare:<br>Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,<br>While we uphold thy hands with prayer. |
| 3 | Come as a watchman: take thy stand<br>Upon thy tower amidst the sky;<br>And when the sword comes on the land,<br>Call us to fight, or warn to fly.             | 5 | Come as a messenger of peace:<br>Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;<br>Live to behold our large increase,<br>And die to meet us all above.             |

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

MENDON L. M.

German Melody: arr. by S. DYER, 1824

Bow down Thine ear, Al-might-y Lord, And hear Thy Church's sup-pliant cry

For all who preach Thy sav-ing word, And wait up - on Thy min-is - try. A-men.

- |   |  |   |   |
|---|--|---|---|
| 2 | In mercy, Father, now give heed,<br>And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath<br>On those whom Thou hast called to feed<br>Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death. | 4 | Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,<br>And give them grace to watch and pray;<br>That, as they seek Thy flock to guide,<br>Themselves may keep the narrow way. |
| 3 | O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand<br>Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine;<br>That those who in Thy presence stand<br>May do Thy will with love like Thine.    | 5 | O God, Thy strength and mercy send<br>To shield them in their strife with sin;<br>Grant them, enduring to the end,<br>The crown of life at last to win.         |

REV. THOMAS E. POWELL, 1864

## HOLY CHURCH 7.6.7.6.D.

A. H. BROWN

Lord of the liv - ing har - vest, That whit - ens o'er the plain,

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,

Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,

And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. A-men.

2 As lab'ers in Thy vineyard  
Still faithful may they be,  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee;  
To ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call them home,  
But to have shared the travail  
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with them, God the Father;  
Be with them, God the Son;  
And God the Holy Spirit, —  
Most blessèd Three in One!  
Within Thy sacred temple  
Be with them where they stand,  
To guide and teach Thy people  
Throughout our native land.

DONA 8.6.8.4.

J. Goss, 1872

We pray Thee, Je - sus, who didst first The sa - cred band or - dain,  
In or - der due and ho - ly life Thy Church sus - tain. A-men.

- 2 We pray Thee, Jesus, with Thy gifts Thy chosen servants bless,  
With doctrine incorrupt and pure And righteousness.
- 3 We pray Thee, Jesus, that their course May still be clothed with power,  
With miracles of love and strength, Meet for the hour.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, Anointer, come, Pastor and people fill,  
Till all the happy tribes of earth Shall do His will.
- 5 Then to the Father, and the Son, And Holy Ghost her praise  
One living, undivided Church Shall ever raise.

REV. GREVILLE PHILLIMORE, 1863

## 556

SILVER STREET S. M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770

Stand, sol - dier of the cross, Thy high al - le - giance claim,  
And vow to hold the world but loss For thy Re-deem - er's name. A-men.

- 2 Arise, and be baptized,  
And wash thy sins away;  
Thy league with God be solemnized,  
Thy faith avouched to-day.
- 3 No more thine own, but Christ's, —  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr throngs enrolled, —
- 4 In God's whole armor strong,  
Front hell's embattled powers:  
The warfare may be sharp and long,  
The victory must be ours.
- 5 O bright the conqueror's crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great Captain's feet.

Bishop EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870

DISMISSAL 8.7.8.7.4.7.

W. L. VINER, 1845



Gra - cious Sav-iour, gen - tle shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;



Gath-ered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bos - om, may they be;



Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan-ger free. A-men.



2 Let Thy holy word instruct them;  
 Fill their minds with heavenly light;  
 Let Thy love and grace constrain them  
 To approve whate'er is right;  
 Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,  
 Let them prove Thy burden light.

3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises  
 Which on earth Thy children sing,  
 With both lips and hearts, unfeignèd,  
 Glad thank-offerings may they bring;  
 Then with all Thy saints in glory,  
 Join to praise their Lord and King.

ARUNDEL 8.7.8.7

Rev. J. B. DYKES

Sav-iour, Who Thy flock art feed-ing With the shepherd's kind-est care,

All the fee-ble gen-tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bos-om share; A-men.

2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.

Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. WILLIAM A. MÜHLEBERG, 1826

## 559

NEWINGTON 7.7.7.7.

W. D. MACLAGAN, 1875

Heav'n-ly Fa-ther! may Thy love Beam up-on us from a-bove;

Let this in-fant find a place In Thy cov-e-nant of grace. A-men.

2 Son of God! be with us here;  
Listen to our humble prayer;  
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt,  
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

Thine almighty power display;  
Seal it to redemption's day.

3 Holy Ghost! to Thee we cry:  
Thou this infant sanctify;

4 Great Jehovah! — Father, Son,  
Holy Spirit — Three in One,  
Let the blessing come from Thee;  
Thine shall all the glory be!

Rev. BENJAMIN GUEST, 1835



Bless-ed Je - sus, here we stand, Met to do as Thou hast spo - ken;

And this child, at Thy com-mand, Now we bring to Thee in to - ken

That to Christ it here is giv - en, For of such shall be His heav-en. A-men.

2 Therefore hasten we to Thee;  
 Take the pledge we bring, O take it;  
 Let us here Thy glory see,  
 And in tender pity make it  
 Now Thy child, and leave it never —  
 Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

3 Now upon Thy heart it lies,  
 What our hearts so dearly treasure;  
 Heavenward lead our burdened sighs;  
 Pour Thy blessing without measure;  
 Write the name we now have given,  
 Write it in the book of heaven.

RAVENGLAS C. M.

J. LANGRAN

See, Is-rael's gen-tle Shep-herd stands With all en-gag-ing charms;  
Hark, how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms. A-men.

- 2 Permit them to approach," He cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 He'll lead them to the heavenly streams,  
Where living waters flow;
- And guide them to the fruitful fields,  
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock  
Shall be its Shepherd's care;  
While folded in the Saviour's arms,  
'Tis safe from every snare.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

HIGHGATE L. M.

F. C. WOODS

A lit-tle child the Sav-iour came, The Might-y God was still His name,  
And an-gels worshipp'd as He lay The seem-ing in-fant of a day. A-men.

- 2 He Who, a little child, began  
The life divine to show to man,  
Proclaims from heaven the message free.  
"Let little children come to Me."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign  
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:  
Their souls with saving grace endow;  
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.
- 4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,  
Them safely in Thy way to guard;  
Thy blessing on their lives command,  
And write their names upon Thy hand.
- 5 O Thou Who by an infant's tongue  
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,  
May these, with all the heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

W. ROBERTSON

## 563

MARLOW C. M.

Rev. J. CHETHAM'S Psalmody, 1718

In to-ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,

We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone. A-men.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and His shame.

Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high;

3 In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travelled by,

4 Thus outwardly and visibly  
We seal thee for His own:  
And may the brow that wears His cross  
Hereafter share His crown.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, 1832

## 564

LYNTON C. M.

A. J. JAMOUNEAU, 1904

How large the prom - ise, how di - vine, To A-braham and his seed:

"I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup-ply-ing all their need." A-men.

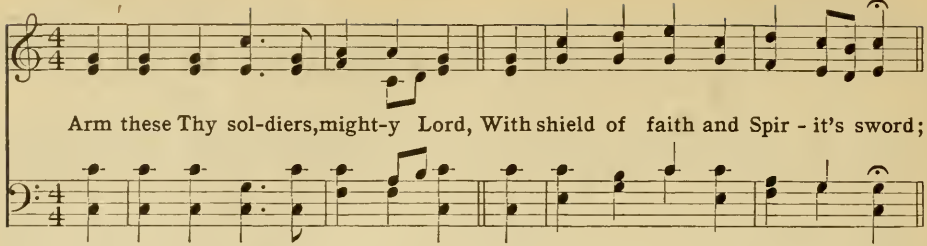
2 The words of His extensive love  
From age to age endure:  
The Angel of the covenant proves,  
And seals the blessings sure.

He takes young children in His arms,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.

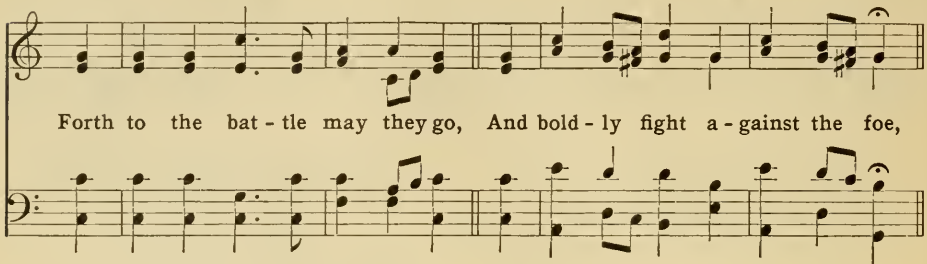
3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms  
To our great father given;

4 Our God! how faithful are His ways!  
His love endures the same;  
Nor from the promise of His grace  
Blots out the children's name.

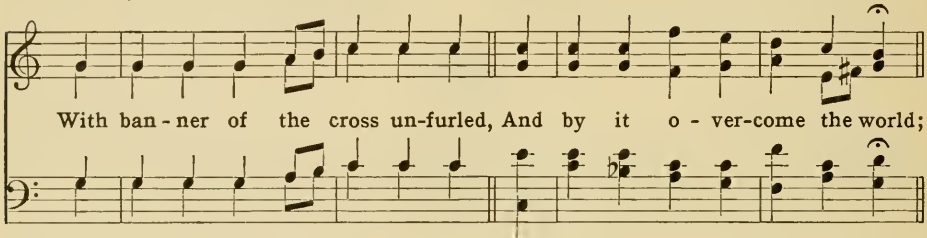
Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719



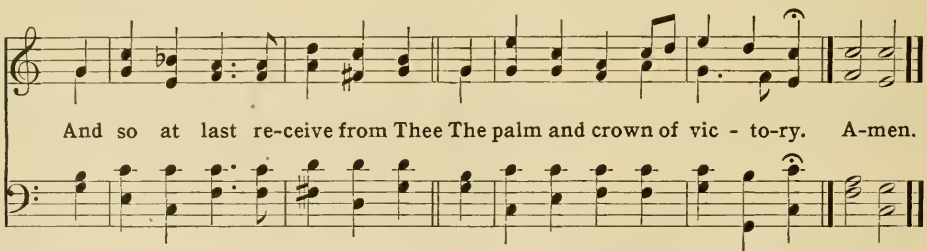
Arm these Thy sol-diers, might-y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;



Forth to the bat - tle may they go, And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe,



With ban - ner of the cross un - furled, And by it o - ver - come the world;



And so at last re - ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. A - men.

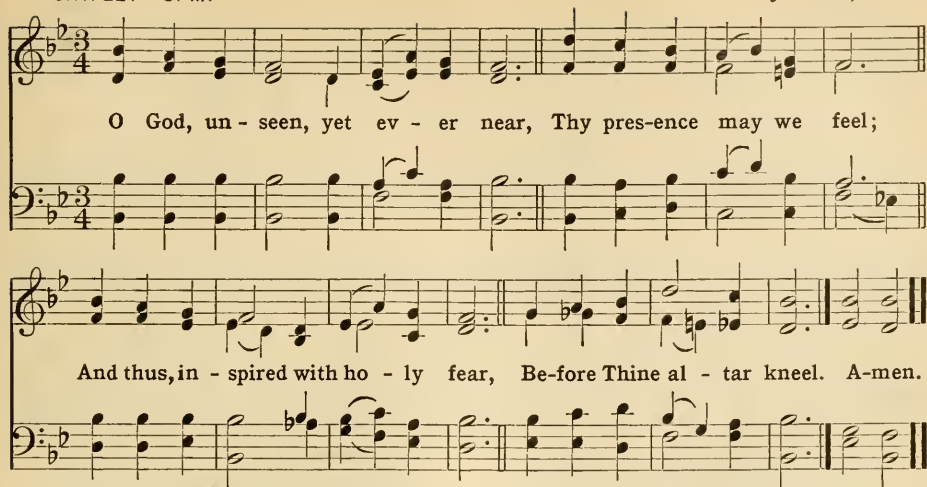
2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,  
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;  
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
May each a living temple be:  
Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;  
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,  
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God, and Persons Three,  
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom we live,  
To Thee we praise and glory give;  
O grant us so to use Thy grace  
That we may see Thy glorious face,  
And ever with the heavenly host  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 566

SAWLEY C. M.

J. WALCH, 1860



O God, un - seen, yet ev - er near, Thy pres - ence may we feel;  
And thus, in - spired with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. A - men.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love;  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

Our meat, the body of the Lord;  
Our drink, His precious blood.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food:

4 Thus would we all Thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

EDWARD OSLER, 1836

## 567

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826



In mem - 'ry of the Sav - iour's love, We keep the sa - cred feast,  
Where ev - 'ry hum - ble, con - trite heart Is made a wel - come guest. A - men.

2 By faith we take the bread of life  
With which our souls are fed,  
The cup in token of His blood,  
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing  
The wonders of His love,  
And thus anticipate by faith  
The heavenly feast above.

REV. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1835

LUCIUS C. M.

From Templi Carmina

All praise to Him of Naz - a - reth The ho - ly One who came,

For love of man, to die a death Of ag - o - ny and shame! A-men.

2 In tender memory of His grave,  
The mystic bread we take,  
And muse upon the life He gave  
So freely, for our sake.

3 A boundless love He bore mankind;  
O may at least a part  
Of that strong love descend, and find  
A place in every heart!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1864

## 569

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872

Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A-men.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee;

3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me:  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from H. G. NAGELI, by L. MASON, 1845

A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord;

A - gain our grate-ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord. A - men.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,  
And felt Thy presence here;  
So may the savor of Thy grace  
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,  
By sin no longer led,

The path our dear Redeemer trod  
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the Church above,  
And know as we are known.

REV. AARON R. WOLFE, 1858

QUEBEC L. M.

REV. HENRY BAKER, 1866

Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,

From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - men.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

BERNARD of Clairvaux, c. 1150. TR. REV. RAY PALMER, 1858

## SPANISH HYMN Six 7s.

Spanish Melody  
Arr. by BENJ. CARR, 1824

Bread of heav'n, on Thee I feed, For Thy flesh is meat in-deed:

Ev - er may my soul be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread;

Day by day with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died. A-men.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice;  
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give,  
To Thy cross I look, and live:  
Thou, my Life! O let me be  
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824

## LACRYMÆ 7. 7. 7.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872

Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry



heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A-men.

2 While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy blest presence let us feel,  
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise.

6 From the bonds of sin release;  
Cold and wavering faith increase;  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love divine.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,  
Till around Thy throne we stand,  
In the bright and better land.

REV. R. H. BAYNES, 1864

## 574

GRATIAS AGIMUS 7.7.7.6.

W. ALCOCK

For the bread and for the wine, For the pledge that seals Him mine,

For the words of love di - vine, We give Thee thanks, O Lord. A-men.

2 For the feast of love and peace,  
Bidding all our sorrows cease,  
Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Bidding us in faith draw nigh,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

3 Only bread and only wine,  
Yet to faith the seal and sign  
Of the heavenly and divine!  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

5 For the words that tell of home,  
Pointing us beyond the tomb,  
"Do ye this until I come."  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

4 For the words that turn our eye  
To the cross of Calvary,

6 For that coming, here foreshown,  
For that day to man unknown,  
For the glory and the throne,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1874

O bread to pil-grims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat,

O man - na sent from heav - en, For heav'n-born na - ture's meet;

Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly filled;

Till, earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is stilled. A-men.

2 O water, life-bestowing,  
Forth from the Saviour's heart,  
A fountain purely flowing,  
A fount of love Thou art:  
O let us, freely tasting,  
Our burning thirst assuage;  
Thy sweetness, never wasting,  
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,  
We Thee unseen adore;  
Thy faithful word believing,  
We take, and doubt no more:  
Give us, Thou true and loving,  
On earth to live in Thee;  
Then, death the veil removing,  
Thy glorious face to see.

GERSAU 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

Rev. L. M. WHITE, 1904

Lamb of God, whose bleed-ing love We now re - call to mind,

Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find;

Think on us who think on Thee; And ev - 'ry strug-gling soul re - lease;

O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace. A-men.

2 By Thine agonizing pain  
And bloody sweat, we pray,  
By Thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away;  
Burst our bonds and set us free,  
From all iniquity release;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal;  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal;  
By Thy passion on the tree,  
Let all our griefs and trouble cease;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

LANGRAN 10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN, 1862

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and  
 han - dle things un - seen, Here grasp with firm - er hand th' e - ter - nal grace,  
 And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. A - men.

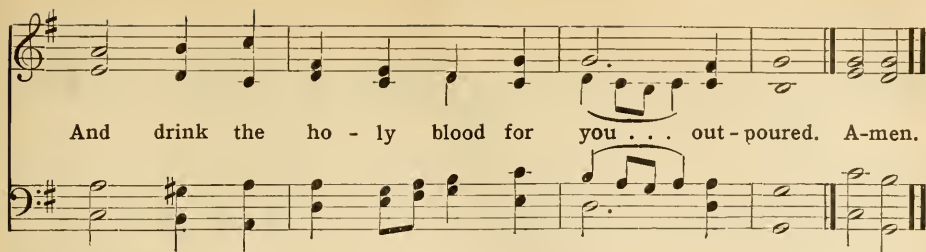
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,  
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;  
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;  
 This is the heavenly table spread for me:  
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong  
 This brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.
- 4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need  
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon:  
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;  
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;  
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,  
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1855

LAMMAS 10. 10.

A. H. BROWN, 1889

Draw nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord, . .



And drink the ho - ly blood for you . . . out - poured. A-men.

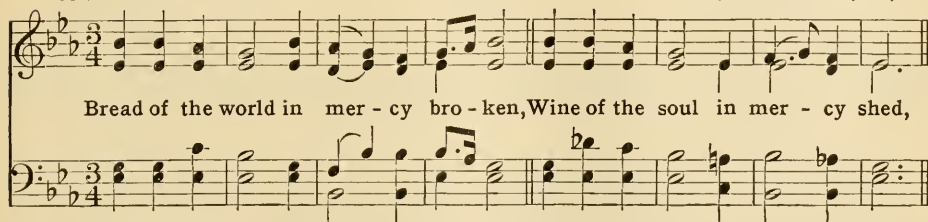
- 2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,  
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,  
By His dear Cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 6 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields;
- 7 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

Latin, 68o. Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851

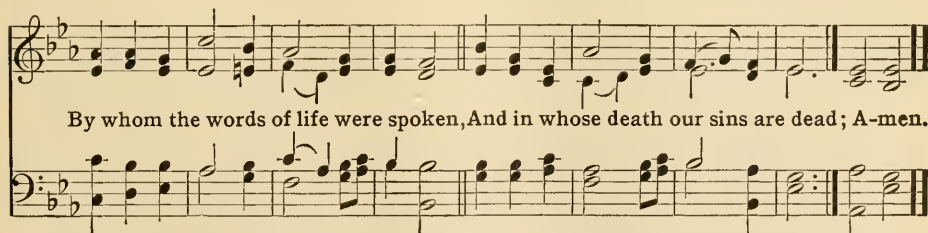
## 579

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN 9.8.9.8.

Rev. J. S. B. HODGES, 1869



Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,



By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

HANFORD 8.8.8.4.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

By Christ redeemed, in Christ re- stored. We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,  
 And show the death of our dear Lord Un - til He come. A-men.

- 2 His body broken in our stead  
 Is here in this memorial bread,  
 And so our feeble love is fed  
 Until He come.
- 3 The streams of His dread agony,  
 His life-blood shed for us, we see;  
 The wine shall tell the mystery  
 Until He come.
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night  
 With the last advent we unite

- By one blest chain of loving rite  
 Until He come:
- 5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
 And, with the great commanding word,  
 The Lord shall come.
- 6 O blessèd hope! with this elate  
 Let not your hearts be desolate,  
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait  
 Until He come.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1857

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7.

DR. PEARCE, 1890

From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
 May our souls, re - fresh - ment finding, Grow in all things like our Head! A-men.

- 2 His example while beholding,  
 May our lives His image bear;  
 Him our Lord and Master calling,  
 His commands may we revere.

- 3 Love to God and man displaying,  
 Walking steadfast in His way,  
 Joy attend us in believing,  
 Peace from God, through endless day.

REV. JOHN ROWE, 1806

## BRACONDALE C. M.

JOSIAH BOOTH

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of iron, yield,

And let the King of Glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field. A-men.

- 2 That banner, brighter than the star  
That leads the train of night,  
Shines on their march, and guides from far  
His servants to the fight.
- 3 Ye armies of the living God,  
His sacramental host,  
Where hallowed footstep never trod,  
Take your appointed post.
- 4 Though few and small and weak your bands,  
Strong in your Captain's strength,
- 5 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;  
Quit you like men, be strong;  
To Christ shall every nation bow,  
And sing with you this song:
- 6 "Uplifted are the gates of brass;  
The bars of iron yield; . .  
Behold the King of Glory pass!  
The cross hath won the field."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1843

## LABAN S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830

O Lord our God, a - rise, The cause of truth main - tain,

And wide o'er all the peo - pled world Ex - tend her bless-ed reign. A-men.

- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,  
Nor let Thy glory cease,  
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,  
Expand Thy quickening wing,
- 4 All on the earth, arise,  
To God the Saviour sing;  
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
Let echoing anthems ring.

Anon., 1800: enlarged in Wardlaw's Selection, 1830

WALTHAM L. M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872

Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. A-men.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign,  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,  
That sink and perish in the strife,

Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory, only in the cross;  
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop GEORGE W. DOANE, 1848

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. ZEUNER, 1839

Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-men.



## PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from F. M. A. VENUA, c. 1810

Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion through Im -

man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the

Rose of Shar-on there. And plant the Rose of Shar-on there. A-men.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more;  
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all.

REV. BOURNE H. DRAPER, 1803

## MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice;

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King,  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

O Si - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the

world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing

*Refrain*  
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad tid - ings;

Tid - ings of peace; Tid - ings of Je - sus, Redemtion and re - lease. A - men.

- 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying  
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,  
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,  
Or of the life He died for them to win. *Refrain*
- 3 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation  
That God, in Whom they live and move is love:  
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,  
And died on earth that man might live above. *Refrain*
- 4 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;  
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;  
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;  
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay. *Refrain*
- 5 He comes again—O Sion, ere Thou meet Him,  
Make known to every heart His saving grace;  
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,  
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face. *Refrain*

AMORY 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

W. F. BIDDLE

Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing

zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,

By sin and sor - row worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by JOHN B. PRATT

2 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With fervent prayer;  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost,  
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our God.

4 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, 1869

## 589

ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (First Tune)

FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769

Thou Whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,  
 And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And where the gos - pel day  
 Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - men.

2 Thou Who didst come to bring  
 On Thy redeeming wing  
 Healing and sight,  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Sight to the inly blind,  
 O now to all mankind  
 Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life giving, Holy Dove,  
 Speed forth Thy flight:  
 Move on the waters' face,  
 Bearing the lamp of grace,  
 And in earth's darkest place  
 Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessèd Three,  
 Glorious Trinity,  
 Wisdom, love, might;  
 Boundless as ocean's tide  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Through the earth, far and wide,  
 Let there be light.

## 589

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813

WESTERDALE 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (Second Tune)

H. HILES

Thou, Whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

And took their flight; Hear us, we hum-bly pray, And where the

gos-pel day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light! A-men.

## 590

CONSECRATION 7.7.7.7.

CHAS. VINCENT

Sav-iour, Who Thy life didst give, That our souls might ran-somed be,

Rest we not till all the world Hears that love, and turns to Thee. A-men.

2 Help us that we falter not,  
Though the fields are white and wide,  
And the reapers, sorely pressed,  
Call for aid on every side.

3 Guide us that with swifter feet  
We may speed us on our way,

Leading darkened nations forth  
Into Thine eternal day.

4 Sweet the service — blest the toil —  
Thine alone the glory be;  
Oh, baptize our souls anew;  
Consecrate us all to Thee.

HATFIELD HALL 7.6.7.6.D.

C. VINCENT, 1890

And is the time ap-proach - ing, By proph - ets long fore - told,

When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?

Shall ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown?

And ev - 'ry prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone? A-men.

- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting  
From many a distant shore,  
Around one altar kneeling,  
One common Lord adore?  
Shall all that now divides us  
Remove, and pass away  
Like shadows of the morning  
Before the blaze of day?
- 3 Shall all that now unites us  
More sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union  
In a blest land of love?

- Shall war be learned no longer?  
Shall strife and tumult cease?  
All earth His blessèd kingdom,  
The Lord and Prince of Peace.
- 4 O long-expected dawning,  
Come with thy cheering ray;  
When shall the morning brighten,  
The shadows flee away?  
O sweet anticipation!  
It cheers the watchers on  
To pray, and hope, and labor,  
Till the dark night be gone.

LANCASHIRE 7.6.7.6.D.

H. SMART, 1867

Our coun-try's voice is plead - ing, Ye men of God, a - rise!

His prov - i - dence is lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies;

Day-gleams are o'er it brightening, And prom - ise clothes the soil;

Wide fields, for har - vest whit-'ning, In - vite the reap-er's toil. A-men.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,  
 Speed on from east to west,  
 Till all, His cross beholding,  
 In Him are fully blessed.  
 Great Author of salvation,  
 Haste, haste the glorious day,  
 When we, a ransomed nation,  
 Thy scepter shall obey!

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D.

G. J. WEBB, 1837

The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

2 See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay:  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home;  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."



## MISSIONARY HYMN 7.6.7.6.D.

L. MASON, 1823

From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-men.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

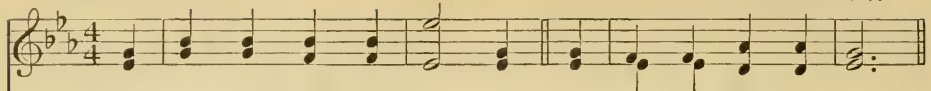
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

GREENLAND 7.6.7.6.D.

Lausanne Psalter, 1790



Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!



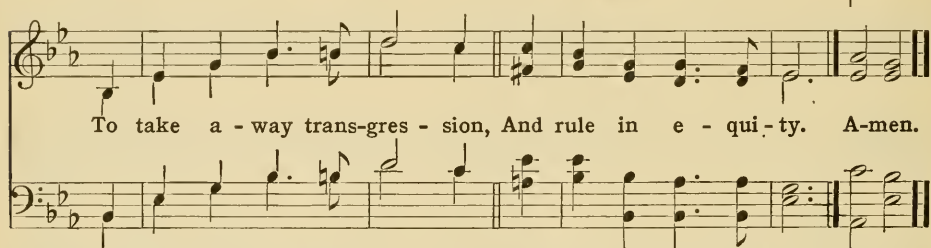
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,



To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A-men.



2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers,  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing  
A kingdom without end:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever,  
That name to us is Love.

Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are:

Trav - 'ler, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star;

Watch-man, doth its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?

Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A-men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
 Higher yet that star ascends:  
 Traveler, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveler, ages are its own,  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn:  
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home:  
 Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo, the Son of God is come.

Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - ders roar,

Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:

Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;

Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A - men.

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2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,  
 From the center to the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies.  
 See Jehovah's banners furled,  
 Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis done,  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll  
 Yonder heavens have passed away,  
 Then the end; beneath His rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall:  
 Alleluia! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is All in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

## 597

ONIDO Eight 7s.

(Second Tune)

PLEVEL. Arr. by L. MASON, 1840

Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun-ders roar,

Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:

Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;

Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A-men.

On the mountain's top ap -pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her - ald stands,

Wel-come news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands.

Mourn-ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands. A-men.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning,  
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He Himself appears thy friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,  
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
 In thy Maker's favor blessed;  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1802

## 598

ZION 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(Second Tune)

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830

On the moun-tain's top ap-pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,

Wel-come news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands.

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands;

Mourn-ing cap - tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands. A-men.

Lord, her watch Thy church is keep-ing : When shall earth thy rule o - bey?

When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom - ised day?

See the whit-'ning har-vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the laborers' toil;

Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re-tain the spoil? A-men.

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,  
 Millions yet have never heard:  
 Can they hear without a preacher?  
 Lord Almighty, give the word!  
 Give the word! in every nation  
 Let the Gospel trumpet sound,  
 Witnessing a world's salvation,  
 To the earth's remotest bound.



3 Then the end! Thy church completed,  
 All Thy chosen gathered in,  
 With their King in glory seated,  
 Satan bound, and banished sin;  
 Gone for ever parting, weeping,  
 Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;  
 Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping;  
 Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

REV. HENRY DOWNTON, 1867

## 599

FABEN 8.7.8.7.D.

(Second Tune)

J. H. WILLCOX, 1849

Lord, her watch Thy church is keep- ing: When shall earth Thy rule o - bey? .

When shall end the night of weep - ing? When shall break the prom-ised day?

See the whit -'ning har-vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the la-borers' toil;

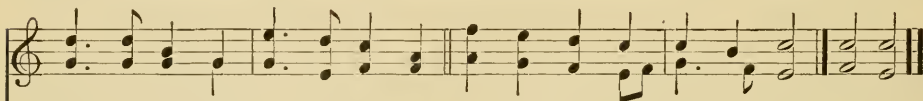
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re-tain the spoil? A-men.



Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, To-ken of our com-ing Lord;



O'er the earth the field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Mas-ter's word:



Pray for reap-ers, Pray for reap-ers In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men.



2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,  
And, with Pentecostal measure,  
Send forth reapers o'er our land;  
Faithful reapers  
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,  
Eager millions hither roam;  
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;  
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!  
By Thy Spirit  
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Soon the reaping time will come;  
Heaven and earth together keeping  
God's eternal Harvest-home.  
Saints and angels  
Shout the world's great Harvest home.

Speed Thy ser-vants, Sav-iour, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;

They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves;

Be Thou with them, 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves. A-men.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at Thy command,  
As their stay Thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land:  
O be with them!  
Lead them safely by the hand.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain;  
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
Then their sinking hopes sustain:  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,  
And the prospect dark appears,  
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,  
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,  
Be Thou with them;  
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

5 In the midst of opposition,  
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;  
When success attends their mission,  
Let Thy servants humbler be;  
Never leave them,  
Till Thy face in heaven they see:

6 There to reap in joy for ever  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;  
There to be with Him, Who never  
Ceases to preserve His own;  
And with gladness  
Give the praise to Him alone.

FALFIELD 8.7.8.7.D.

(First Tune)

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

Sav-iour, sprin - kle ma - ny na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sor - rows be;

By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tles un - to Thee!

2 Of Thy Cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;

Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A - men.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!  
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,  
For Thy Spirit, new creating,  
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain,  
Thee they seek as God of heaven,  
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

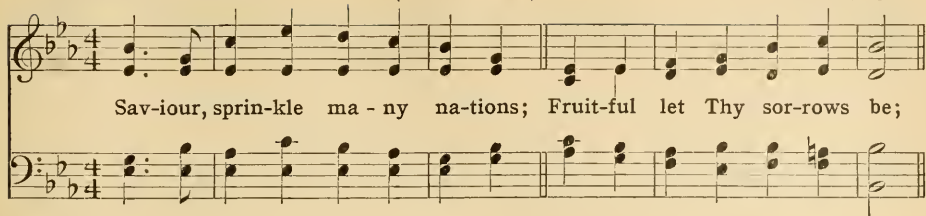
6 Give the word, and of the preacher  
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

## 602

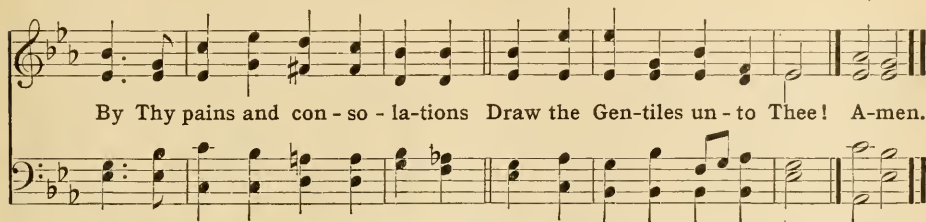
ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7.

(Second Tune)

J. B. DYKES, 1857



Sav-iour, sprin-kle ma - ny na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;

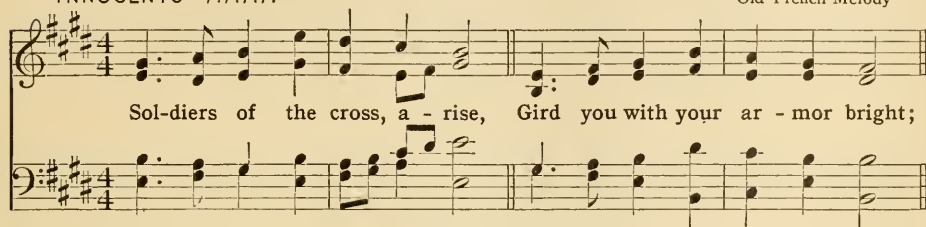


By Thy pains and con - so - la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un - to Thee! A-men.

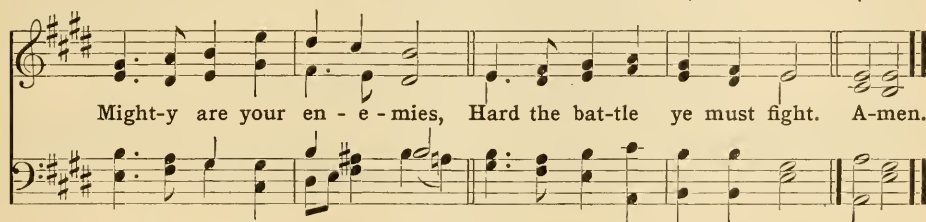
## 603

INNOCENTS 7.7.7.7.

Old French Melody



Sol-diers of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright;



Might-y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat-tle ye must fight. A-men.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky;  
Let it float there wide unfurled;  
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;  
Comfort troubles; banish grief;  
In the might of God arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

HARVEST 10. 10. 7.

C. J. FROST, 1889

Lord of the har - vest, it is right and meet That we should

lay ob - la - tions at Thy feet, With joy - ful Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 2 Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after prayer;  
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,  
Who sing the Alleluia!
- 3 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,  
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,  
We sing our Alleluia.
- 4 O Christ, Who in the wide world's ghostly sea  
Hast bid the net be cast anew, to Thee  
We sing our Alleluia.
- 5 To Thee, Eternal Spirit, Who again  
Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous main,  
We sing our Alleluia.
- 6 Yea, west and east the companies go forth:  
"We come!" is sounding to the south and north:  
To God sing Alleluia.
- 7 The fishermen of Jesus far away  
Seek in new waters an immortal prey:  
To Christ sing Alleluia.
- 8 The Holy Dove is brooding o'er the deep,  
And careless hearts are waking out of sleep;  
To Him sing Alleluia.
- 9 Yea, for sweet hope new-born — blest work begun —  
Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,  
Adoring Alleluia.
- 10 Glory to God! the church in patience cries;  
Glory to God! the church at rest replies,  
With endless Alleluia.

WESLEY 11.10.11.10.

L. MASON, 1830

Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the

lands that in darkness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and

morn-ing, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign. A-men.

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;  
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!  
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

## RANGOON Irregular

C. WOOD, 1904

Trum - pet of God, sound high; Till the hearts of the hea - then shake,

And the souls that in slum - ber lie, At the

voice of the Lord a - wake. Till the fen - ced cit - ies fall At the

blast of the gos - pel call, Trum - pet of God, sound high! A-men.

Copyright, 1904, by Hymns A. &amp; M.

2 Hosts of the Lord, go forth;  
 Go, strong in the power of His rest,  
 Till the south be at one with the north,  
 And peace upon east and west;  
 Till the far-off lands shall thrill  
 With the gladness of God's good will,  
 Hosts of the Lord, go forth,

3 Come, as of old, like fire;  
 O force of the Lord, descend,  
 Till with love of the world's desire  
 Earth burn to its utmost end,  
 Till the ransomed people sing  
 To the glory of Christ the King,  
 Come, as of old, like fire.

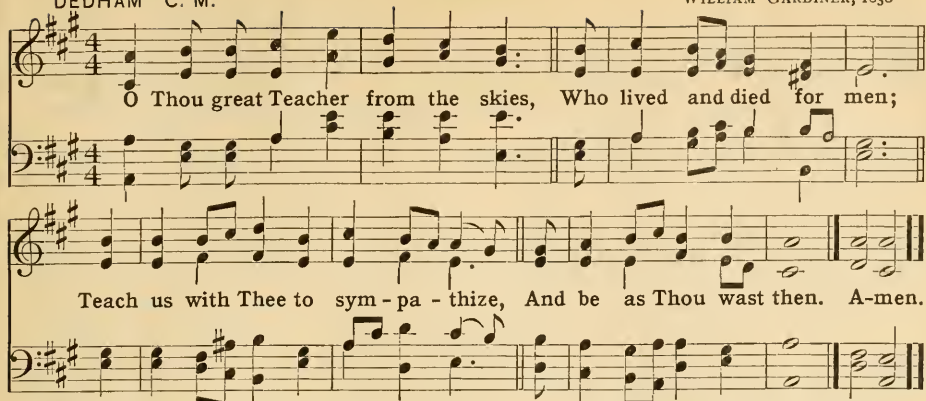
Rev. A. BROOKS



## 607

DEDHAM C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER, 1830



O Thou great Teacher from the skies, Who lived and died for men;  
Teach us with Thee to sym-pa-thize, And be as Thou wast then. A-men.

2 It was the glory of Thy heart,  
Whate'er Thou hadst to give;  
For others' sufferings to impart,  
For others' good to live.

3 Be Thou in us a living soul;  
Be Thou our spirit's power;

Its secret thought, its life's control,  
To guide it every hour.

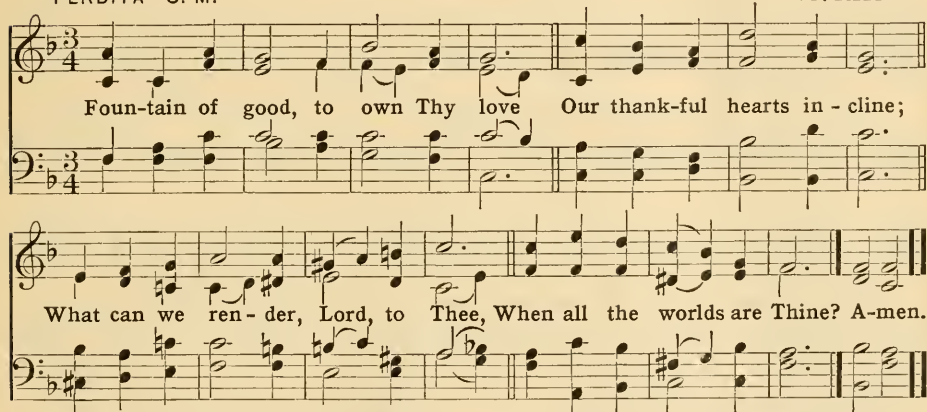
4 We need like Thee a spirit true,  
A just and generous mind,  
Which seeks, in all it has to do,  
The good of all mankind.

Rev. THOMAS C. UPHAM, 1872

## 608

PERDITA C. M.

W. F. BIDDLE



Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in-cline;  
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace,  
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess  
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard;  
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
And visited and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,  
And joy to do Thy will;

Each other's burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
And while we minister to them,  
Would do it as to Thee.

6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,  
And with Thy blessing speed;  
Bless us in giving; greatly bless  
Our gifts to them that need.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1755. E. OSLER, 1836

GERMANY L. M.

WM. GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815

Thou Lord of life, our sav - ing health, Who mak'st Thy suff'ring ones our care,  
Our gifts are still our tru - est wealth, To serve Thee our sin - cer - est pray'r! A-men.

- 2 As on the river's rising tide [sea, Until the lame shall leap again  
Flow strength and coolness from the And the parched lips with gladness ring.  
So through the ways our hands provide 4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought!  
May quickening life flow in from Thee, — Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned,  
3 To heal the wound, to still the pain, Ours is the faith, the will, the thought —  
And strength to failing pulses bring, The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1886

## 610

CHILSTON 8.7.8.7.

A. H. MANN, 1892

Lord of glo - ry, Thou hast bought us With Thy life - blood as the price,  
Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice. A-men.

- 2 And with that hast freely given  
Blessings countless as the sand,  
To the evil and unthankful  
With Thine own unsparing hand.  
3 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,  
Gladly, freely of Thine own;  
With the sunshine of Thy goodness  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;  
4 Till our cold and selfish natures,  
Warmed by Thee, at length believe  
That more happy and more blessèd  
'Tis to give than to receive.  
5 Wondrous honor hast Thou given  
To our humblest charity,  
In Thine own mysterious sentence,  
"Ye have done it unto Me."  
6 Can it be, O gracious Master,  
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,  
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,  
"Give as I have given to you?"  
7 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:  
But O best of all Thy graces,  
Give us Thine own charity.

MRS. E. S. ALDERSON, 1868

BETHANY 8.7.8.7.D.

H. SMART, 1867

Lord, Thou lov'st the cheer - ful giv - er, Who with o - pen heart and hand

Bless - es free - ly, as a riv - er That re - fresh - es all the land;

Grant us, then, the grace of giv - ing With a spir - it large and free,

That our life and all our liv - ing We may con - se - crate to Thee. A - men.

2 Thine own life Thou freely gavest  
As an offering on the cross  
For each sinner whom Thou savest  
From eternal shame and loss.  
Blest by Thee with gifts and graces,  
May we heed Thy Church's call,  
Gladly in all times and places  
Give to Thee who givest all.

3 Saviour, Thou hast freely given  
All the blessings we enjoy,  
Earthly store and bread of heaven,  
Love and peace without alloy,  
Humbly now we bow before Thee,  
And our all to Thee resign;  
For the kingdom, power, and glory  
Are, O Lord, for ever Thine.

SELWYN C. M. D.

J. TILLEARD

Lord, Who at Ca - na's wed-ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,

Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy pres-ence here;

For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar-riage vow to be,

Pro-claim-ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee. A-men.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,  
 The golden thread of life,  
 The bond that none may dare to break,  
 That bindeth man and wife;  
 Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,  
 No evil shall destroy,  
 Thro' care-worn days each care divides,  
 And doubles every joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,  
 O Lord, Thy blessing pour,  
 That each may wake the other's zeal  
 To love Thee more and more:  
 O grant them here in peace to live,  
 In purity and love,  
 And, this world leaving, to receive  
 A crown of life above!

SEABROOK 7.6.7.6.D.

W. F. BIDDLE

O Love di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height!

To Thee the world be - hold - en, Looks up for life and light;

O Love di - vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest!

Be - neath Thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest. A - men.

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2 O Love divine and tender,  
That through our homes dost move,  
Veiled in the softened splendor  
Of holy household love.  
A throne without Thy blessing  
Were labor without rest,  
And cottages possessing  
Thy blessedness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united!  
God bless these hearts made one!  
Unsevered and unblighted  
May they through life go on  
Here in earth's home preparing  
For the bright home above;  
And there for ever sharing:  
It's joy where "God is Love."

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1862

O per-fect Love, all hu-man tho'ts trans-cend-ing, Low-ly we

kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no

end-ing, Whom Thou for ev-er-more dost join in one. A-men.

2 O perfect life, be Thou their full assurance  
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,  
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,  
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,  
Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,  
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living  
Now and to endless ages art adored.

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD, 1883; doxology (Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1875) added

O per-fect Love, all hu-man tho'ts trans-cend-ing, Low-ly we

kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no

end - ing, Whom Thou for - ev - er - more dost join in one. A-men.

## 615

MATRIMONY 7.6.7.6.

J. STAINER

The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear-liest wed-ding day,

The pri-mal marriage bless-ing, It hath not passed a - way. A-men.

2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, holy Father,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side.

4 Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two hearts  
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

6 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to Thine altar  
Their hallowed path they trace,

7 To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

LASUS L. M.

A. H. MANN

God of the fa-thers! show their sons Where Thine al-might-y pur - pose runs;

Give strength and wisdom ev - er new, Thy word to hear, Thy will to do! A-men.

2 Our soldiers lead, our rulers guide;  
In happy hearts and homes abide,  
And bid Thy glory ever shine  
Upon this nation that is Thine!

3 Make Thou its sunrise flag to glow  
Triumphant over every foe,

And brighter still, when wars shall cease,  
To shed the morning gleams of peace!

4 Thou hast delivered; Thou wilt keep  
While generations wake and sleep.

Ever with Thee they live, who stand  
To guard for Thee the fatherland!

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, 1900

617

EATON L. M.

G. W. CHADWICK, 1888

We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil - ver sea;

For all their beau-ty, all their worth, Their light and glo-ry come from Thee. A-men.

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the  
ground,

The trees that weave their arms above,  
The hills that gird our dwellings round,  
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,  
Thou glorious Father, in Thy sight,

Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,  
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye  
On all the gifts Thy love has given,  
Help us in Thee to live and die,  
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

Bishop COTTON, 1856



## ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR Eight 7s.

G. J. ELVEY, 1858

Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home:

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home. A - men.

2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final harvest home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest home.

HAMPTON 8.7.8.7. (Iambic)

Rev. H. B. TURNER

We give Thee thanks, O God, this day, For mer - cies nev - er fail - ing;

Thy love hath brought us on our way, For all our wants a - vail - ing. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by H. B. TURNER

2 No less that love hath met our need  
Than when the manna falling  
Did day by day Thy people feed,  
To love and praises calling.

4 The seasons come, the seasons go,  
But each shall find us singing;  
For each shall greet us, well we know,  
New favors from Thee bringing.

3 The smitten rock poured forth of old  
Its crystal waters gleaming;  
And still the same glad tale is told,  
For us the floods are streaming.

5 Through endless years Thou art the same,  
Thy mercy changes never;  
Then blessèd be Thy mighty name  
Forever and forever.

R. M. OFFORD, 1895

## 620

DIX Six 7s.

C. KOCHER, 1838

Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;

Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy:

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A-men.

2 All the plenty summer pours;  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss, and public wealth,  
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,

Pure religion's holier beams:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,  
May we give Thee of our best;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1772

621

AMORY 6.6.4.6.6.4.

W. F. BIDDLE

The God of harvest praise, In loud thanksgivings raise Hand, heart, and voice;  
The val - leys laugh and sing, For - ests and moun-tains ring,  
The plains their trib - ute bring, The streams re - joice. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by JOHN B. PRATT

2 Yea, bless His holy name,  
And joyous thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is comely; but be not  
God's benefits forgot  
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts, and voices raise  
With one accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

KEMSING 9.8.9.8.

J. W. ELLIOTT

Now sing we a song for the har-vest: Thanksgiv-ing and hon - or and praise

For all that the boun-ti-ful Giv - er Hath giv-en to glad-den our days. A-men.

2 For grasses of upland and lowland,  
For fruits of the garden and field,  
For gold which the mine and the furrow  
To delver and husbandman yield.

3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,  
For that which the hands cannot hold,  
The harvest eyes only can gather,  
And only our hearts can enfold.

4 We reap it on mountain and moorland;  
We glean it from meadow and lea;  
We garner it in from the cloudland;  
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5 But the song it goes deeper and higher;  
There are harvests that eye cannot see;  
They ripen on mountains of duty,  
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

6 And these have been gathered and gar-  
nered,  
Some golden with honor and gain,  
And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,  
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

7 O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,  
The Giver who gladdens our days,  
Our hearts are for ever repeating  
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.

J. W. CHADWICK

WIR PFLÜGEN 7.6.7.6.D. *With Refrain*

J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1800

We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,

But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand;

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,

The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re-fresh - ing rain.

All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove;

Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all . . . His love. A-men.

2 He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food,  
No gifts have we to offer,  
For all Thy love imparts,  
But that which Thou desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.  
All good gifts, etc.

GOLDEN SHEAVES 8.7.8.7.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,

To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:

Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,

The val - leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing. A - men.

2 And now, on this our festal day,  
Thy bounteous hand confessing,  
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay  
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:  
By Thee the souls of men are fed  
With gifts of grace supernal;  
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,  
Give us the bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary;  
But labor ends with sunset ray,  
And rest is for the weary:

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
Stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
To garner's bright elected.

4 O blessèd is that land of God,  
Where saints abide for ever,  
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,  
Where flows the crystal river:  
The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours to-day are blending;  
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song  
Which never hath an ending.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1864

## DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793

O God, beneath Thy guid - ing hand Our ex - iled fa - thers cross'd the sea;

And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshipp'd Thee. A - men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
the prayer: The God they trusted guards their

Thy blessing came; and still its power  
Shall onward, through all ages, bear  
The memory of that holy hour.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,

Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

And spring adorns the earth no more.

REV. LEONARD BACON, 1833 (text of 1845)

## 626

## WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by L. MASON, 1830

O Lord of hosts, Al - might - y King, Be - hold the sac - ri - fice we bring:

To ev - 'ry arm Thy strength impart; Thy Spir - it shed thro' ev - 'ry heart. A - men.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires:  
Thy hand hath made our nation free;  
To die for her is serving Thee.

4 God of all nations, sovereign Lord,  
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1861

From o - cean un - to o - cean Our land shall own Thee Lord,

And, filled with true de - vo - tion, O - bey Thy sov'-reign word.

Our prai - ries and our moun-tains, Our for - ests and each field,

Our riv - ers, lakes, and foun-tains To Thee shall trib - ute yield. A-men.

2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,  
And for our country's weal,  
We humbly plead before Thee,  
Thyself in us reveal;  
And may we know, Lord Jesus,  
The touch of Thy dear hand,  
And, healed of our diseases,  
The tempter's power withstand.

3 Where error smites with blindness,  
Enslaves and leads astray,  
Do Thou in loving-kindness  
Proclaim Thy gospel day,

Till all the tribes and races  
That dwell in this fair land,  
Adorned with Christian graces,  
Within Thy courts shall stand.

4 Our Saviour King, defend us,  
And guide where we should go;  
Forth with Thy message send us,  
Thy love and light to show,  
Till, fired with true devotion  
Enkindled by Thy word,  
From ocean unto ocean  
Our land shall own Thee Lord.



PRO PATRIA 10.10.10.10.

H. W. PARKER, 1894

God of our fa-thers, Whose al-might-y hand Leads forth in beau-ty

all the star-ry band Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor through the

skies, Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise. A-men.

- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,  
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;  
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,  
Lead us from night to never-ending day;  
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,  
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

H. CAREY, 1743

My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,  
From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832

## 630

ST. ANNE C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708

Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,

O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most. A-men.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,  
And here our kindred dwell,  
Our children too; how should we love  
Another land so well?

4 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

3 O guard our shores from every foe;  
With peace our borders bless;  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting friend.

Rev. J. R. WREFORD, 1837

## 631

NEW AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

REV. L. B. LONGACRE, 1895

God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand

Through storm and night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might. A-men.

2 For her our prayers shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
On Him we wait;  
Thou Who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State.

REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS, c. 1833. REV. JOHN S. DWIGHT, 1844

God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en

Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;

Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

2 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;  
 Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,  
 Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,  
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;  
 Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;  
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,  
 Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,  
 Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,  
 Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Russian: Tr. H. F. CHORLEY, 1842

## 632

(Second Tune)

ULTOR OMNIPOTENS 11.10.11.9.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en

Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;

Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

## 633

HURSLEY L. M.

Ascribed to PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861

Great God, we sing that might-y hand, By which sup-port - ed still we stand:

The op'ning year Thy mer-cy shows; Let mer-cy crown it till it close. A-men.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God;  
By His incessant bounty fed,  
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own,  
The future, all to us unknown,

We to Thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

## 634

LAWES 7.7.7.7.

H. LAWES

For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Con-stant thro' an - oth - er year,

Hear our song of thank - ful-ness; Je - sus, our Re-deem - er, hear. A-men.

2 Dark the future; let Thy light  
Guide us, bright and morning star:  
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;  
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

3 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own;  
Help, O help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

REV. HENRY DOWNTON, 1841

ST. ALBAN 6.5.6.5.D. *With Refrain*

Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN, by Rev. J. B. DYKES

Standing at the por - tal Of the op-'ning year, Words of com-fort meet us,

Hush-ing ev-'ry fear; Spo-ken thro' the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice,

*Refrain*  
Tender, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re - joice. Onward then, and fear not!

Chil-dren of the day! For His word shall nev - er, Nev - er pass a-way. A-men.

2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid!  
I will keep and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed!  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With My own right hand,  
Thou art called and chosen  
In My sight to stand."

3 He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break!  
Resfing on His promise,  
What have we to fear?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.

Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee,

In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be.

Not from sor - row, pain, or care, Free - dom dare I claim;

This a - lone shall be my prayer: Glo - ri - fy Thy name. A - men.

2 Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may shine, —

Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And, whate'er the future brings,  
Glorify Thy name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home, —  
Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on;  
"Glorify Thy name."



An - oth - er year is dawn - ing, Dear Fa - ther, let it be

In work - ing or in wait - ing An - oth - er year with thee;

An - oth - er year of prog - ress, An - oth - er year of praise,

An - oth - er year of prov - ing Thy pres - ence all the days; A - men.

2 Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace,  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face,  
Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Another year of trusting,  
Of quiet, happy rest,—

3 Another year of service,  
Of witness for thy love,  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.  
Another year is dawning,  
Dear Father, let it be  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
Another year for Thee.

## VESPER HYMN 8.7.8.7.D.

Russian. Arr. by JOHN STEVENSON, 1818

At Thy feet, our God and Fa - ther, Who hast blessed us all our days,

We with grate - ful hearts would gath - er, To be - gin the year with praise,

Praise for light so bright - ly shin - ing On our steps from heav'n a - bove,

Praise for mer - cies dai - ly twin - ing Round us gold - en chords of love. A - men.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,  
 On the cross for sinners shown,  
 We would praise Thee, and surrender  
 All our hearts to be Thine own.  
 With so blest a friend provided,  
 We upon our way would go,  
 Sure of being safely guided,  
 Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter  
 When Thy gracious face we see;  
 Every burden will be lighter  
 When we know it comes from Thee.  
 Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;  
 Give us strength to serve and wait,  
 Till the glory breaks before us,  
 Through the city's open gate.

LUX EOI 8.7.8.7.D.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1875

Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, Thou hast bro't us Safe-ly to the pres-ent day,

Gen-tly lead-ing on our foot-steps, Watch-ing o'er us all the way.

Friend and guide thro' life's long jour-ney, Grate-ful hearts to Thee we bring;

But for love so true and changeless How shall we fit prais-es sing? A-men.

- 2 Mercies new and never-failing  
Brightly shine through all the past,  
Watchful care and loving-kindness  
Always near from first to last,  
Tender love, divine protection  
Ever with us day and night;  
Blessings more than we can number  
Strow the path with golden light.
- 3 Shadows deep have crossed our pathway;  
We have trembled in the storm;  
Clouds have gathered round so darkly  
That we could not see Thy form;

Yet Thy love hath never left us  
In our griefs alone to be,  
And the help each gave the other  
Was the strength that came from Thee.

- 4 Many that we loved have left us,  
Reaching first their journey's end;  
Now they wait to give us welcome,  
Brother, sister, child, and friend.  
When at last our journey's over,  
And we pass away from sight,  
Father, take us through the darkness  
Into everlasting light.

## BENEVENTO Eight 7s.

Arr. from S. WEBBE, 1792

While with cease-less course the sun Hast-ed thro' the for-mer year,

Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

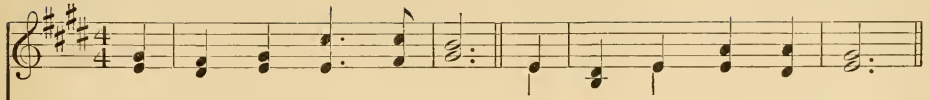
We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know. A-men.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream:  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

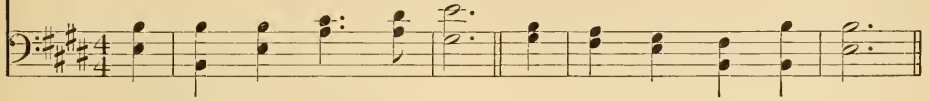
3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view:  
Bless Thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told  
May we dwell with Thee above.

RALEIGH 6.6.6.6.8.8.

E. PROUT, 1887



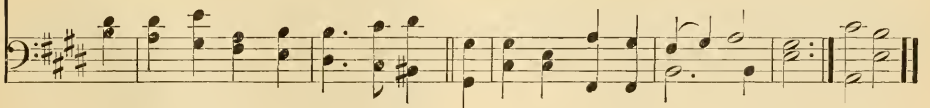
Fa - ther, Who art a - lone Our help - er and our stay,



O hear us, as we plead For loved ones far a - way,



And shield with Thine almighty hand Our wander - ers by sea and land. A - men.



2 For Thou, our Father God,  
Art present everywhere,  
And bendest low Thine ear  
To catch the faintest prayer,  
Waiting rich blessings to bestow  
On all Thy children here below.

4 Guard them from every harm  
When dangers shall assail,  
And teach them that Thy power  
Can never, never fail;  
We cannot with our loved ones be,  
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

3 O compass with Thy love  
The daily path they tread;  
And may Thy light and truth  
Upon their hearts be shed,  
That, one in all things with Thy will,  
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

5 We all are travelers here  
Along life's various road,  
Meeting and parting oft  
Till we shall mount to God, —  
At home at last, with those we love,  
Within the fatherland above.

MELITA Six 8s.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1861

E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest - less wave,

Who bid'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep;

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A - men.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
Who walkedst in the foaming deep,  
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

And gavest light, and life, and peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,

4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,  
Thus ever let there rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1860

## 643

ALBANO C. M.

V. NOVELLO, 1800

O Lord, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,

Our guard, when on the si - lent deck The night - ly watch we keep. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 We need not fear, though all around,<br/>'Mid rising winds, we hear<br/>The multitude of waters surge;<br/>For Thou, O God, art near.</p> <p>3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,<br/>The ocean and the land,<br/>All, all are Thine, and held within<br/>The hollow of Thy hand.</p> <p>4 As when on blue Gennesaret<br/>Rose high the angry wave,</p> | <p>And Thy disciples quailed in dread,<br/>One word of Thine could save;</p> <p>5 So when the fiercer storms arise<br/>From man's unbridled will,<br/>Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts<br/>To whisper, "Peace, be still."</p> <p>6 Across this troubled tide of life<br/>Thyself our pilot be,<br/>Until we reach that better land,<br/>The land that knows no sea.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. EDWARD A. DAYMAN, 1865

## 644

BULLINGER 8.5.8.3.

E. W. BULLINGER, 1877

Ho - ly Fa - ther, in Thy mer - cy, Hear our anx - ious pray'r;

Keep our loved ones, now far ab - sent, 'Neath Thy care. A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence<br/>Be their light and guide;<br/>Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,<br/>At Thy side.</p> <p>3 When in sorrow, when in danger,<br/>When in loneliness,<br/>In Thy love look down and comfort<br/>Their distress.</p> <p>4 May the joy of Thy salvation<br/>Be their strength and stay;</p> | <p>May they love and may they praise Thee<br/>Day by day.</p> <p>5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching<br/>Sanctify their life;<br/>Send Thy grace that they may conquer<br/>In the strife.</p> <p>6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,<br/>God the One in Three, [them<br/>Bless them, guide them, save them, keep<br/>Near to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

ISABELLA S. STEPHENSON, 1889

- 1 S. M.  
We give Thee glory, Lord,  
Thy majesty adore;  
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
We bless for evermore.  
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866
- 2 S. M. D.  
Thee, Father, Spirit, Son,  
We joyfully adore;  
We bless the Eternal Three in One,  
Who reigns for evermore:  
Thou glorious Trinity,  
By earth and heaven adored,  
We glorify, we worship Thee,  
The universal Lord.  
REV. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1872
- 3 C. M.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.  
TATE and BRADY'S New Version, 1696
- 4 C. M. D.  
The God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by His redeeming Word  
And new-creating Breath;  
To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all-Divine,  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join.  
REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709
- 5 L. M.  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1693
- 6 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.  
To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise be given:  
Crown Him in every song;  
To Him your hearts belong,  
Let all His praise prolong  
On earth, in heaven.  
REV. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1843
- 7 6.6.6.6.  
To Father, and to Son,  
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Eternal praises be.  
Anon., 1871
- 8 7.6.7.6.D.  
Great God of earth and heaven,  
To Thee our songs we raise;  
To Thee be glory given  
And everlasting praise:  
We joyfully confess Thee,  
Eternal Triune God;  
We magnify, we bless Thee,  
And spread Thy praise abroad.  
REV. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1872
- 9 7.7.7.7.  
Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740
- 10 8.7.8.7.  
Praise the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.  
Anon., 1827
- 11 8.7.8.7.4.7. or 8.7.8.7.8.7  
Glory be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Great Jehovah, Three in One:  
Glory, glory,  
While eternal ages run.  
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866
- 12 8.8.8.8.8.8.  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven;  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.  
REV. ISAAC WATTS (first 4 lines), 1709





VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO

1 R. WOODWARD

2 G. J. ELVEY

3 J. JONES

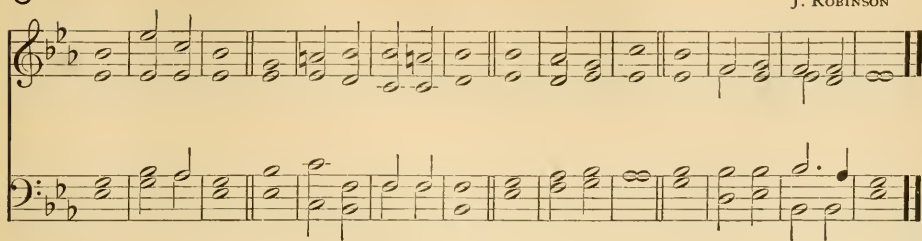
4 R. GOODSON

5 J. RANDALL

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO

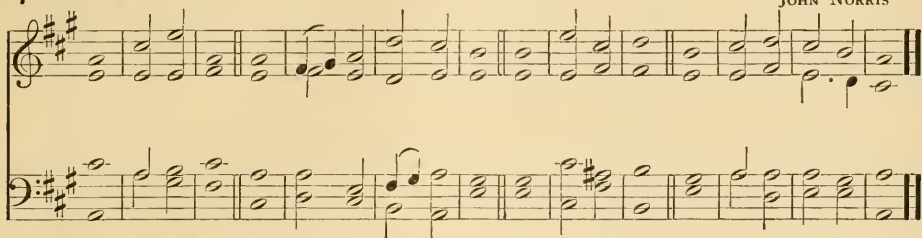
6

J. ROBINSON



7

JOHN NORRIS



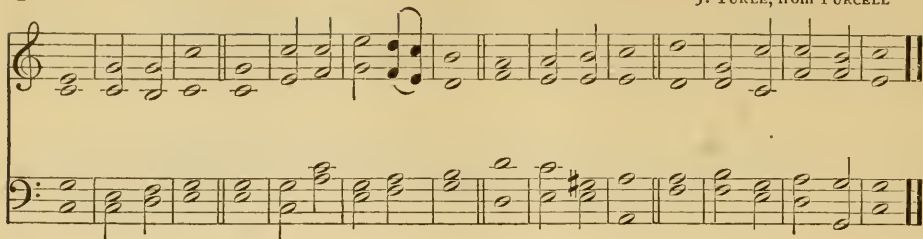
Psalm XCV

1	O come let us sing.....	unto	the	Lord;
	Let us heartily rejoice .....	in the	strength	of our sal- vation.
2	Let us come before His présence with	thanks-	—	giving,
	And shów .....	ourselves	glad	in Him with psalms.
3	For the Lórd.....	is a	great	—
	And a gréat.....	King	a-	bove all gods.
4	In His hands are all the córners....	of	the	earth:
	And the stréngth.....	of the	hills	is His — also.
5	The sea is His.....	and	He	made it:
	And His hánds.....	pre- pared	the	dry — land.
6	O come let us wórship.....	and	fall	—
	And knéel .....	be- fore	the	Lord our Maker.
7	For Hé.....	is the	Lord	our God:
	And we are the people of His pasture,*			
	and.....	the	sheep	of His — hand.
8	O worship the Lórd.....	in the	beauty	of holiness:
	Let the whole éárth.....	stand	in	awe of Him.
21 part	9 For He cometh, for He cómeth... to	judge	the	earth:
	And with righteousness to judge the			
	wórd.....	and the	peo- ple	with His truth.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son
	And.....	to	the	Ho- ly Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów, and	ev-	er	shall be,
	Wórd.....	without	—	A- — men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

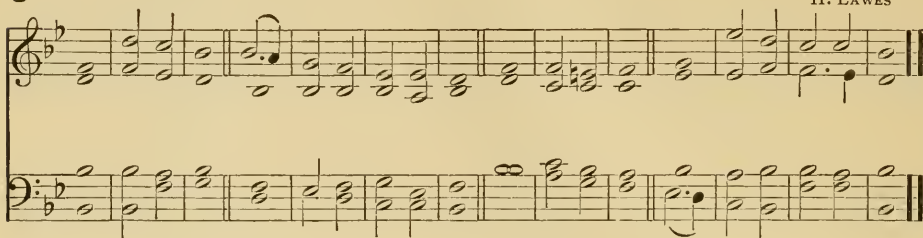
8

J. TURLE, from PURCELL



9

H. LAWES



1	We práise.....		Thee	O		God;		
	We acknówledge.....		Thee	to		be	the	Lord.
	All the eárh.....	doth	wor-	ship		Thee		
	Thé.....	Fa-	ther	ev-		er-	last-	ing.
2	To Thee all Ángels .....	cry	a-	loud;				
	The Heávens.....	and	all	the		powers	there-	in.
	To Thee Chérubim.....	and	Ser-	aph-		im;		
	Cón.....	tin-	ual-	ly		do	cry.	
3	Hóly.....	Ho-	ly	Holy;				
	Lórd.....	God	of	Sa-		ba-	oth.	
	Heaven and earth are fúll.....	of	Ma-	jes-		ty		
	Óf.....	Thy	—	Glo-		—	ry.	
4	The glorious cómpany.....	of	the	A-		postles		
	Práise.....	—	—	—		—	Thee.	
	The goodly féllowship.....	of	the	prophets				
	Práise.....	—	—	—		—	Thee.	
5	The nóble.....	army	of	Martyrs				
	Práise.....	—	—	—		—	Thee.	
	The Holy Chúrch.....	throughout	all	the		world		
	Dóth.....	ac-	know-	—		—	ledge	Thee.
6	Thé.....	Fa-	—	ther				
	Óf .....	infi-	nite	ma-		jes-	ty.	
	Thine adorable, trúe.....	and	on-	ly		Son		
	Also the Holy Ghóst.....	the	Com-	—		fort-	—	er.
7	Thóu art .....	the	King	of		glory		
	ó.....	—	—	—		—	Christ.	
	Thou art the éver.....	last-	ing	Son				
	óf.....	—	the	Fa-		—	ther.	

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

10

R. COOKE

- 8 When Thou tookest upón Thee to de- liv- er | man.  
 Thou didst humble Thysélf. . . . . to be born — | of a | Virgin.  
 When Thou hadst overcôme. . . . . the sharpness of death.  
 Thou didst open the kíngdom. . . . . of Heaven to all be- | lievers.
- 9 Thou sittest at the ríght. . . . . hand of God  
 Iní. . . . . the glo- ry of the | Father.  
 We believe. . . . . that Thou shalt come  
 Tó. . . . . be — our — | judge.
- 10 We therefore práy Thee. . . . . help Thy servants,  
 Whom Thou hast redéemed. . . . . with Thy pre- cious | blood.  
 Make them to be númered. . . . . with Thy saints  
 In. . . . . glo- ry ev- er- | lasting.
- 11 O Lórd. . . . . save Thy people,  
 Ańd. . . . . bless Thine her- it- | age.  
 Góv- . . . . . — ern them,  
 Ańd. . . . . lift them up for | ever.

H. LAWES

- 12 Dáy. . . . . by — | day,  
 Wé. . . . . mag- ni- fy — | Thee.  
 Ańd. . . . . we worship Thy name  
 Éver. . . . . world with- out — | end.
- 13 Vouch- . . . . . safe O Lord,  
 To kéept us. . . . . this day with- out — | sin;  
 O Lórd. . . . . have mercy up- on us,  
 Háve. . . . . mer- — cy up- on us.
- 14 O Lord, let Thy mércy. . . . . be up- on us,  
 Aś. . . . . our trust — is in Thee.  
 O Lord in Theé. . . . . have I trusted;  
 Lét. . . . . me nev- er be con- | founded.

BENEDICTUS

11 W. CROFT

12 H. ALDRICH

13 M. GREENE

14 J. TURLE

15 Anon.

16 R. LANGDON

Luke i: 68

1	Blessed be the Lórd.....	God	of Israel;
	For He hath vísited.....	and	re- deemed His   people;
2	And hath raised up a míghty....	sal- va-	tion for us;
	In the hóuse.....	of	His ser- vant   David.
3	As He spake by the móuth....	of His	ly prophets;
	Which have béen.....	since	the   world be-   gan;
4	That we should be sáved.....	from	our enemies,
	And fróm.....	the	of all that   hate us.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the   Son.
	Aíd.....	to	the Ho- ly   Ghost;
	As it was in the beginning* is nów..	and	ev- er shall be,
	Wórdl.....	without	—   A- —   men.

JUBILATE DEO

17 W. RUSSELL

18 E. J. HOPKINS

19 G. A. MACFARREN

20 J. BARNBY

21 J. S. SMITH

22 R. WOODWARD

Psalm C.

1 O be joyful in the Lórd..... | all ye | lands.  
 Serve the Lord with gladness\* and  
 'come befóre His..... | pre- sence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord He is God\*; |  
 it is He that hath made us ánd... not | we our- | selves.  
 We are His people ánd..... the | sheep of | His — | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with  
 thanksgiving\* and into..... His | courts with | praise.  
 Be thankful unto Hím..... and | speak good | of His | name.

4 For the Lord is gracious,\* His mércy . is | ev- er- | lasting;  
 And His truth endureth from géner- | ation to gen- er- | ation.  
 Glory be to the Fáther..... | and to the | Son  
 Aíd. .... | to the Ho- ly | Ghost.  
 As it was in the beginning\* is nów . and | ev- er | shall be;  
 Wórlð..... without | — | A- — | men.

MAGNIFICAT

23

A. H. BROWN

24

E. G. MONK

25

E. J. HOPKINS

26

P. ARMES

27

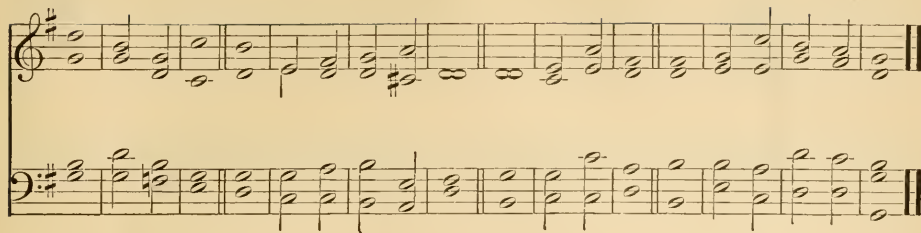
H. HILES



MAGNIFICAT

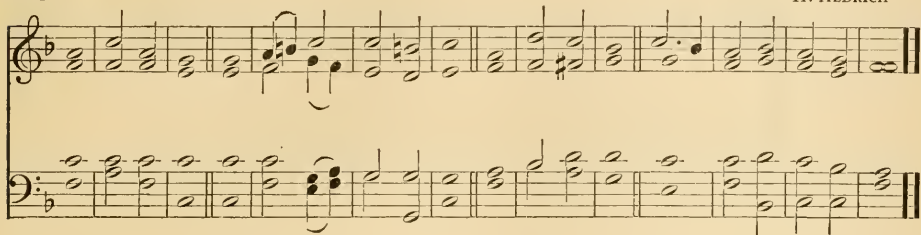
28

H. SMART



29

H. ALDRICH



Luke 1; 46

1	My soul doth mág-..... ni-	fy	the	Lord;
	And my spirit háth..... re-	joiced	in	God my Saviour.
2	Fór..... He	hath	re-	garded
	The lów-.....li-	ness	of	His hand maiden.
3	Fór..... be-	hold	from	henceforth
	Áll..... gener-	ations	shall	call me blessed.
4	For He that is míghty..... hath	magni-	'fied	me.
	Afd.....	ho-	ly	is His name.
5	And His mércy..... is on	them	that	fear Him,
	Thrógh-.....	out	all	gen-er-ations.
6	He hath showed strángth.....	with	His	arm.
	He hath scattered the proud			
	in the imá-..... gin-	a-	tion	of their hearts.
7	He hath put down the míghty.....	from	their	seat.
	And háth..... ex-	alted	the	humble and meek.
8	He hath filled the húngry.....	with	good	— things;
	And the rích..... He hath	sent	—	empty a-way.
9	He remembering His mercy hath			
	hólpén..... His	ser-	vant	Israel;
	As He promised to our forefathers*			
	A <sup>24</sup> braham.....	and	his	seed for ever.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son.
	Afd.....	to	the	Ho-ly Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów.. and	ev-	er	shall be;
	Wórlđ..... without	—	A-	— men.

CANTATE DOMINO

30

J. BATTISHILL

31

G. A. MACFARREN

32

W. RUSSELL

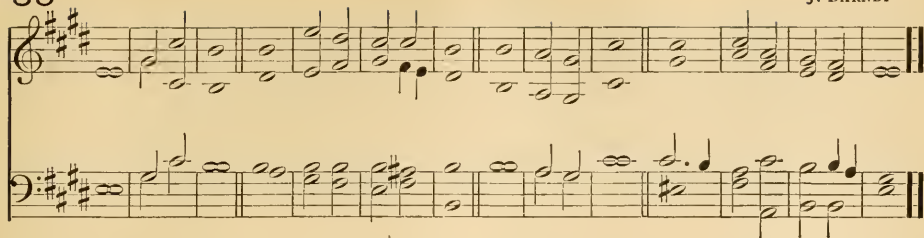
33

W. CROTCH

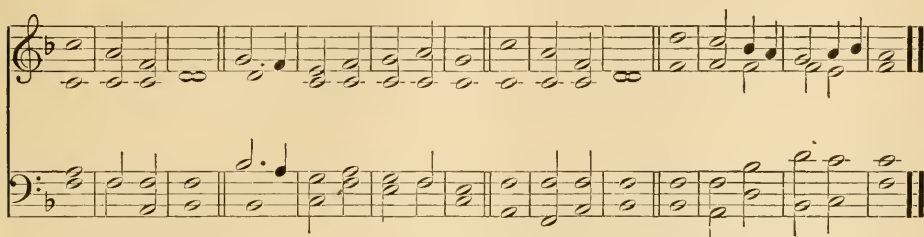
34

B.

35



36



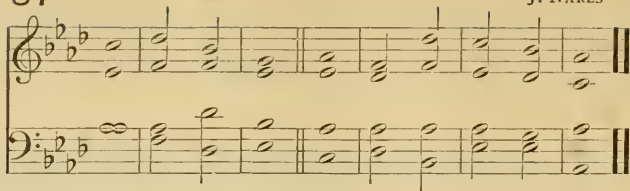
Psalm XCVIII

<p>1 O sing unto the Lórd..... a          For Hé..... hath          With His own right hand* and with His          Háth..... He          2 The Lord decláred.....          His righteousness hath He          openly shówed..... in the          He hath remembered His mercy          and truth tóward..... the          And all the ends of the world          have séen..... the sal-          3 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lórd..          Síng..... re-          Praise the Lórd..... up-          Sing to the hárp..... with a          4 With trúmpets.....          O show yourselves jóyful..... be-          Let the sea make a noise* and áll. that          The round wórd..... and          5 Let the floods clap their hands* and let          the hills be joyful togéther..... be-          Fór..... He          With righteousness sháll..... He          Ańd..... the          Glory be to the Fáther.....          Ańd.....          As it was in the beginning* is nów . and          Wórd..... without</p>	<p>new —   song;          done —   marvel- lous   things.          ly   arm,          gotten Him-   self the   victory.          His sal-   vation;          sight —   of the   heathen.          house of   Israel;          va- tion   of our   God.          all ye   lands;          joyce and   give —   thanks.          on the   harp;          psalm of   thanks- —   giving.          and shawms,          before the   Lord the   king.          there- in   is;          they that   dwell there-   in.          before the   Lord;          cometh to   judge the   earth.          the judge to   the world,          the peo- ple   with —   equity.          and to the   Son,          to the   Ho- ly   Ghost;          ev- er   shall be,          —   A- —   men.</p>
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BONUM EST

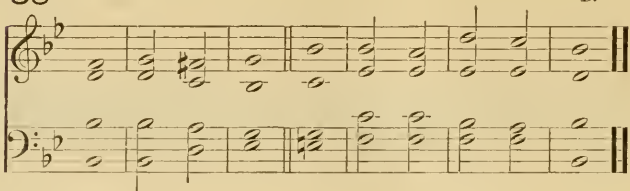
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J. NARES



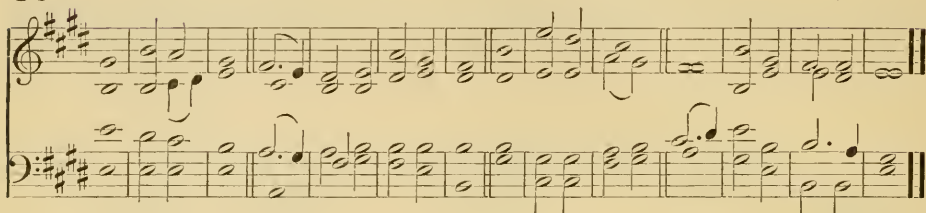
38

B.



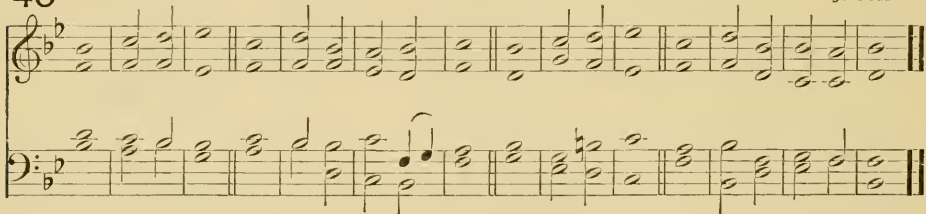
39

J. Goss



40

J. Goss



Psalm XCII

- |   |  |         |        |                     |
|---|--|---------|--------|---------------------|
| 1 | It is a good thing to give thanks . . . .  | unto    | the    | Lord;               |
|   | And to sing praises unto . . . . .         | Thy     | name   | — O most   highest; |
| 2 | To tell of Thy loving kindness early . .   | in      | the    | morning,            |
|   | And of Thy truth . . . . .                 | in      | the    | night —   season.   |
| 3 | Upon an instrument of ten strings*         |         |        |                     |
|   | and . . . . .                              | up-     | on     | the   lute.         |
|   | Upon a loud instrument . . . . .           | and     | up-    | on the   harp.      |
| 4 | For Thou Lord hast made me glad . .        | through | Thy    | works,              |
|   | And I will rejoice in giving               |         |        |                     |
|   | praise for the óper- . . . . .             | a-      | tions  | of Thy   hands.     |
|   | Glory be to the Fátther . . . . .          | and     | to the | Son,                |
|   | And . . . . .                              | to      | the    | Ho- ly   Ghost.     |
|   | As it was in the beginning* is nów . . and | ev-     | er     | shall be,           |
|   | Wórlđ . . . . .                            | without | end    | —   A- —   men.     |

DEUS MISEREATUR

41 J. BARNEY

42 H. ALDRICH

43 R. N. PARKE

44 R. FARRANT

45 J. R. MATTHEWS

46 J. T. MUSGRAVE

Psalm LXVII

1	God be merciful únto.....	us	and	bleſs us;
	And ſhow us the light of His			
	countenance* and.....	be	merci- ful	un- to   us.
2	That Thy wáy.....	may be	known-upon	earth,
	Thy ſáving.....	health	a- mong	all   nations.
3	Let the people práiſe.....	Thee	O God;	
	Yeá.....	let	all the	peo- ple   práiſe Thee.
4	O let the nations rejoíce.....	and	be glad,	
	For Thou ſhalt judge the folk			
	righteouſly* and góvern.....	the	nations up-   on	—   earth.
5	Let the people práiſe.....	Thee	O God;	
	Yeá.....	let	all the	peo- ple   práiſe Thee.
6	Then ſhall the eáſth bring.....	forth	her   increaſe,	
	And God, even our own Gód,..	ſhall	give	—   us His   bleſſing.
7	Gód.....	ſhall	bleſs	—   us,
	And all the énds.....	of the	world ſhall	fear —   Him.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,
	And.....	to	the	Ho- ly   Ghóſt.
	Ás it was in the begining* is nów .	and	ev- er	ſhall be,
	Wórlđ.....	without	end	—   A- —   men.

2d part

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

47

Oxford Chant

48

F. A. G. OUSELEY

49

G. F. ELVEY

50

E. J. HOPKINS

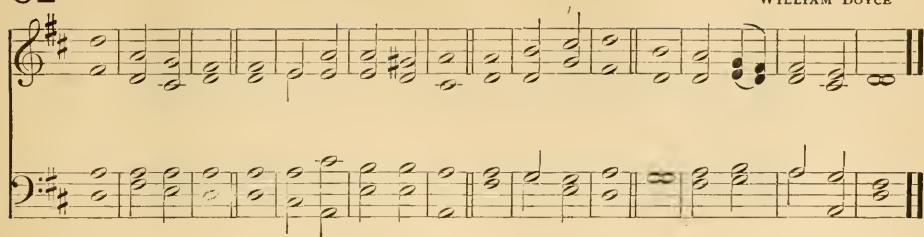
51

J. BARNEY

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

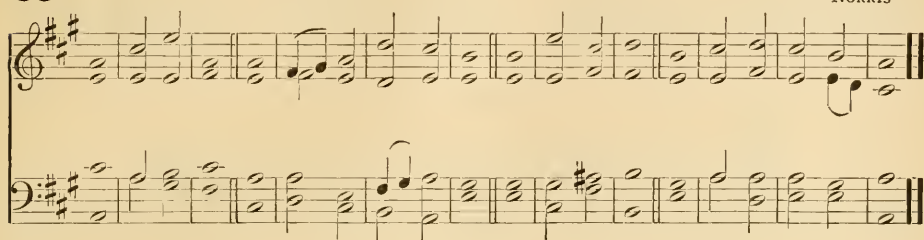
52

WILLIAM BOYCE



53

NORRIS



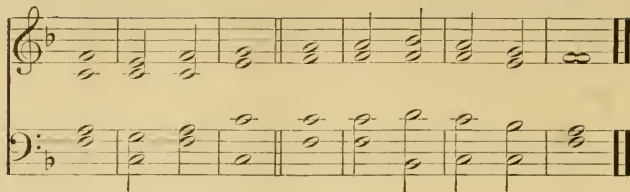
Psalm CIII

1	Praise the Lórd.....	O	my	soul,			
	And all that is withín me.....	praise	His	ho-	ly	name.	
2	Praise the Lórd.....	O	my	soul,			
	Aíd..... for-	get	not	all	His	benefits.	
3	Who forgíveth.....	all	thy	sin,			
	And héaleth.....	all	—	thine	in-	firmities.	
4	Who saveth thy lífe .....	from	de-	struction,			
	And crowneth thée..... with	mercy	and	lov-	ing	kindness.	
5	O praise the Lord ye angels]						
	of His,* yé that..... ex-	cel	in	strength,			
	Ye that fulfil His commandment*]						
	and hearken únto..... the	voice	—	of	His	word.	
6	O praise the Lórd,.....all	ye	His	hosts,			
	Ye sérvants..... of	His	that	do	His	pleasure.	
<sup>31</sup> part 7	O speak good of the Lord all ye]						
	works of His* in all pláces..... of	His	do-	minion,			
	Praise thóu..... the	Lord	—	O	my	soul.	
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to	the	Son,		
	Aíd.....	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.	
	As it was in the beginning* is nów . and	ev-	er	shall	be		
	Wórlđ..... without	end	—	A	—	men.	

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

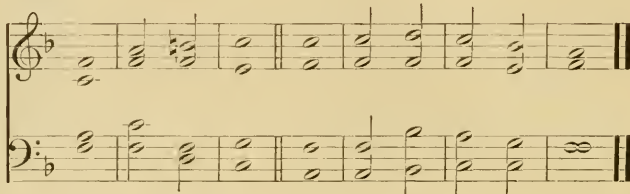
54

Old Church Melody



Glory bé . . . . . to | God on | high,  
 And on eá rth . . . . . | peace good | will to | men.  
 We praise Thee, we bless Thé . . . we | wor- | ship | Thee,  
 We glorify Thee, we give thánks . . . to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

55



O Lord Gód . . . . . | heaven- ly | King;  
 Gód . . . . . the | Fa- ther | Al- — | mighty.  
 O Lord, the only begotten Són . . . . . | Je- sus | Christ.  
 O Lord God, Lamb of Gód . . . . . | Son — | of the | Father.

56



That takest awáy . . . . . the | sins of the | world,  
 Have mércy . . . . . up- | on — | us.  
 Thou that takest awáy . . . . . the | sins of the | world,  
 Have mércy . . . . . up- | on — | us.  
 Thou that takest awáy . . . . . the | sins of the | world,  
 Ré- . . . . . | ceive our | prayer.  
 Thou that sittest at the right hánd . . . of | God the | Father,  
 Have mércy . . . . . up- | on — | us.



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

For Thou ónly.....	art	—	holy,		
Thóu.....	on-		ly   art	the	Lord.
Thou only, O Christ,.....	with the	Ho-	ly Ghost,		
Art most hígh.....	in the	glory	of   God	the	Father. Amen.

NUNC DIMITTIS

57 Verses 1.2.& 3.

J. Goss

Verse 4.& Gloria.

J. Goss

58 Verses 1.2.& 3.

J. BARNEY

Verse 4.& Gloria

J. BARNEY

Luke ii. 29.

1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant. . de-	part	in	peace,		
Ac-.....	cord-	ing	to	Thy	word.
2 Fór.....	mine	eyes	have	seen,	
Thý.....	—	sal-	va-	—	tion.
3 Whích.....	Thou	hast	pre-	pared,	
Befóre.....	the	face	of	all	—   people;
4 To be a líght.....	to	lighten	the	Gentiles,	
And to be the glóry.....	of	Thy	peo-	ple	Israel.
Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,		
Aíd.....	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is nów, . . and	ev-	er	shall be,		
Wórdl.....	without	—	A-	—	men.

LORD, LET ME KNOW MINE END

59

CHAS. VINCENT

60

W. CROFT

61

J. FLINTOFT

62

B.

From Psalm XXXIX

<p>1 Lord, let me know mine end* and the          númer.....</p> <p>2 Behold, Thou hast made my days as it          wére..... a</p> <p>3 For man walketh in a vain shadow,*          and disquieteth..... him-</p> <p>4 And now Lórd,..... what          Trúly..... my</p> <p>5 Deliver me from áll..... mine          And make me nót..... a re-</p> <p>6 When Thou with rebukes dost chasten          man for sin* Thou makest his beauty          to consume away* like as it were a          móth.....</p>	<p>of my   days,          I   have to   live.</p> <p>—   long,</p> <p>al- to-   geth- er   vanity.</p> <p>self in   vain;          who shall   gath- er   them.</p> <p>is my   hope.          is   even in   Thee.</p> <p>mine of-   fences.          —   unto the   foolish.</p> <p>fretting a   garment;          there- fore   is but   vanity.</p>
--	--

LORD, LET ME KNOW MINE END

7	Hear my prayer O Lord,* and with Thine éárs..... con-	sider	my	calling.
	Hóid not..... Thy	peace	—	at my   tears.
8	For I am a stranger with Theé.....	and	a	sojourner,
	As.....	all	my	fath- ers   were.
<sup>2d part</sup> 9	O spare me a little* that I máy.. re-	cover	my	strength,
	Before I go hénce.....	and	be	no more   seen.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,
	Aíd.....	to	the	Ho- ly   Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów.. and	ev-	er	shall be,
	Wórd..... without	end	—	A- —   men.

DOMINE REFUGIUM

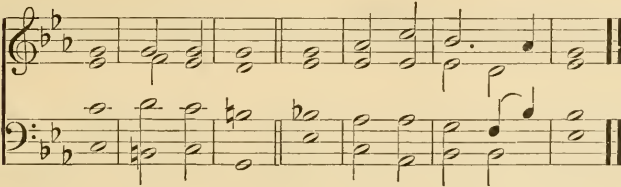
63

L. T. DOWNES



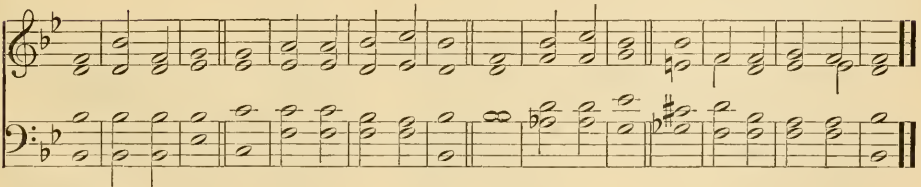
64

W. FELTON



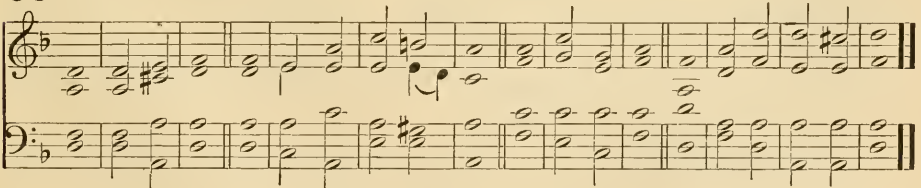
65

BEETHOVEN



66

T. MORLEY



Psalm XC

1	Lord, Thóu..... hast	been	our	refuge
	From óne..... gener-	a-	tion	to an-   other.
2	Before the mountains were brought]			
	forth* or ever the éárth... and the	world	were	made.
	Thou art God from everlásting,.. and	world	with- out	—   end.

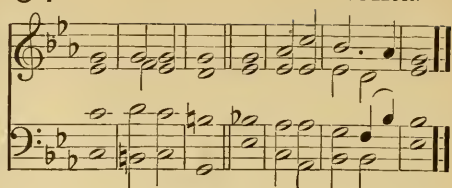
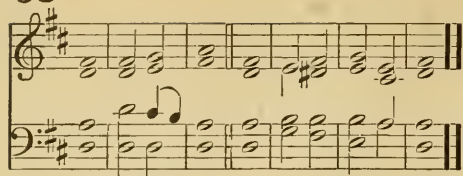
DOMINE REFUGIUM

63

L. T. DOWNES

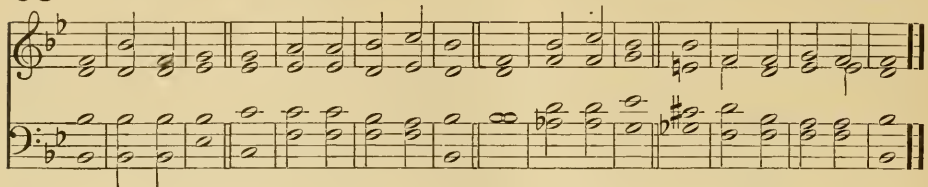
64

W. FELTON



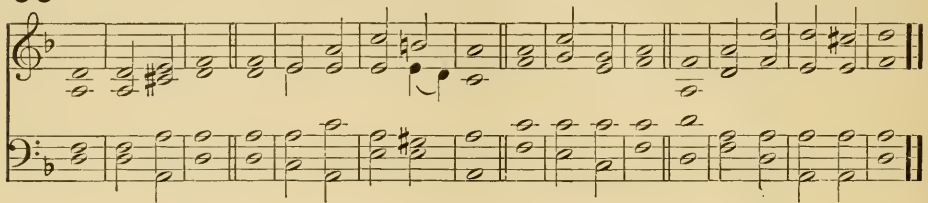
65

BEETHOVEN



66

T. MORLEY



3	Thou turnest mán.....	to	de-	struction;
	Again Thou sayest Cóme.....	gain	ye	children of men.
4	For a thousand years in Thy síght are	but	as	yesterday,
	Seeing that is pást.....	as a	watch	— in the night.
5	As soon as Thou scatterest them* they			
	are éven.....	as	a	sleep,
	And fáde.....	sudden-	ly	like the grass.
6	In the morning it is gréen.....	and	grow-	eth up,
	But in the evening it is cut dówn....	dri-	ed up	and withered.
7	For we consume awáy.....	in	Thy	dis-pleasure.
	And are afráid.....	at Thy	wrath-	ful in-dig-nation.
8	Thou hast sét.....	our mis-	deeds	be-fore Thee.
	And our secret síns.....	in the	light	— of Thy countenance.
9	For when Thou art angry, áll... our	days	are	gone;
	We bring our years to an end* as it			
	wére.....	a	tale	— that is told.
10	The days of our age are threescore			
	years and ten,* and though men be			
	so strong that they cóme.....	to	four	score   years,
	Yet is their strength then but labor			
	and sorrow,* so soon pásseth it..	a-	way	and we are gone.
2d part II	O teách us.....	to	number	our days.
	That we may apply.....	our	hearts	— un- to wisdom.
	Glory be to the Fátter.....	and	to the	Son,
	Afd.....	to	the	Ho-ly   Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów. and	ev-	er	shall be,
	Wórl'd.....	without	end	— A- —   men.

DOMINUS REGIT ME

67 CHAS. VINCENT

68 MACFARREN

69 ROBINSON

70 DR. S. A. PEARCE

Psalm XXIII

1 The Lórd. ....	is	my	Shepherd,
I'.....	shall	—	not —   want.
2 He maketh me to lie dówn.....	in	green	—   pastures;
He leadeth mé.....	be-	side	the still —   waters.
3 Hé.....	re-	storeth	my soul,
He leadeth me in the paths of			
righteousness.....	for	His	Name's —   sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the			
valley of the shadow of death* I will..	fear	no	evil,
For Thou art with me*, Thy rod and Thy	staff	they	com- fort   me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me*			
in the présence.....	of	mine	enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;...my	cup	—	run- neth   over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow			
me*, áll.....	the	days	of my   life,
And I will dwell.....	in the	house	of the Lord for   ever.
Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,
And.....	to	the	Ho- ly   Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is nów, and	ev-	er	shall be,
Wórlđ.....	without	—	A- —   men.

BAPTISMAL CHANT

71

R. FARRANT

72

T. TALLIS



BEFORE THE ADMINISTRATION

Ps. ciii. 17, 18

- 1 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting\* to everlasting.....up- on them that | fear Him,  
 And his righteousness..... un- to chil- dren's | children.  
 2 To such.....as keep His Covenant,  
 And to those that remember His. com- mand- ments to | do — | them.

Mark x. 14

- 3 Suffer the little children  
 to come unto Mé.....and for- bid them | not.  
 Fór.....of | such is the | kingdom of | Heaven.

Acts ii. 39

- 4 For the promise is unto yóu .....and | to your | children,  
 And to all that are afar off,\*  
 even as mány.....as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

Old Melody



AFTER THE ADMINISTRATION

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26

- 5 Then will I sprínkle .....clean | water up- | on you,  
 Añd..... | ye shall | be — | clean.  
 6 A new heart álso..... | will I | give you,  
 And a new spírit..... | will I | put with- | in you.  
 7 And I will take away the strong heárt | out of your | flesh,  
 And I'.....will | give you a | heart of | flesh.

Is. xlv. 3, 4

- 8 I will pour my Spírit .....up- | on thy | seed,  
 Añd..... my | blessing up- | on thy | offspring.  
 9 And they shall spring úp..... as a- | mong the | grass  
 As willows..... | by the | wa- ter | courses.

GLORIA PATRI

1

W. BOYCE

Glory be to the Fátther..... | and to the | Son,  
 And..... | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.  
 As it was in the beginning\* is nów,.. and | ev- er | shall be,  
 Wórlđ..... without | end — | A- — | men.

2

J. ROBINSON

Glory be to the Fátther..... | and to the | Son,  
 And..... | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.  
 As it was in the beginning\* is nów,.. and | ev- er | shall be,  
 Wórlđ..... without | end — | A- — | men.

3

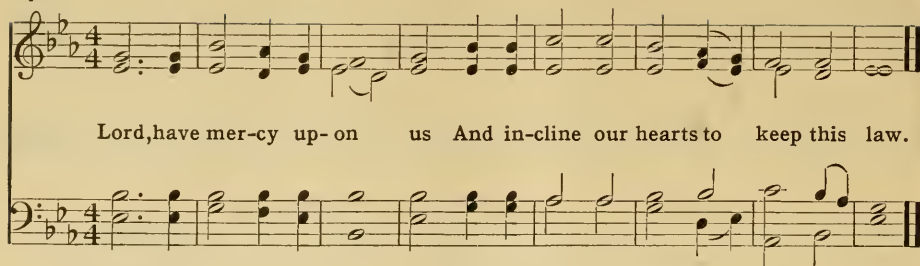
H. W. GREATOREX

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

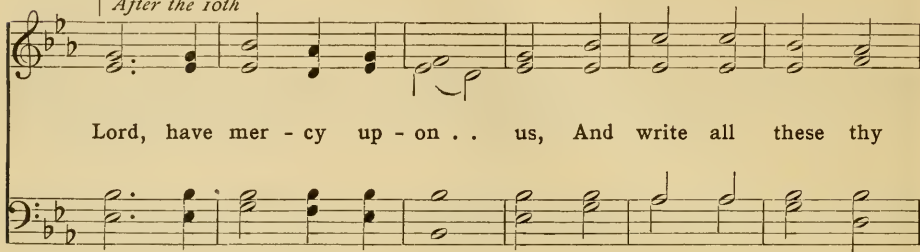
TO THE COMMANDMENTS

4

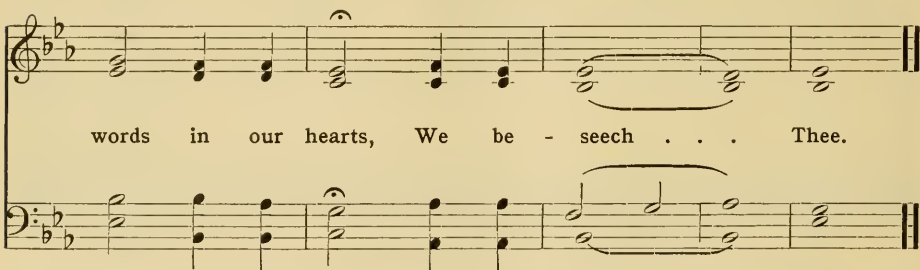


Lord, have mer-cy up-on us And in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

*After the 10th*



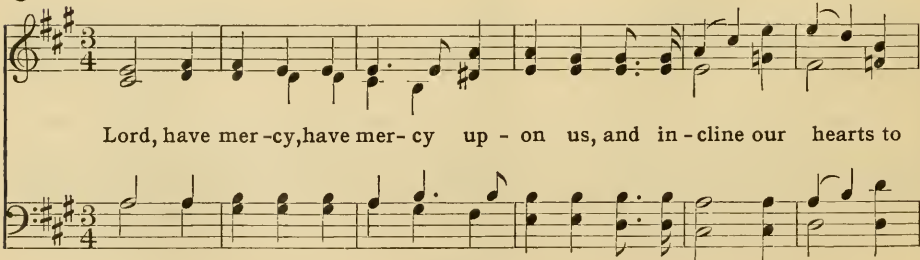
Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us, And write all these thy



words in our hearts, We be - seech . . . Thee.

5

G. J. ELVEY



Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to



## TO THE COMMANDMENTS

*After the 10th*

keep this law. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all

these thy laws in our hearts, thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

6

B. TOURS

Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

*After the 10th*

Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our

hearts, we be - seech Thee, we be - seech Thee.

GLORIA TIBI

7 WOODWARD

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

8 TALLIS

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

9 GOUNOD

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

10 GARRETT

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

11

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

12

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

DRESDEN AMEN

13

A - men, A - - - - men.

THREEFOLD AMEN

14

A - men, A - men, A - - - - men.

FOURFOLD AMEN

15

STAINER

*p* A - - - - men, *cres.* A - - - - men,

*mf* A - - - - - men, *dim.* A - - - - men.

A - - - - - men,

SEVENFOLD AMEN

16

STAINER

*Slow and sustained.* *pp* *cres.* A - men, A - - - - - men, *f*

A - men, A - men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men, A -

*pp* *cres.* A - - - - - men, A - - - - men,

*pp* A - - - - - men, *Slower* *ppp*

- - - - - men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men.

*f* *pp* *ppp*

A - - - - - men,



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